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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

CHRISTMAS
DECEMBER, 1943

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THIS IS ESQUIRE'S FAMOUS
322 PAGE CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

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Created in limited numbers for you who need a fine pen!

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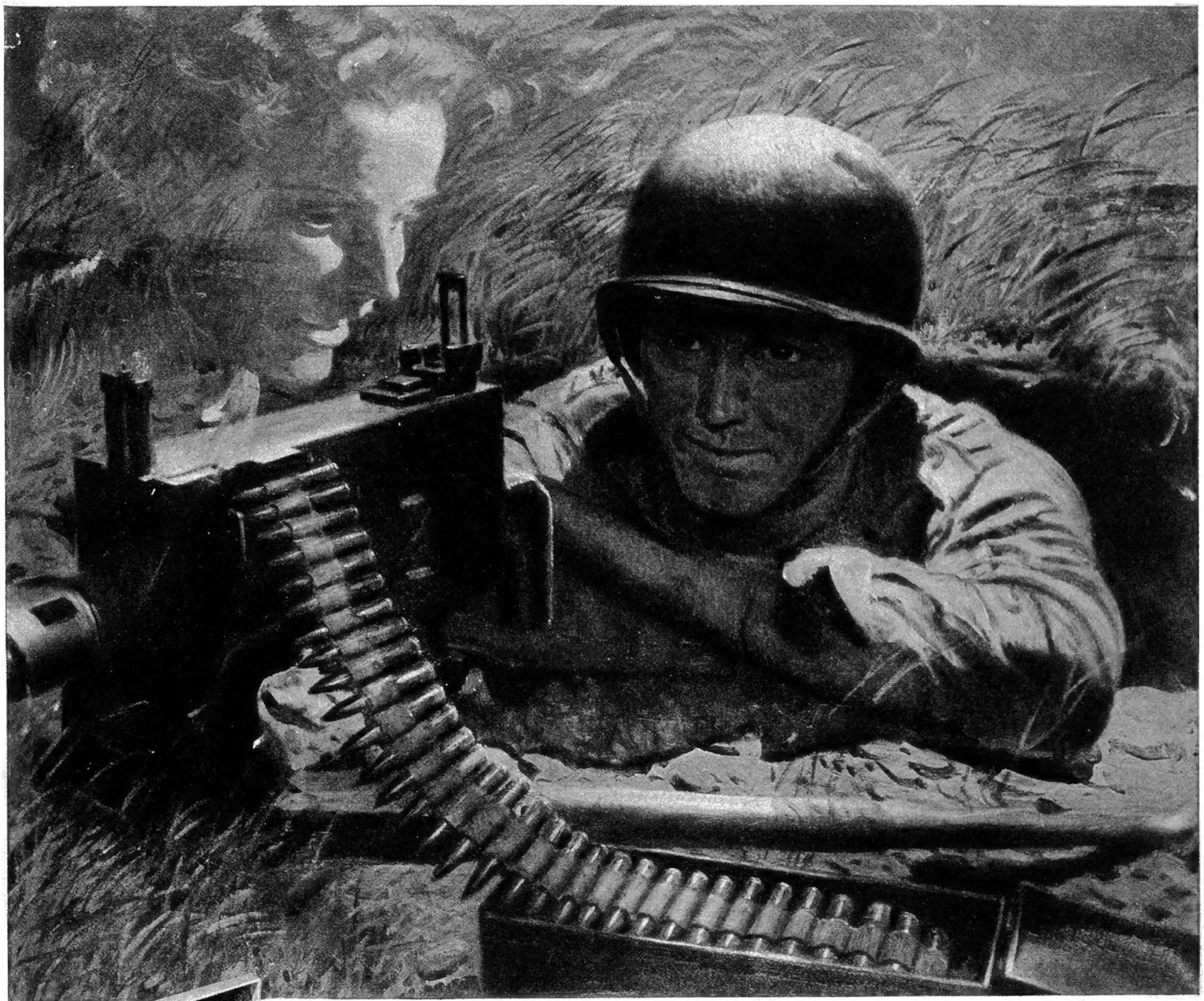

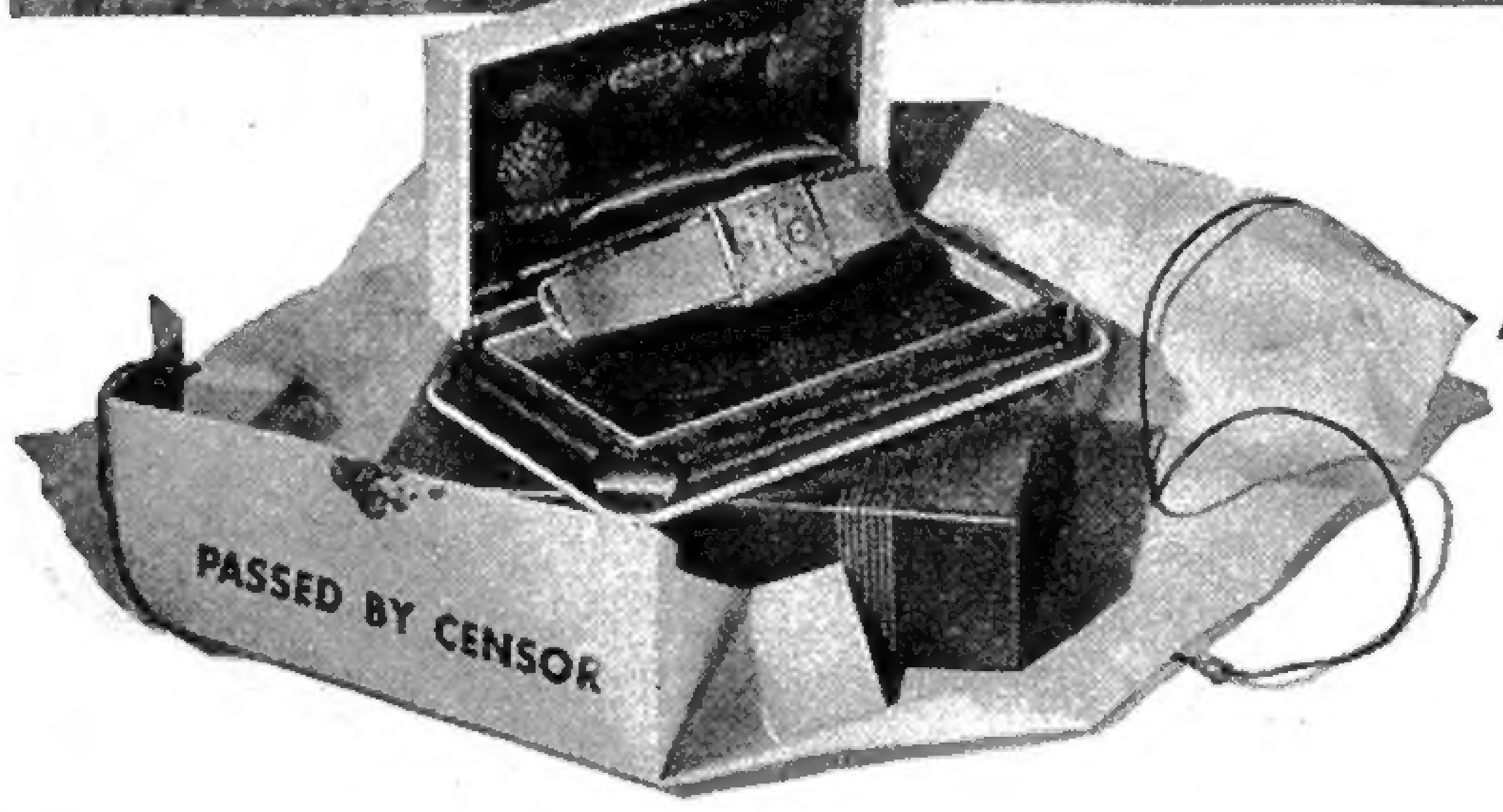

"Your voice in the wind...I could hear it so plain"

"Your present arrived . . . and it says you're near me always. Every second it ticks off, brings me closer to you . . . I keep thinking of the day when it will say . . . one minute now and we'll be together . . . forty seconds . . . thirty seconds . . ."

THIS CHRISTMAS what better gift could you choose to say the things you want to say . . . than a fine watch? May we suggest a Gruen . . . a Gruen because it comes to you with all the quality and workmanship that 69 years of skill can produce. Ask your Gruen jeweler to show you the many beautiful models still available. And remember . . . there would be even more to choose from, if we weren't doing everything we possibly could for Victory.

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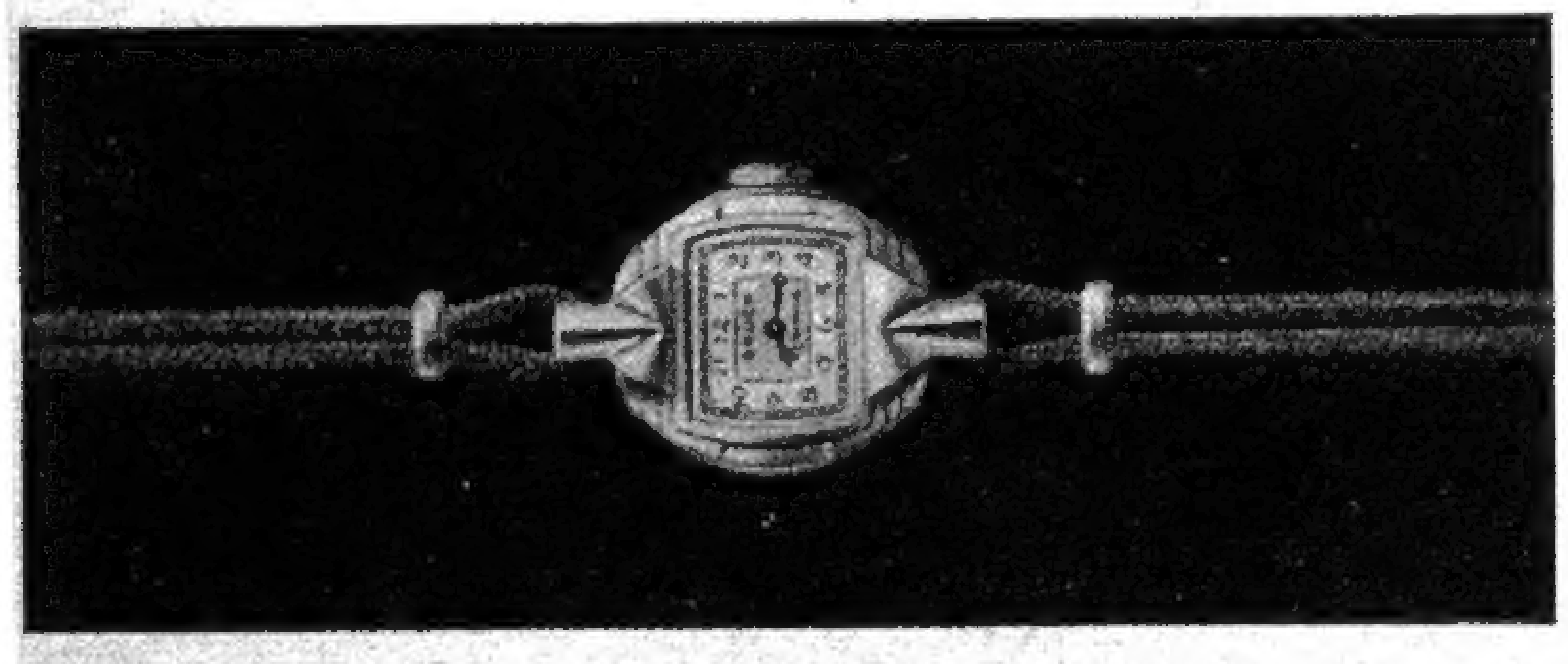
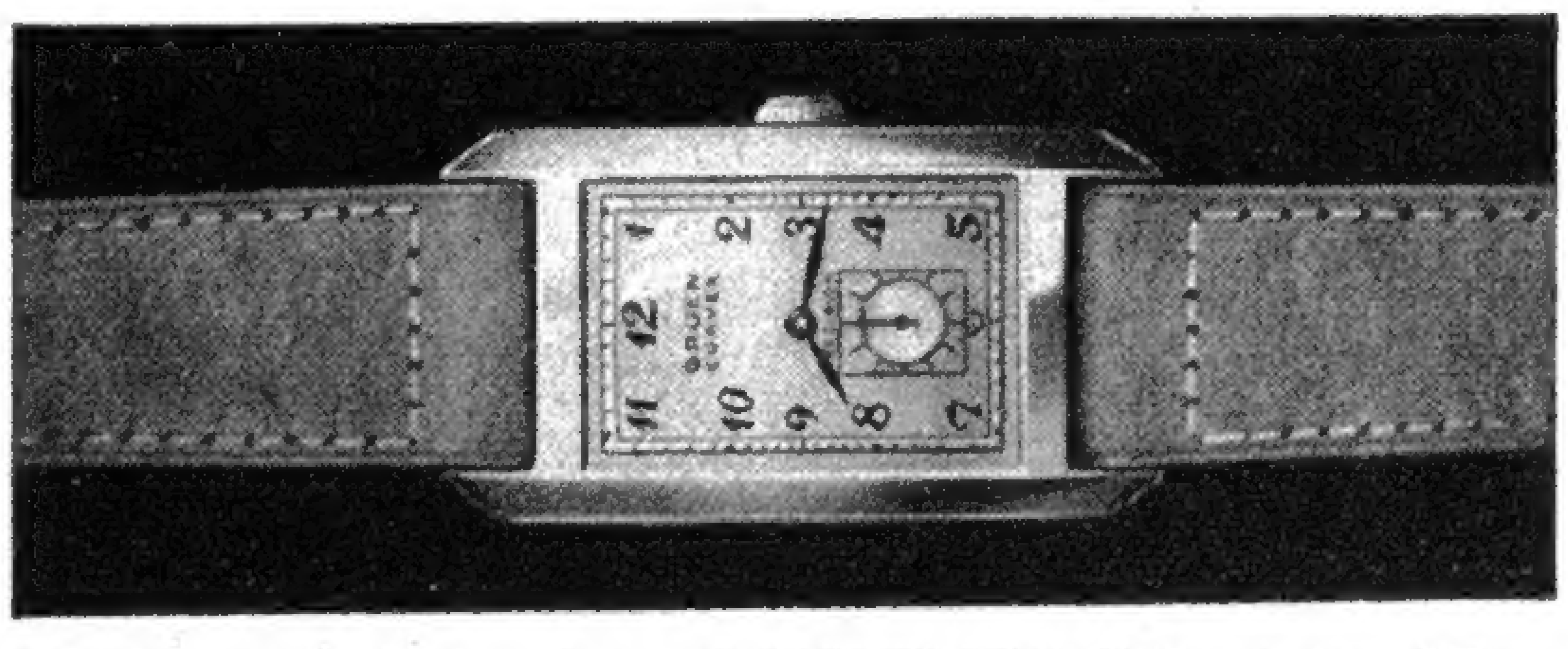


Lady's watch shown above—VERI-THIN PORTIA—17 jewels, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $37.50



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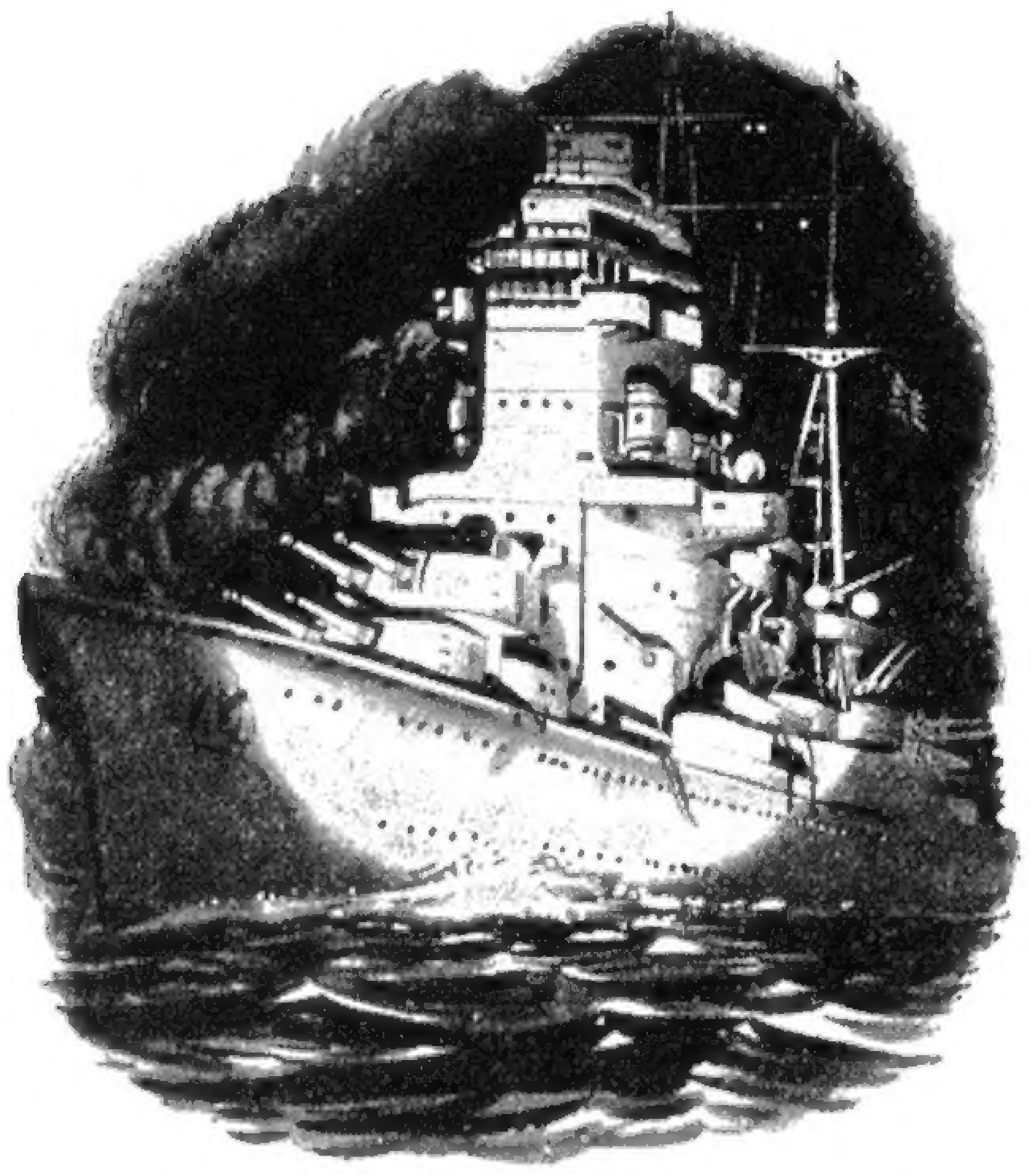
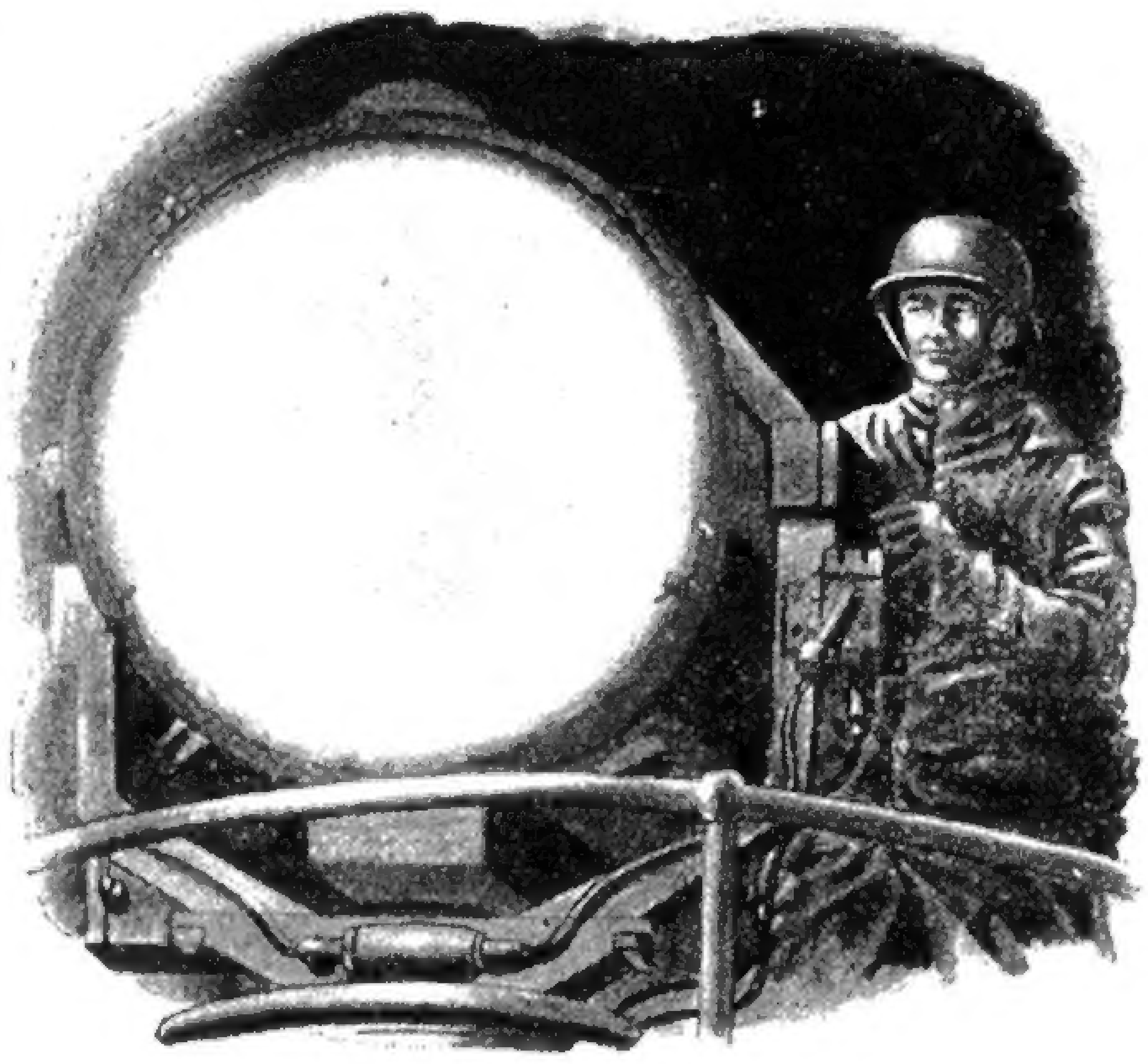


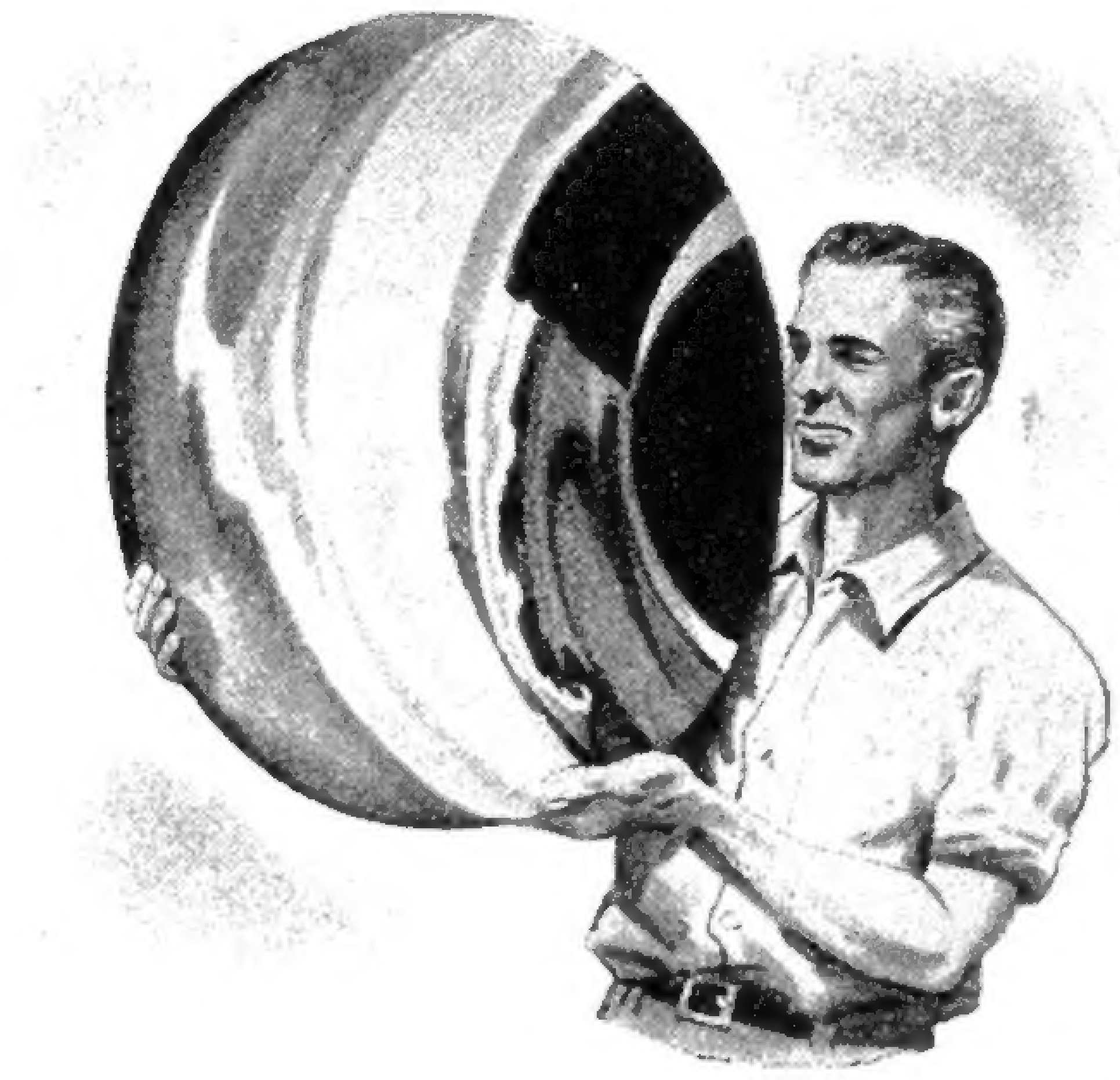
caught in the blinding glare of an American Searchlight.

This is the Searchlight that caught it.



It can send a sharp beam of Light up to 25 miles!

This is the smooth Metal Reflector



that gives the light its amazing brilliance and accuracy!

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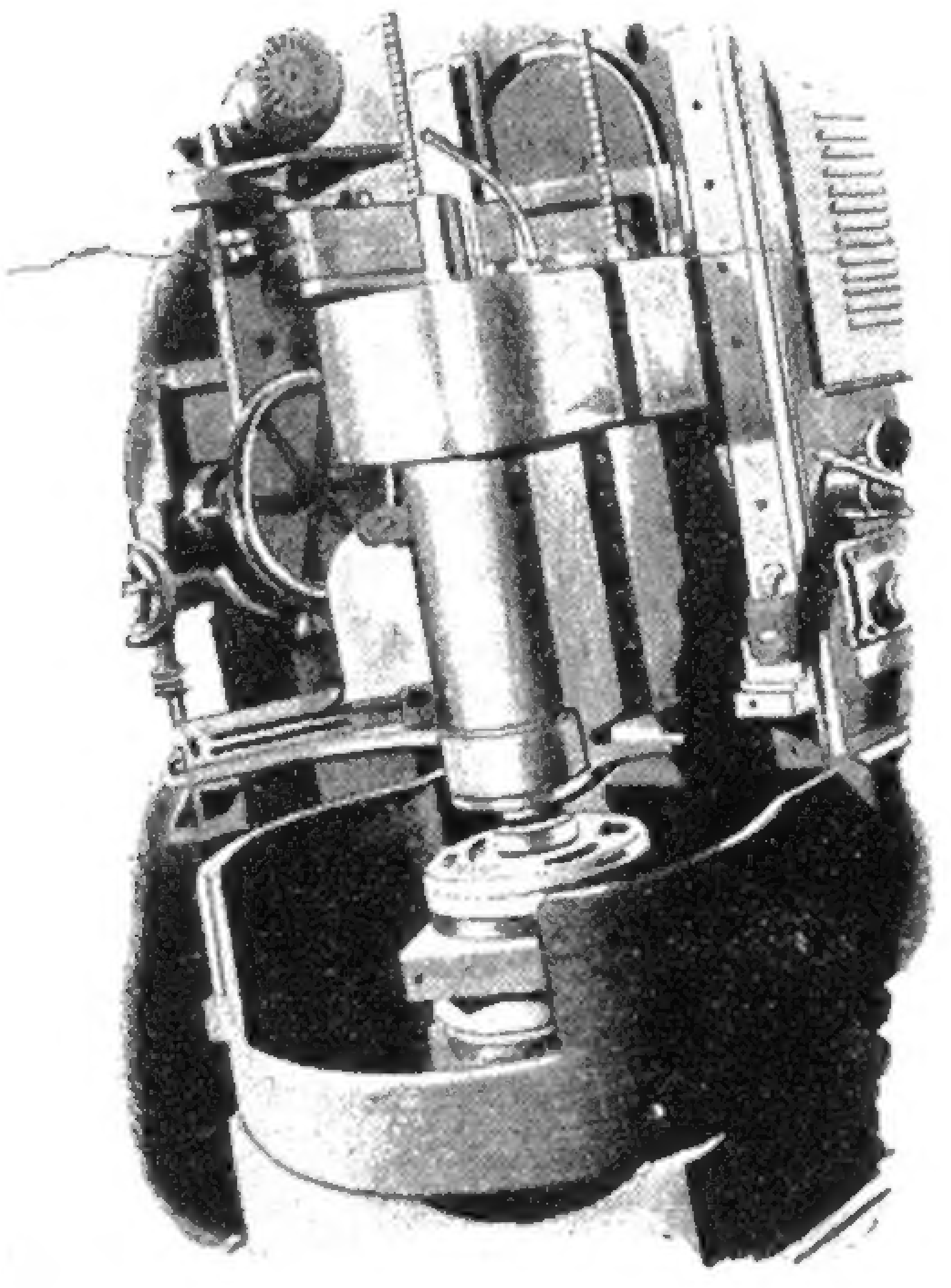

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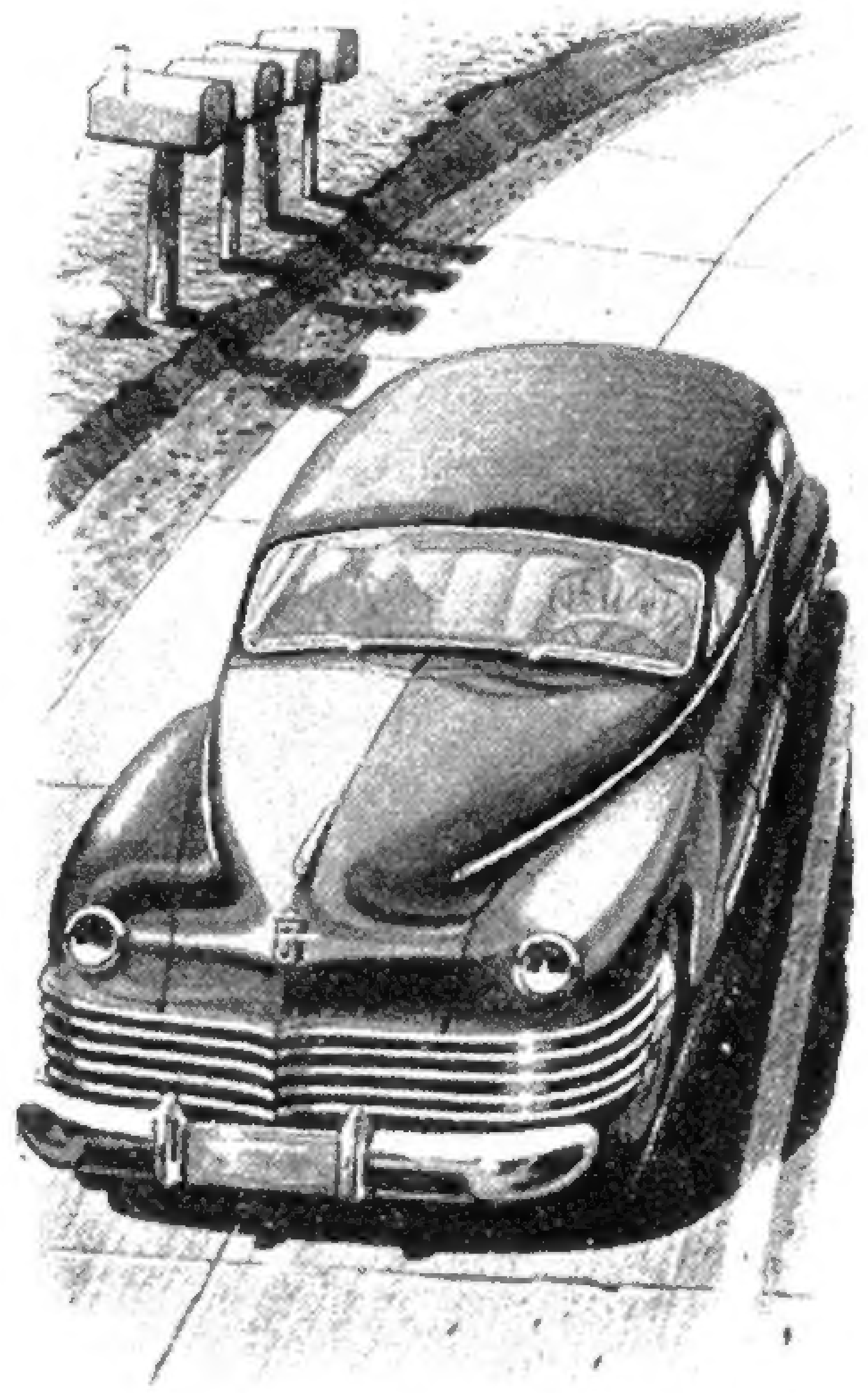

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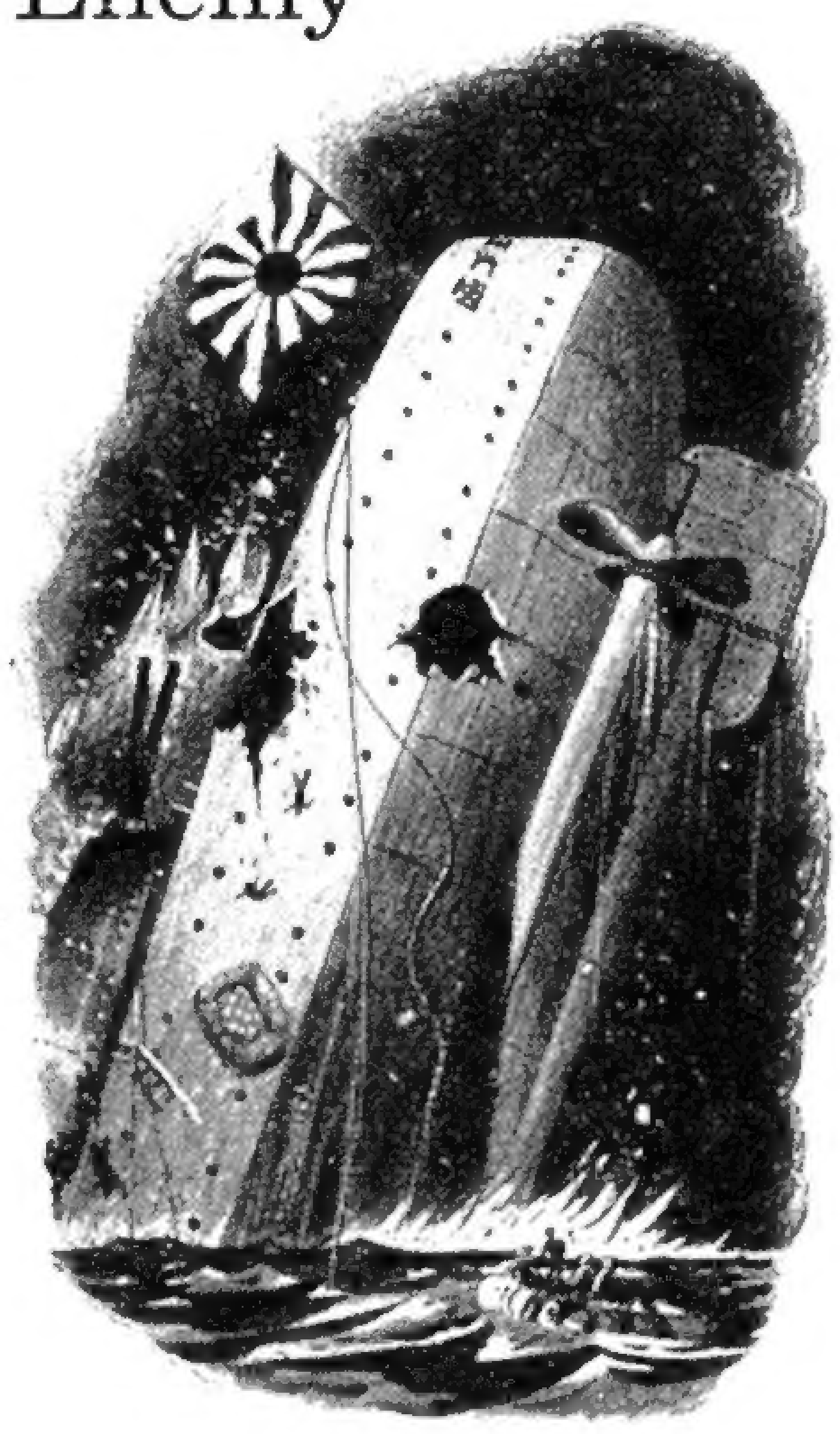

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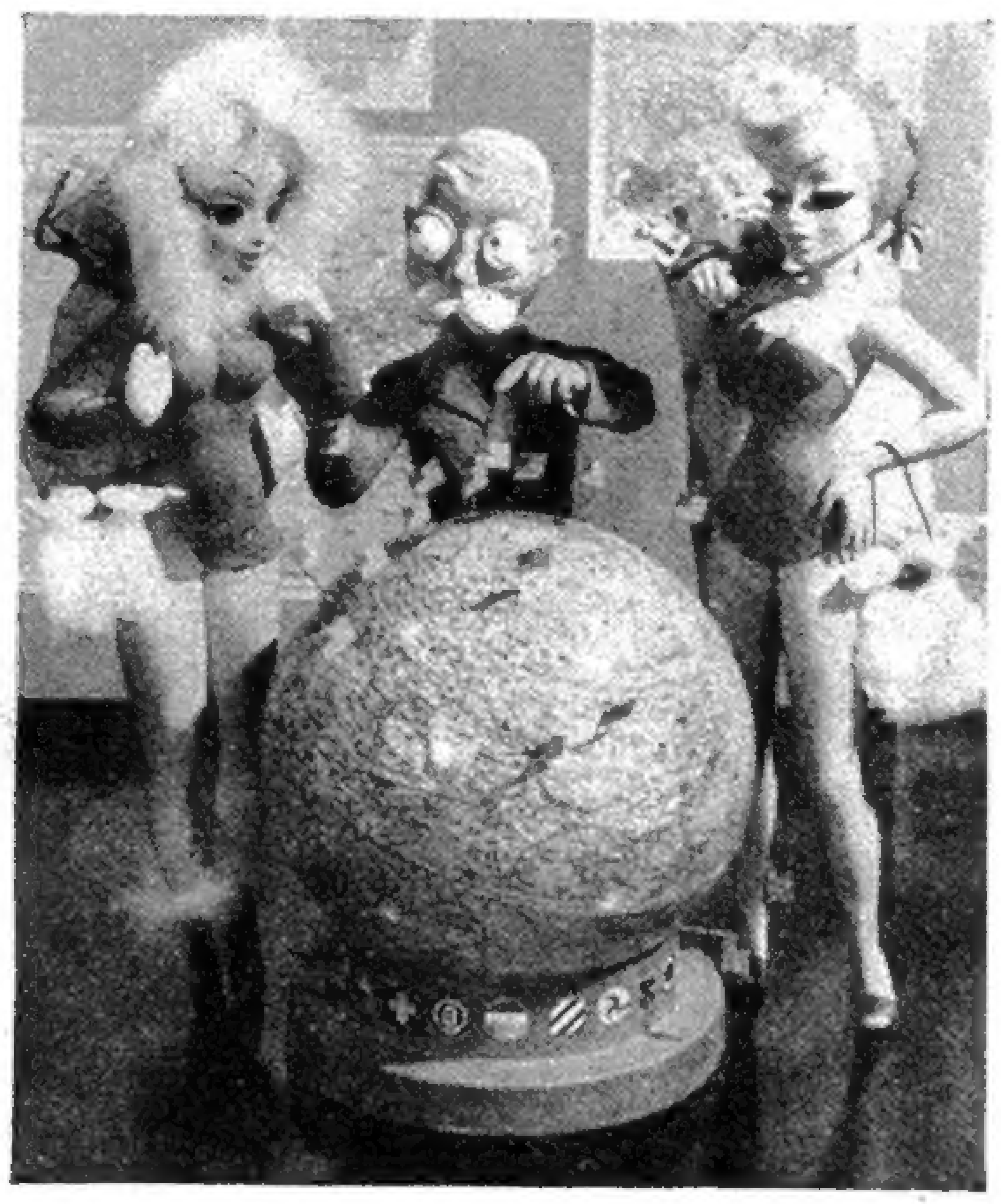

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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EDITORIAL: G. I. Exigesis of one attribute of this issue of Esquire

CENTERED on this page this month is one of the most eloquent explanations we have ever seen for that phenomenon of this troubled era, the pin-up girl. It also serves admirably, it seems to us, as introduction, preface and informal commentary on this particular issue of Esquire.

This issue, as you may know, is annually endowed with a great many more color pages than a normal issue of this magazine could possibly sustain. And these pages, as you may remember, have in former years been devoted largely to seasonal and nostalgic pictures in the fields of Fine Art and Americana. Winter landscapes of forest and farm, skating scenes and sleigh races of Grandpa and Grandma's day . . . all such things as were calculated to afford a feeling of fond memory or escape for the big-city dweller of our harried and hurried day. That was our peacetime norm for the pictorial features of this big annual issue. But now, with a measurable proportion of its former readers far away from their former haunts, something new has been added to their nostalgia-quotient. When a man is half a world away from home, he's lonesome and homesick for the better half of the life he left behind him. For girls, his commonest sight at home, have become his rarest sight now.

Accordingly, with one thought for readers at home and another for those abroad, we have given this issue's pictorial features what you might call a two-way stretch, superimposing a contemporary girl picture upon the issue's traditional old-time subject matter as background, and thus making pin-up pictures of the majority of the pictorial features of the entire number. For as the same number of *The Gremlin* which we have quoted here says on another page, "There's nothing like a pin-up to give the barracks that homey touch . . . (these) girls are great morale builders for the armed forces. In Ephrata (Army Air Base where *The Gremlin* is published) they rate with blood plasma, quinine, K-rations and 3-day passes as a 'must' for every soldier."

Thus, where in previous issues we have never been able to achieve the inclusion of more than a dozen pages of pin-up features, we have by this means managed to increase the number in this instance severalfold.

To venture that this will meet with the approval of the men in the armed forces is to bet on a certainty. To speculate whether it will be equally popular elsewhere is idle, for as we have been shouting throughout this past year, in the Biblical manner, from the housetops, the favor of the armed forces is this magazine's one real concern, until this war's last trump is sounded.

* * *

There are three things we'd like to write about, in this space this month, but during this first week in October when this issue's last form goes to press (some six weeks after its first forms) it is too early for us to be able to talk about any of them. One is our long ago first voiced and often since reiterated hunch that the Third Reich would blow up with a loud bang within two weeks either side of November fifteenth of this year. Obviously we can't say anything more about that at this point. Six weeks ago it looked much more plausible than it does at this writing, with a mere six weeks left to go. But we still feel that Hitler's end will come with surprising suddenness.

Another thing we'd like to talk about, but can't, is the Post Office citation of certain features in the majority of our 1943 issues as the basis for a show-cause hearing. Of course we can't discuss this without prejudice, either to our own case or that of the Department, at this point, but we hope to be able to discuss it in an early issue.

The third thing is the Jazz Number, featuring the 1944 All-American Band. We've just learned that the final votes are in from the members of the board of sixteen experts, and that a clean-cut consensus determining the personnel of the band has been obtained. We know now, too, that the band is going to be brought together for a big concert, along toward the end of January. And it kills us not to be able to tell you any more about it than that, at this writing.

But, as the poet said, "These be three silent things." So, for this time, all that's left us to say on this page is: Merry Christmas. We say it heartily. ###

What Our Boys Are Fighting For

From the crowded bars and taverns of New York, where beer will be rationed next month . . .

From the swaying palms and sandy beaches of sunny Florida, where feminine bathing suits always appear rationed . . .

From the hills and hollows of Kentucky, and the fishing piers of Maine; from the desert stops of Arizona and the apple orchards of Oregon; from the crowded cities of the East and West . . .

American soldiers are marching into war again.

They are marching into the barren bleakness and coldness of Attu; they are marching into the desert wastelands of Africa and China; they are marching into the bombed shambles of once beautiful Italian cities.

Do we know why they are fighting? Do we know what makes a guy glad to leave his cozy home on the Iowa plains, where the corn is green in the summer? Do we know why he's willing to leave the comfortable surroundings of the Stork Club and Ciro's to fight the enemy in far off battlefields?

You're damn right we do. The answer is simple. It's women.

Girls! Girls! Girls!

That's what American manhood is fighting for. It's what we've been fighting for since the days of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas; Captain Miles Standish and Priscilla; John Barrymore and Elaine Barry; Daddy and Peaches Browning; Betty Grable and Harry James; Tommy Manville and . . . (Editor's note: rationing of newsprint prevents listing Mr. Manville's many wives.)

A G.I. lies in his pup tent in the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal.

A lone sentry paces warily back and forth in front of the improvised staff headquarters on the toe of the Italian mainland.

A squadron of pursuit pilots wing their way homeward over the wide Pacific after engaging in a two-hour dogfight with the Japs.

What are they thinking of? Thick juicy sirloin steaks? An autographed copy of *For Whom The Bell Tolls?* Free passes to the World Series?

Of course not. They're thinking of gals—all kinds of gals. Big gals, little gals, skinny gals, fat gals, tall gals, short gals.

They're thinking of tall rawboned women from the desert lands of Arizona and Nevada, (Advisory note to Editor: You haven't been around much. That was back in Indian Fightin' days. You ought to see their daughters! ! !) stately beauties from the plains of Texas, rugged gals from the coal mines of Pennsylvania, saronged-beauties from the Hollywood movie-lots, undraped but pretty chorines from stage shows.

They're thinking of girls.

Curious civilians will inquire: "Doesn't a soldier think of anything except the girl he left behind on the farm?"

Sure he does. He often thinks of the cute redhead he met in that Chicago ginmill.

That's what soldiers fight for. Girls! Pretty girls!

That's the reason he's able to kick hell out of the Nazis and Japs at Tunis, Algiers, Sicily, Italy, Lae, Guadalcanal and—Berlin and Tokyo.

Then it happens.

Red Cross workers survey G.I's overseas to find out what they want most for Christmas. Their reply gave *The Gremlin* quite a jolt.

Did they ask for the tantalizing beauty who poses for all the Varga photographs?

Did they ask for Rita Hayworth in a two-piece bathing suit?

Did they ask for the little blonde who dishes out hamburger and java in that Jersey City joint?

Hell no—they said they wanted wrist watches.

As Sherman said, "War is hell."

Reprinted from the September 22, 1943 issue of The Gremlin, *published by and for the personnel of the 395th Bombardment Group, Army Air Base, Ephrata, Washington.*

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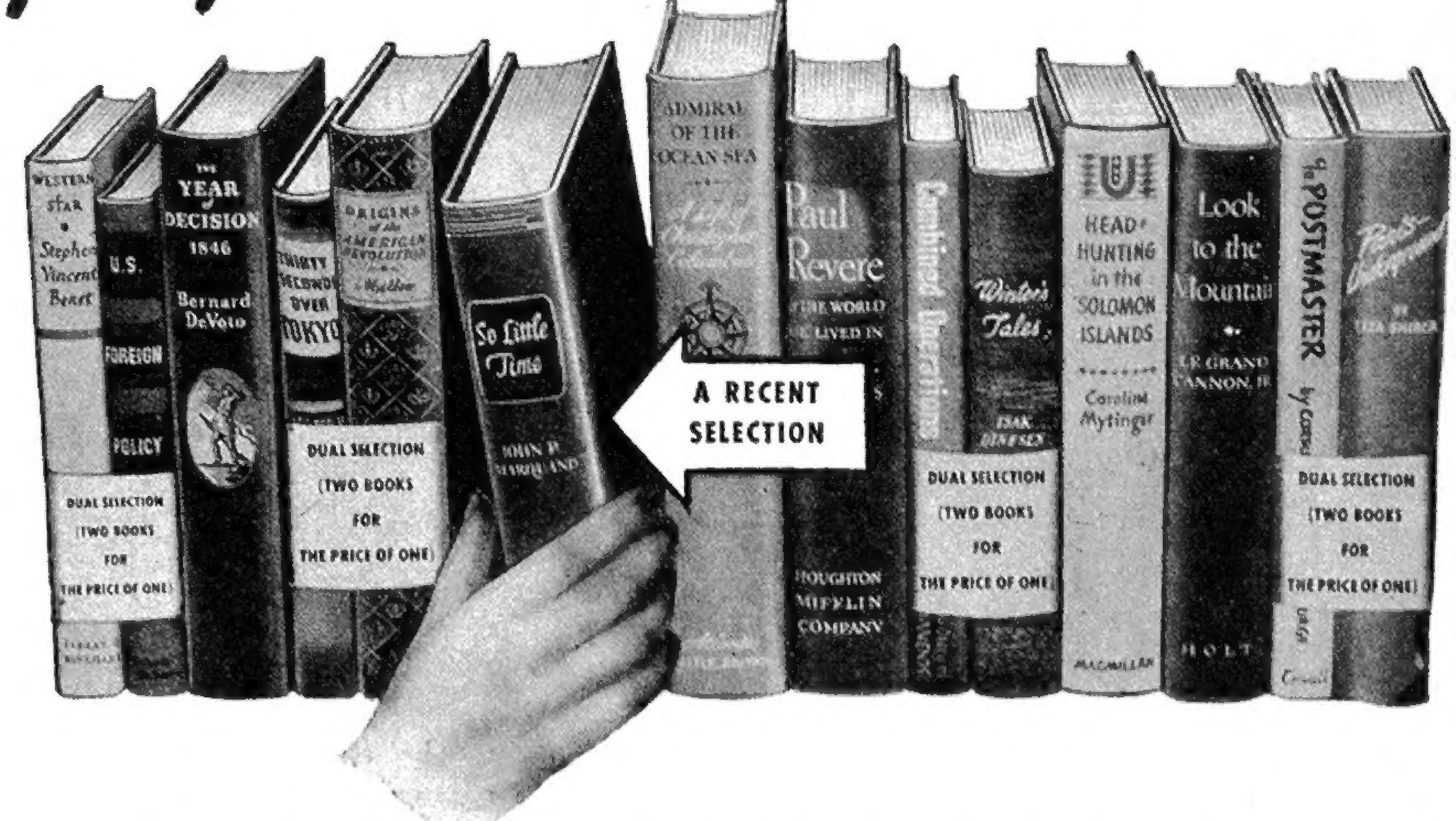
by Caroline Mytinger



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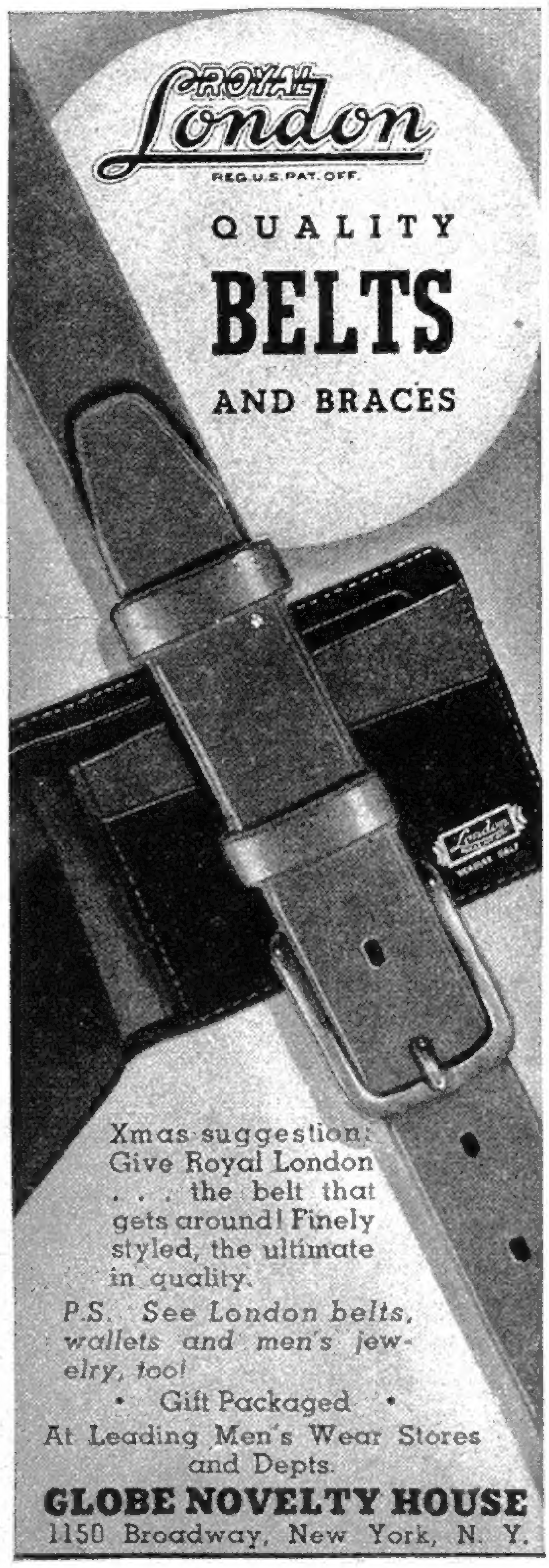
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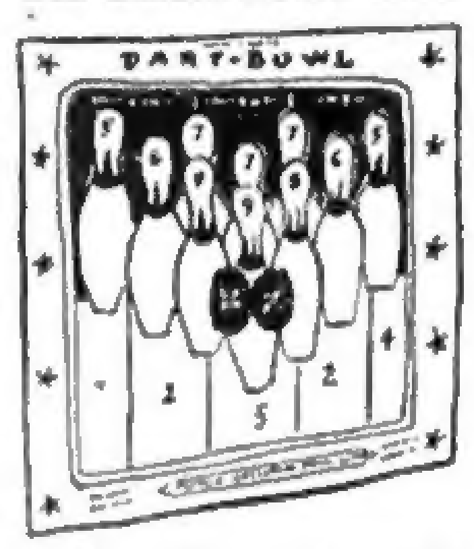
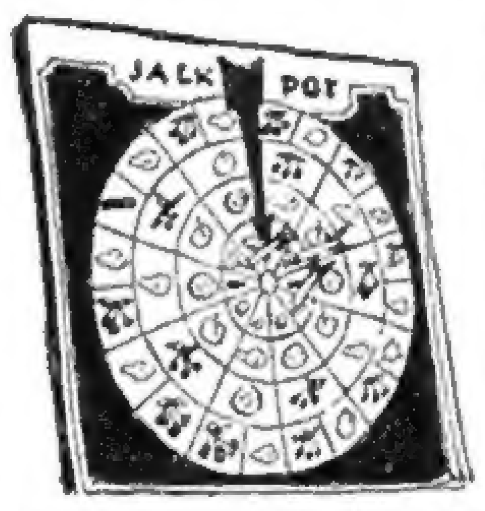
Talking Shop with Esquire

IF THEY THROW THINGS. Nice gift to give young couples who would fain hurl crockery in marital disputes is the new dart game called "Dart Bowl." You heave darts *underhanded* from a crouching position at a 30x30 board equipped with the traditional bowling pin set up (only the pins are painted on). You utilize the same scoring as in regular bowling.

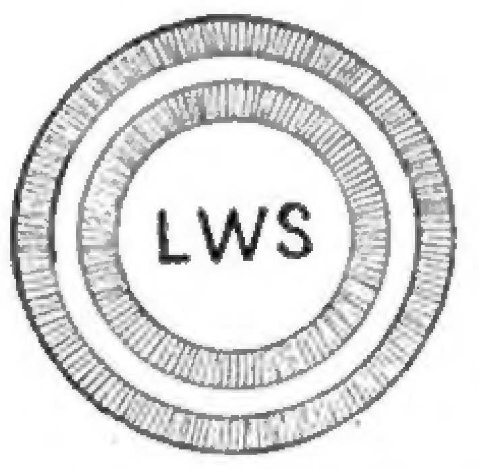


LEVER PUSHERS. Slot machine addicts can now spend a stimulating evening at home via another dart game called "Jackpot." A substantial target board (3'x4') hangs on the wall. The board is painted up with the usual fruit melange, lemons, apples, etc., and the darts you let fly determine the winning combinations. Remember? 3 bells pay 16 to 1; 3 oranges, 12 to 1; and those little cherry triumverates give 2 to 1.



NAVY WEFTUP. If you have to consider the mental wizards, let their gift be the new airplane identification game, developed by the special devices section of the bureau of aeronautics, as the way the navy personnel learns to recognize the fine points of allied and enemy aircraft. The name Weftup stands for the first letters of parts of an airplane usually observed in determining identity, wings, engines, fuselage, tail, undercarriage and peculiarities. Get it?

ANTE UP . . . and let the chips fall where they may. If you're giving poker chips, be sure they are the interlocking kind . . . that is, with interlocking ribs, the chips mesh for stacking, yet separate easily for counting or playing. And as a further Christmas gift touch, have them individually monogrammed . . . 3 initials in 22 K. gold. Chips come in gift packages, 100 to a box.



Ranger

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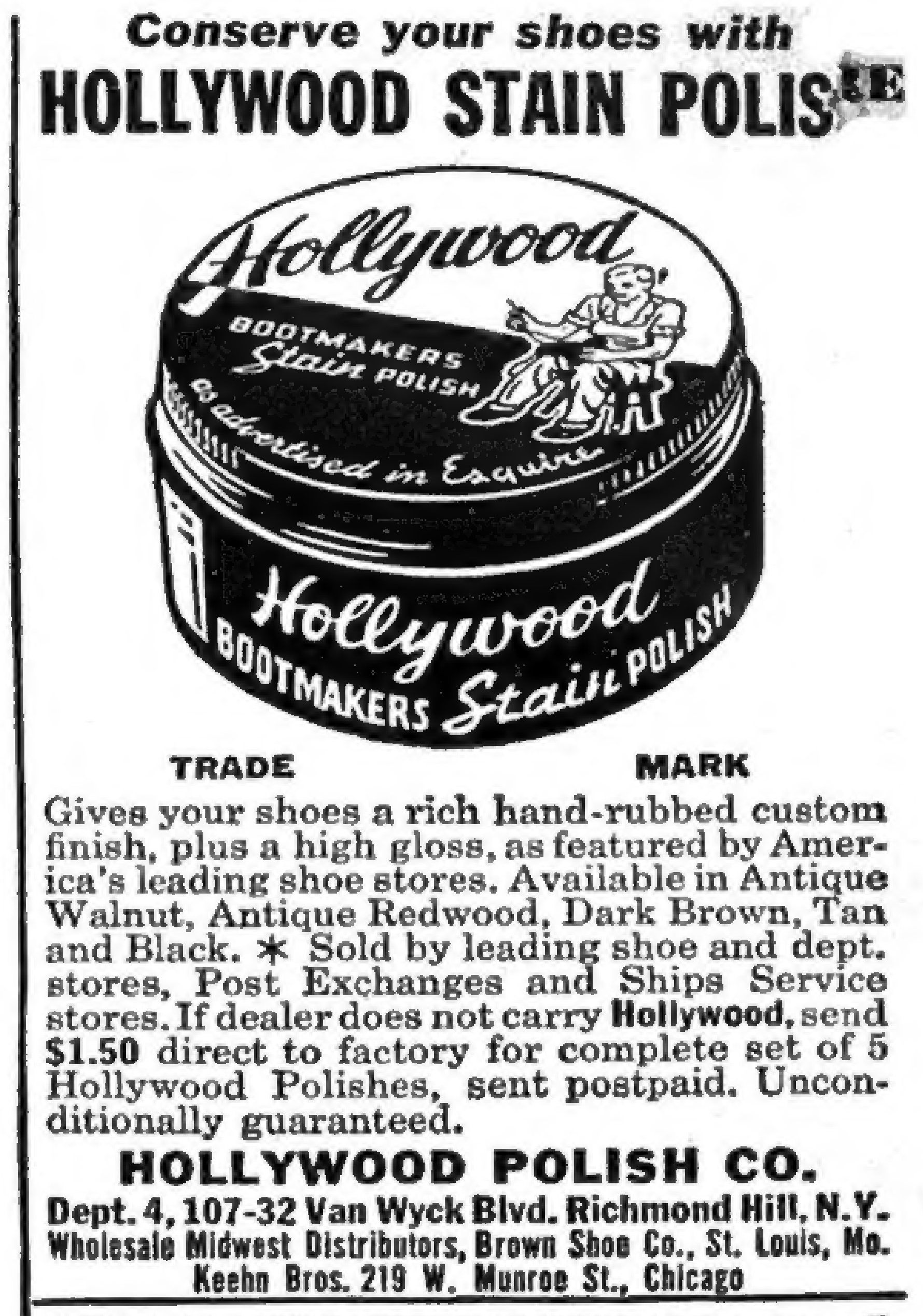
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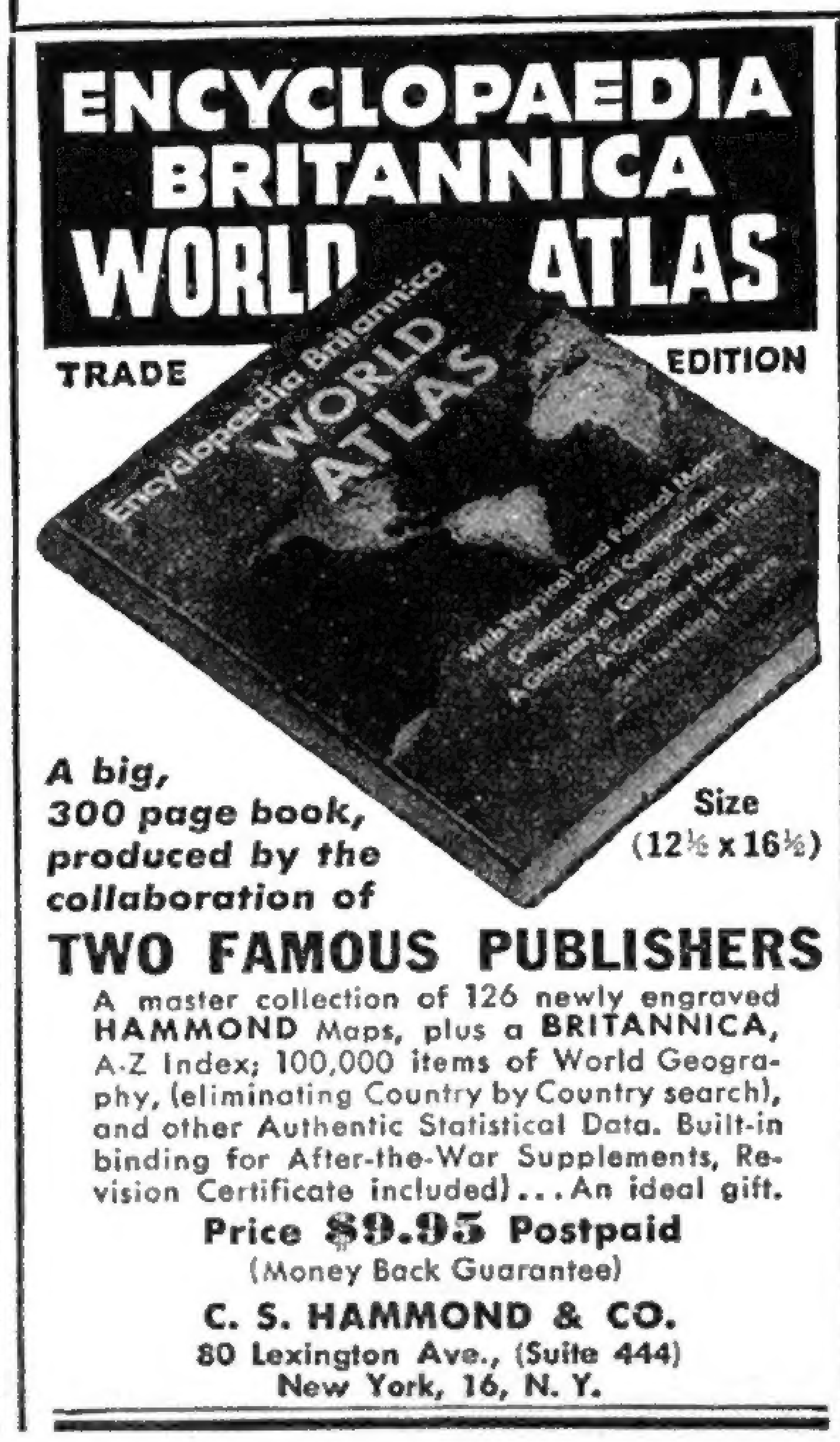
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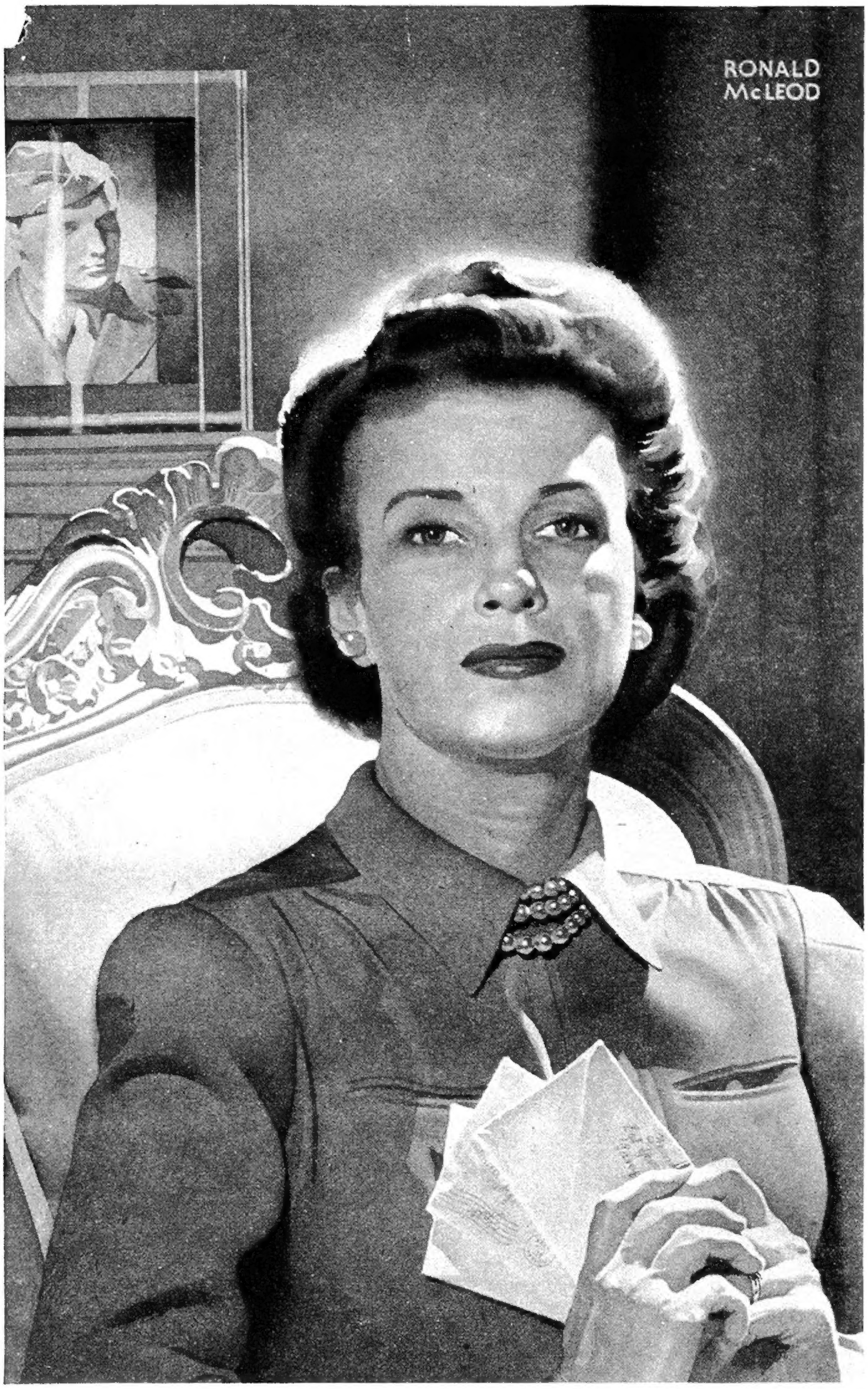

Deep in the heart of every mother of a son in the Armed Forces is this question:

What are you doing for my boy?

It's my right as the mother of a fighting man to have an answer to my question—to know that my boy is being armed and clothed and fed and equipped with the very best. And I have a right to ask—

Are you trying with every power at your command to build safer and better equipment? Are you giving extra hours of your time to improving equipment now in use . . . and to developing new safeguards for men in combat?

Are you testing and re-testing and testing again to be sure that everything you make, every single piece of equipment you manufacture embodies all your science, all your skill, all your craftsmanship?

Are you giving the same intense care to the little things, the unnoticed things that will give my boy a better chance... that will help bring him home safe and sooner? If you are doing these things... if you are giving your best as I have given mine . . . then thank you and God bless you.

We are called, with other American companies, to answer that burning question. We know that our part in this War is to work night and day, with all our ability, all our resources, to produce an unending stream of the things that mean waging successful war. We have brothers, sons, fathers there, too. In fact, more than 10,000 of our fellow workmen are now in uniform. We know there must be no shortages. There must be no failure or slackening in the supply of ammunition, of tank treads, of life rafts, of bullet-sealing fuel tanks...of any one of the thousand things we make. We know that the comfort, health, and very lives of thousands of American boys are dependent on each day's work. We couldn't sleep nights if we did not make each day's work the very best we know how.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HILLBILLIES IN THE BIGTIME FEUD

I noticed in the September issue of Esquire the picture of the insignia I did for the officers and men of the YP606 Coast Guard outfit. I thought it might interest you to know that the Navy has practically enlisted the whole dang family. Willy is riding the waves with another Coast Guard outfit out of Galveston, Texas, and I am enclosing a snapshot showing one of the crew reproducing the insignia from the drawing I made for them. Gran'maw has joined up with another Coast Guard boat out of New Orleans, and just recently Maw left to take up her duties as something or other, first class, with the *U.S.S. Ideal*, a mine-sweeper. Long ago Oncle Rafe went off with a Flying Fortress named in his honor. Unfortunately he was shot down somewhere in Europe, but I have reason to believe that the crew escaped since one of my letters to Lt. Jack Shaaber, the bombardier (? spelling) was returned to me stamped "Prisoner of War."

Sincerely yours,
New Canaan, Conn. Paul Webb

COLONEL MILLER LANDS AGAIN

I was surprised to note that nothing was printed in Esquire to refute *Boxing Builds Bums*, by Pete Norton, Nov. '42, and *Pugs Never Die of Old Age*, by Sigmund Sameth, July, 1943.

These two gentlemen, neither one of whom obviously knows the difference between a left hook and a kick in the stern sheet, seem to have gotten *all* their statistical data from the morgue.

If you pick only those who strike out you can prove that baseball players never hit 'em out of the infield. If you pick only the dead you can prove all boxers die young.

Ever hear of Warren Barbour, national amateur heavyweight champion, who became U. S. Senator from New Jersey. Or Fred Britten, welterweight champion of the Pacific Coast, later chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

Among successful men in business, the professions and in the commissioned ranks of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps are many ex-boxers who learned from boxing that the "conquest of fear," the need for courage, fortitude and plain guts, taught in the ring as in no other place, also help out in any walk of life.

Battling Nelson, ex-lightweight champion and veteran of hundreds of bouts, many of them over the gruelling 45 round route, is chipper and healthy. He still weighs within the lightweight limit. He is over 61.

Mysterious Billy Smith, veteran of hundreds of bouts, died at 66.

Bob Fitzsimmons, who at 165 lbs. knocked out Corbett for the heavyweight title died at 55, of pneumonia. Boxing had nothing to do with it.

James J. Jefferies is around and in great health at 68.

Jack Johnson is a healthy man at 65.

Freddy Welch, ex-lightweight champion, is healthy at 57.

The big argument in favor of boxing now is that in bush and jungle warfare the combat range is down to a couple of feet. The fellow who does the right things with his hands walks away from there. The loser doesn't. Lucky the man who can box. In the mission of interesting young men how to defend themselves in a hand to hand death struggle writers like Messrs. Norton and Sameth and the papers that print such one-sided articles are doing the "big fight" no good at all.

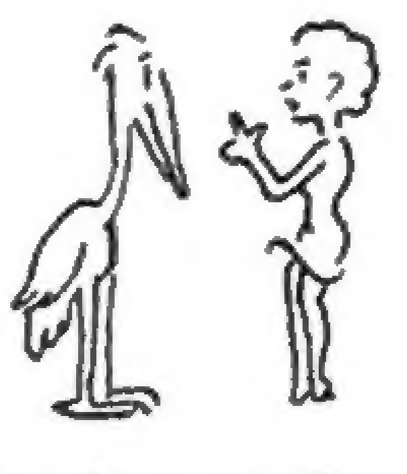
Sincerely,
Col. Harvey L. Miller
Portsmouth, Va.

Colonel, U. S. Marine Corp. Former Service Boxing Champion; Former Boxing Coach University of Maryland, Former President National Boxing Association.

P.S. Would you rather go through life with possibly a tin ear, or die at 19 with a Jap bayonet through your belly? The question wouldn't interest fellows who never expect to get in either sort of fight but who turn out articles as "experts" on various subjects. Is there such a thing as going punch drunk from pounding a typewriter? Could that be?

THE STRANGE CASE OF SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

If Joe Gooter's anecdotes concerning Sherman Billingsley (Esquire, October, 1943) are true, make, please, with the revolution. Who the hell is Sherman Billingsley that he should keep his help in a continual state of furor and fear with his asinine orders? And who gives a Hemingway adjective about the conditions of S. B.'s guts?



Is it a matter of national interest that S. B.'s sacrosanct innards can't take butter, and require thin steaks? The Stork that delivered Sherman Billingsley must have had quite a trip. That he should go over in New York is an excellent commentary upon the intelligence of that provincial metropolis. The great state of Oklahoma should be proud that he is an expatriate.

Cordially yours,
Mary Sue McElroy
Arlington, Texas

APPENDIX TO THE SUBMARINE APPENDECTOMY

If it is at all possible to send me a copy of the painting of the Appendectomy on a Submarine drawn by John Falter, I would love to have it. I had a copy from the Esquire, but it has been destroyed, or else it's maybe on the bulkhead with the Varga girl showing.

The reason I want this drawing is because it concerns me and my shipmates. I'm Dean Rector, the guy who was lucky enough to have shipmates who would do the cutting and look after me like a baby. It took guts and steady nerves on their part, especially "Doc" Lipes, take it from me he really knew what he was doing.

We receive the Esquire on board and about the first page we turn to is the Varga girl and not to read the poems, although they are very good. We enjoy the whole magazine.

I am your friend and reader,
Darrel Dean Rector
c/o Fleet Postoffice
San Francisco, Calif.

THAT'S THE CATCH

How does Mr. George Frederick classify the girls who are like Greta Garbo or Joan Crawford at 16, but become more like Ernestine Schumann-Heink at 35? It seems to me the "Varga at 16, Rubens at 35" type is by far the commonest of all, and that a girl who is pyknic at 16 is only too likely to become porknic later, see cover of your October, 1943, issue.

Berkeley, Cal. Walter Hughes

MAKE MINE A HOG RIFLE

In your October *Sound and Fury* I notice some remarks by Mr. Herbert Rader of Philadelphia concerning the supposed non-existence of the Kentucky and Tennessee rifles.

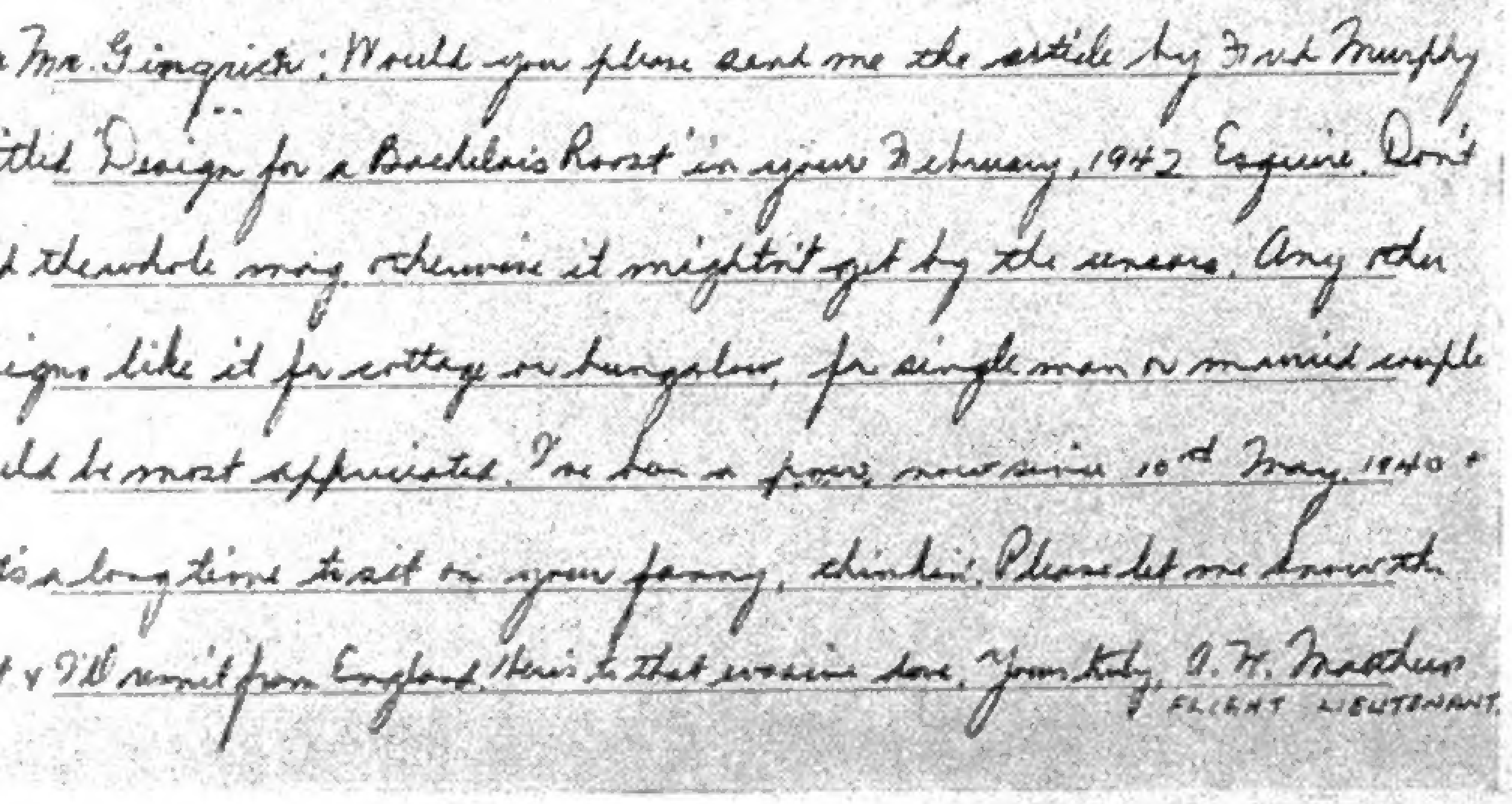
While I can appreciate reader Rader's desire to see that his home state gets the credit due it, I am afraid that his views are somewhat distorted. I readily admit that some of the first rifles in this country were made in Pennsylvania (I have one made by Sharps in my collection), but there is a Tennessee rifle, definitely. It was the Tennessee rifle, popularly called "hog rifle" that routed the British at Kings Mountain when used by the mountaineers under John Sevier.

The hog rifle was made by hand in mountain blacksmith shops, and the art of making it was handed down from father to son. In fact, even today there are old men back in the hills who can make you one. Being hand made, the Tennessee rifle was much cruder than the semi-machine-made Pennsylvania version, but it was superbly accurate even by present day standards.

I would like to say, however, that if this doesn't clear up Mr. Rader's misconvictions about this Tennessee institution, I might ask him to choose his weapons for a meeting at dawn. You may rest assured, Suh, that my choice will be a Tennessee "hog rifle!"

Yours,
W. T. Furgerson
Knoxville, Tenn.

WISHMAKER'S HOUSE



Kriegsgefangenenlager Datum: 30th July, 1943.

Dear Mr. Gingrich: Would you please send me the article by Fred Murphy entitled 'Design for a Bachelor's Roost' in your February, 1942 Esquire. Don't send the whole mag. otherwise it mightn't get by the censors. Any other designs like it for cottage or bungalow, for single man or married couple would be most appreciated. I've been a prisoner now since 10th May, 1940 & that's a long time to sit on your fanny, thinkin'. Please let me know the cost & I'll remit from England. Here's to that wearin' dove. Yours truly, A. H. Mathews
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE

The enclosed picture is sent in support of Mr. Varga, in case he feels the need of explaining anything to Clarke T. Evans, C.S.F.

The subject is Ugly Girl, who has the usual four legs. It was taken by Mr. Paul T. Hanlen of Shreveport, Louisiana, and was not intended as trick photography.

Perhaps the arm of Mr. Varga's girl in your June issue disappeared in the same way.

Very truly yours,
Houston, Tex. Helen M. Spangler

IN THE NAVY IT'S A PLEASURE

I just read the article *To the Kitchen, Private Jones*, by Howard Turtle.

I'm a Navy cook and our K.P., as the Army calls them, are swell boys, every one of them. And none of them serve as Mess cooks, as we call them, as a punishment. And it's not all soap suds and hot water. And a good cook, which our Navy cooks are, don't mess up a galley and leave it in a mess. In fact, we are pretty proud of our galley and the cooks all help clean it and keep it clean. In the Navy, K.P. isn't a screwball job, but a duty and most of our boys are glad to get the extra food and juices that go with it. And cooking out here is something you folks never thought about. Until I see you here.

Yours truly,
Guadalcanal. Jack A. Burtig

TAKERS WRITE TORTARIELLO

In view of the great demand for back copies of Esquire, would state that I have two sets, complete from first issue to May, 1943, number.

I will fill any worthy request for same, terms, one to a person, free. I think a lot of these back copies and want to make sure they get to the right parties.

Michael L. Tortariello
151 Clifton Ave., Newark, N. J.

What makes an Old Fashioned tick?

ONE LUMP OF SUGAR, muddled in a little water

Two dashes of bitters

Ice cubes

Twist of lemon peel

A very, *very*, VERY good whiskey . . . *like Four Roses!*

That's what makes an Old Fashioned tick!

And now . . . just one thing more . .

If your bar or package store happens to be temporarily out of Four Roses when you ask for it, we hope you'll be patient.

We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskies to assure you a continuing supply of Four Roses until the war is won.

Now, of course, we are devoted to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war needs.

So, if you can't always get Four Roses, you'll understand why. And with a war to be won, we know you wouldn't want it any other way.

Our [illegible] for [illegible]

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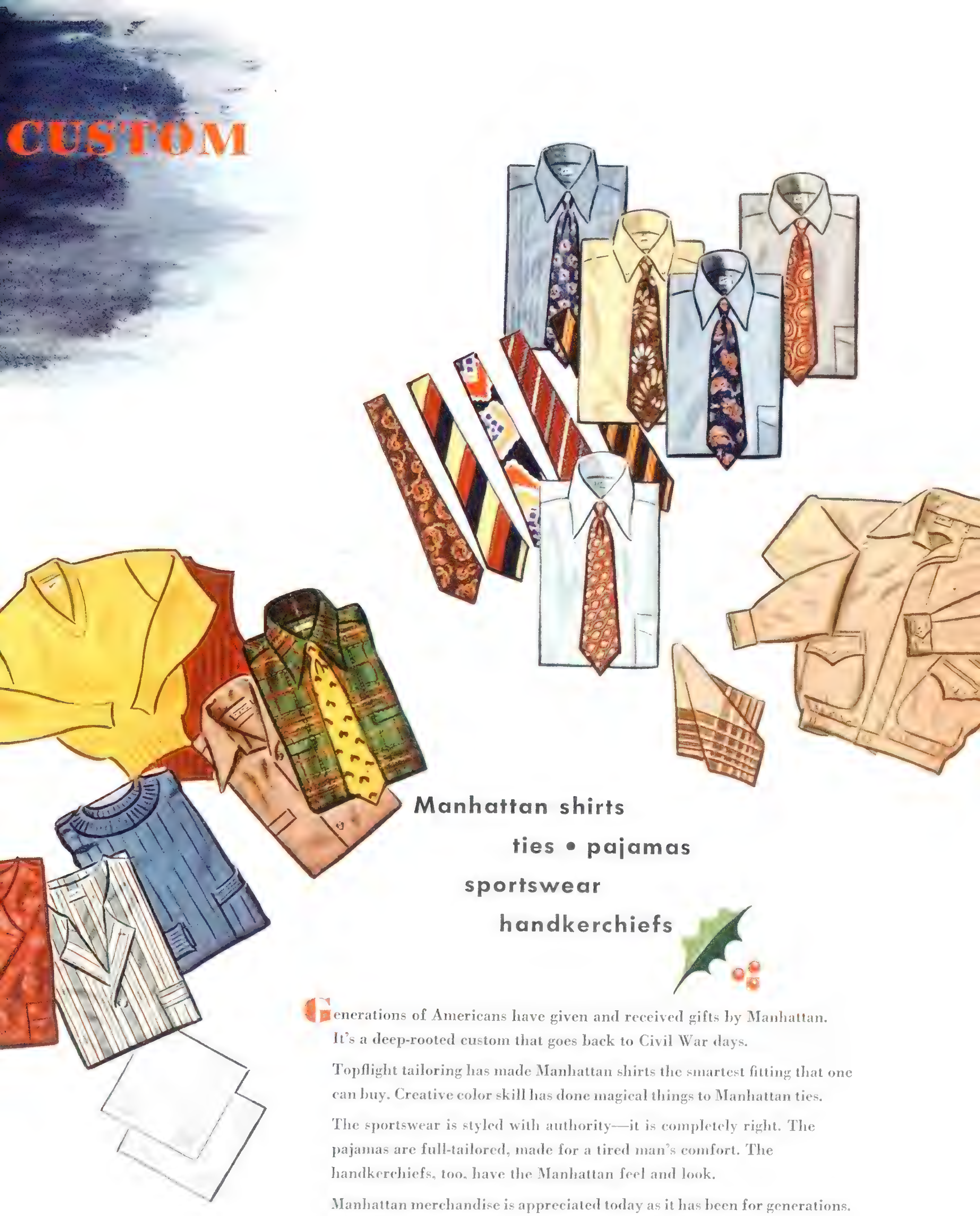
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

IT'S AN OLD Manhattan



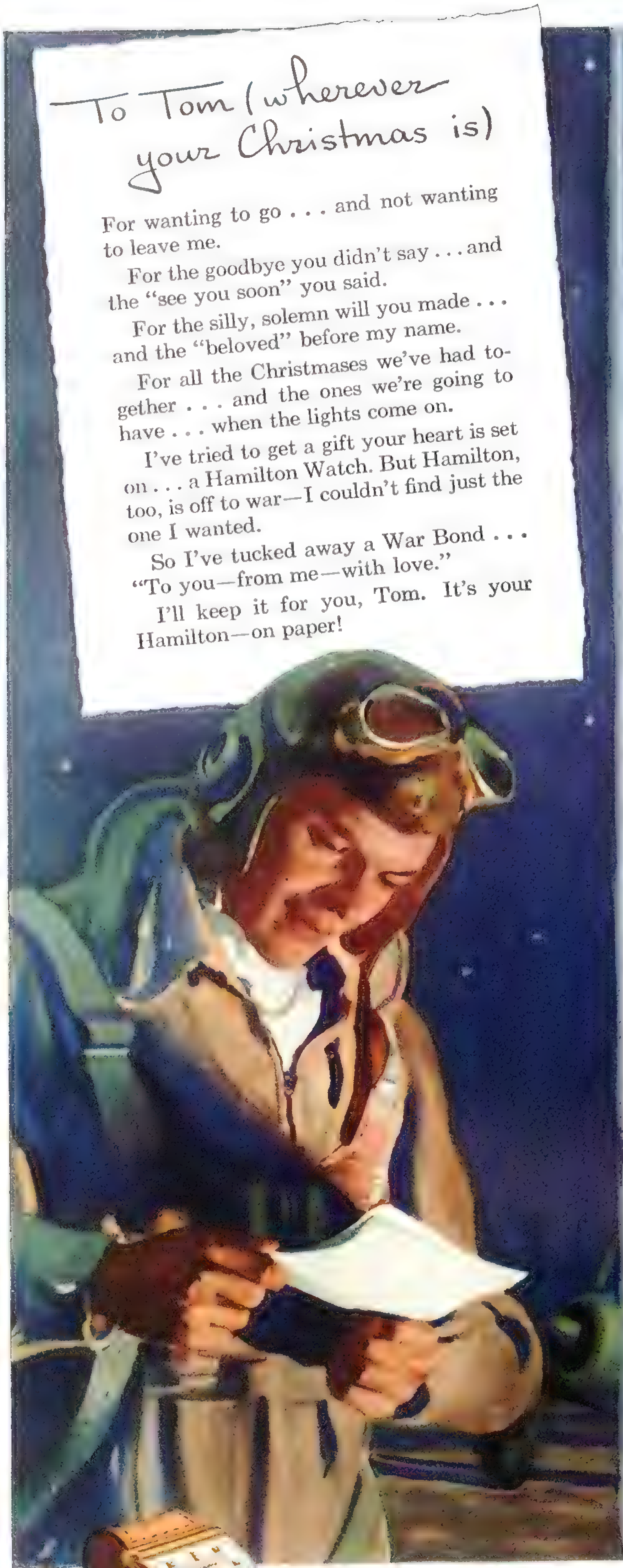
Manhattan shirts
ties • pajamas
sportswear
handkerchiefs

Generations of Americans have given and received gifts by Manhattan. It's a deep-rooted custom that goes back to Civil War days.

Topflight tailoring has made Manhattan shirts the smartest fitting that one can buy. Creative color skill has done magical things to Manhattan ties.

The sportswear is styled with authority—it is completely right. The pajamas are full-tailored, made for a tired man's comfort. The handkerchiefs, too, have the Manhattan feel and look.

Manhattan merchandise is appreciated today as it has been for generations. Give a quality gift by Manhattan—*it's an old and thoughtful custom!*



To Tom (wherever your Christmas is)

For wanting to go . . . and not wanting to leave me.

For the goodbye you didn't say . . . and the "see you soon" you said.

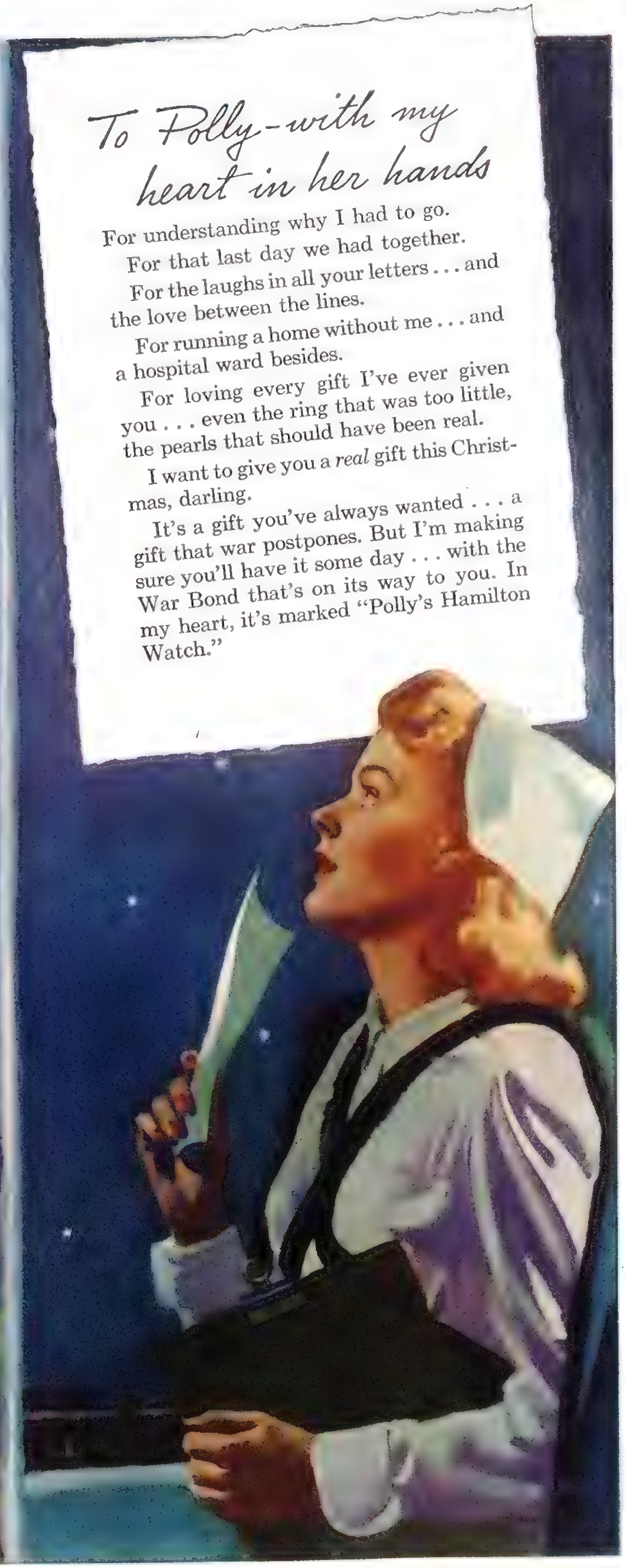
For the silly, solemn will you made . . . and the "beloved" before my name.

For all the Christmases we've had together . . . and the ones we're going to have . . . when the lights come on.

I've tried to get a gift your heart is set on . . . a Hamilton Watch. But Hamilton, too, is off to war—I couldn't find just the one I wanted.

So I've tucked away a War Bond . . . "To you—from me—with love."

I'll keep it for you, Tom. It's your Hamilton—on paper!



To Polly—with my heart in her hands

For understanding why I had to go.

For that last day we had together.

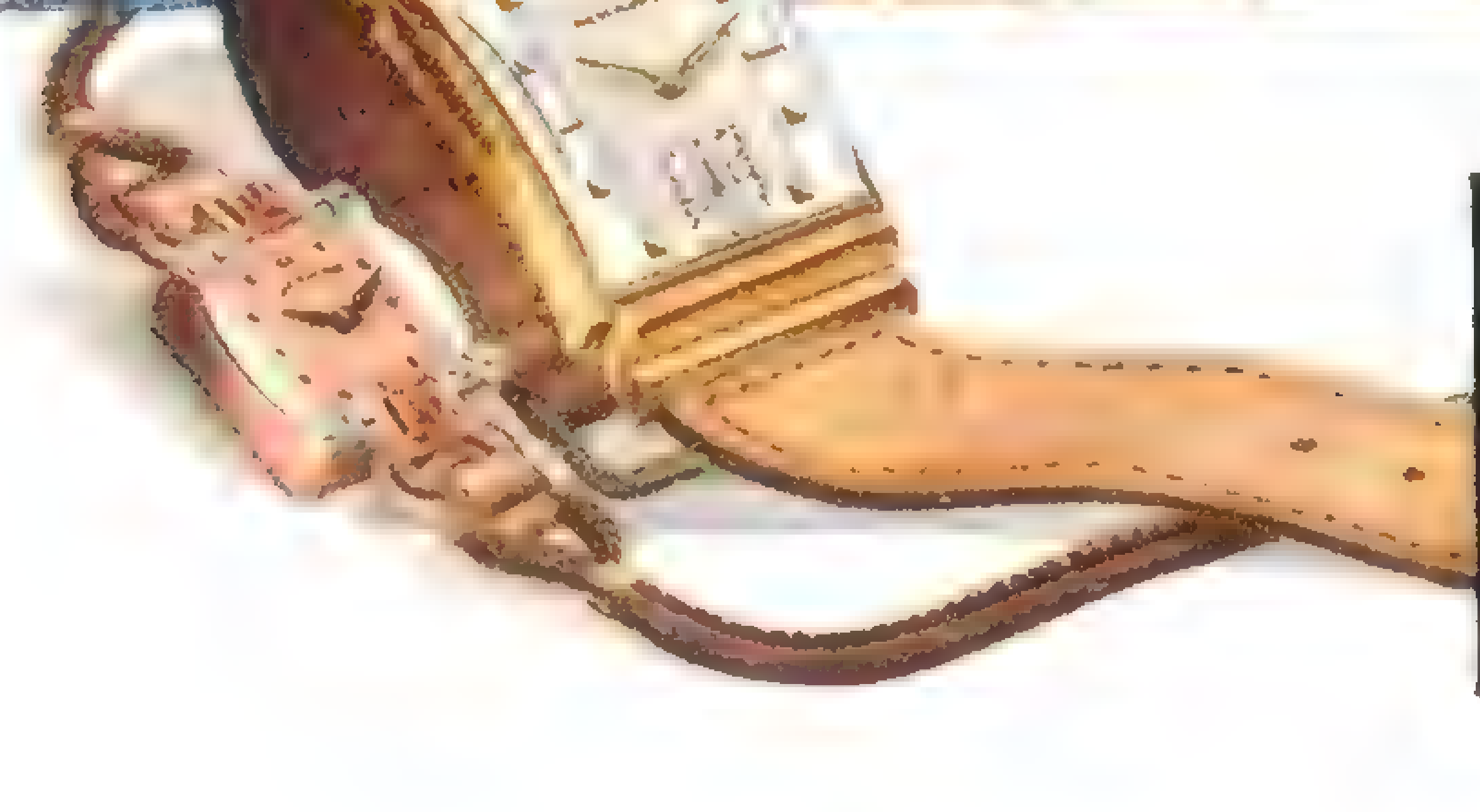
For the laughs in all your letters . . . and the love between the lines.

For running a home without me . . . and a hospital ward besides.

For loving every gift I've ever given you . . . even the ring that was too little, the pearls that should have been real.

I want to give you a *real* gift this Christmas, darling.

It's a gift you've always wanted . . . a gift that war postpones. But I'm making sure you'll have it some day . . . with the War Bond that's on its way to you. In my heart, it's marked "Polly's Hamilton Watch."



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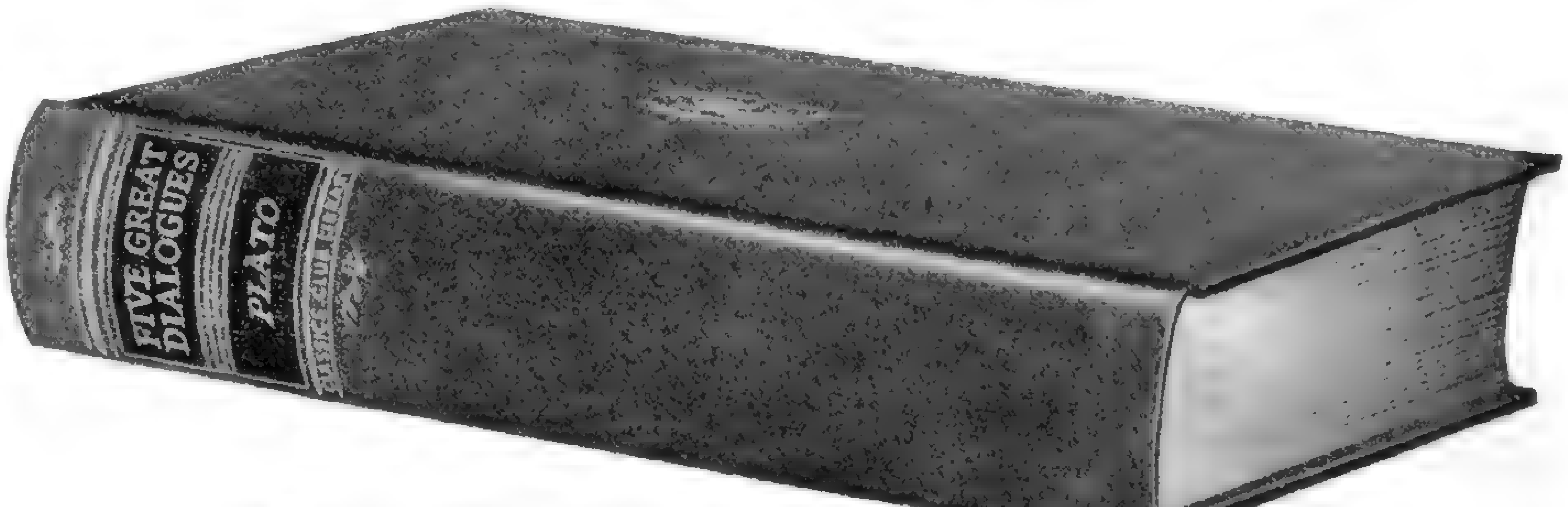

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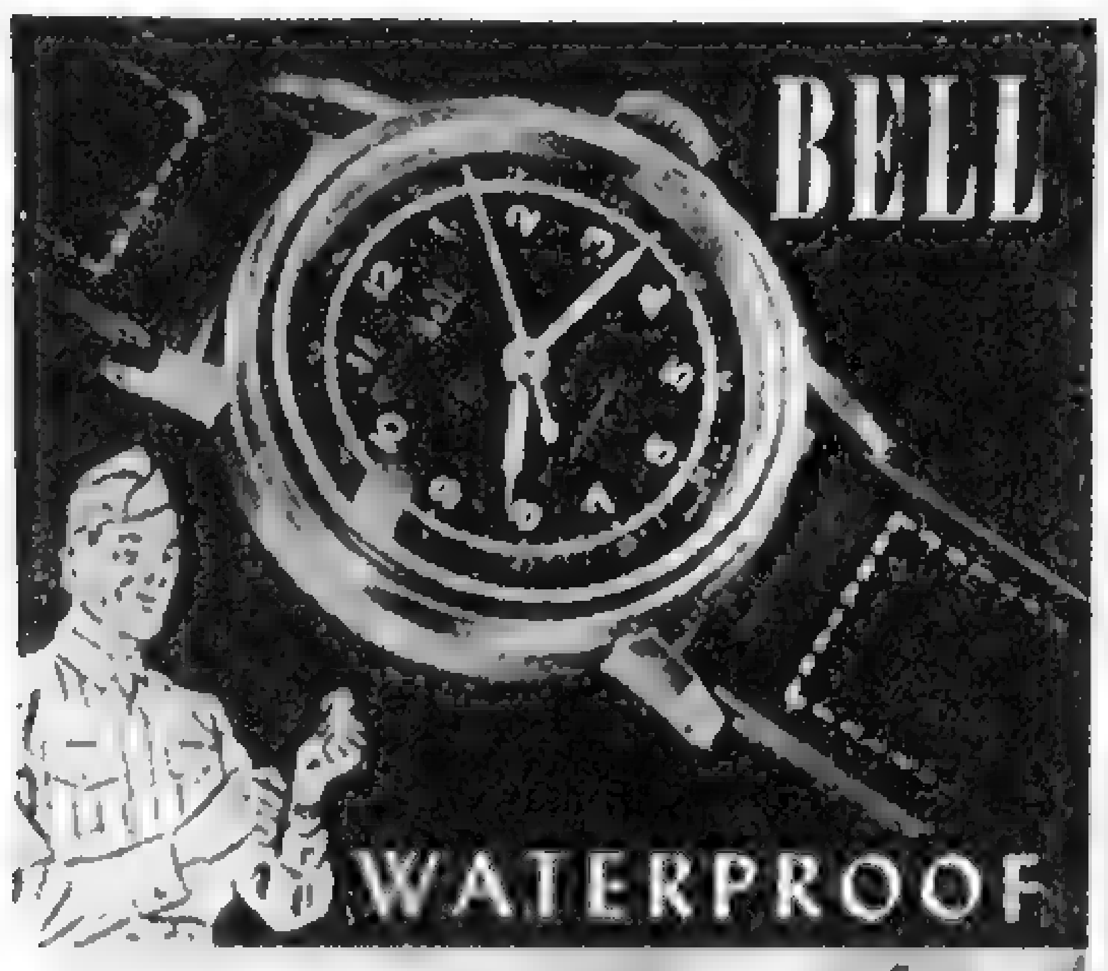

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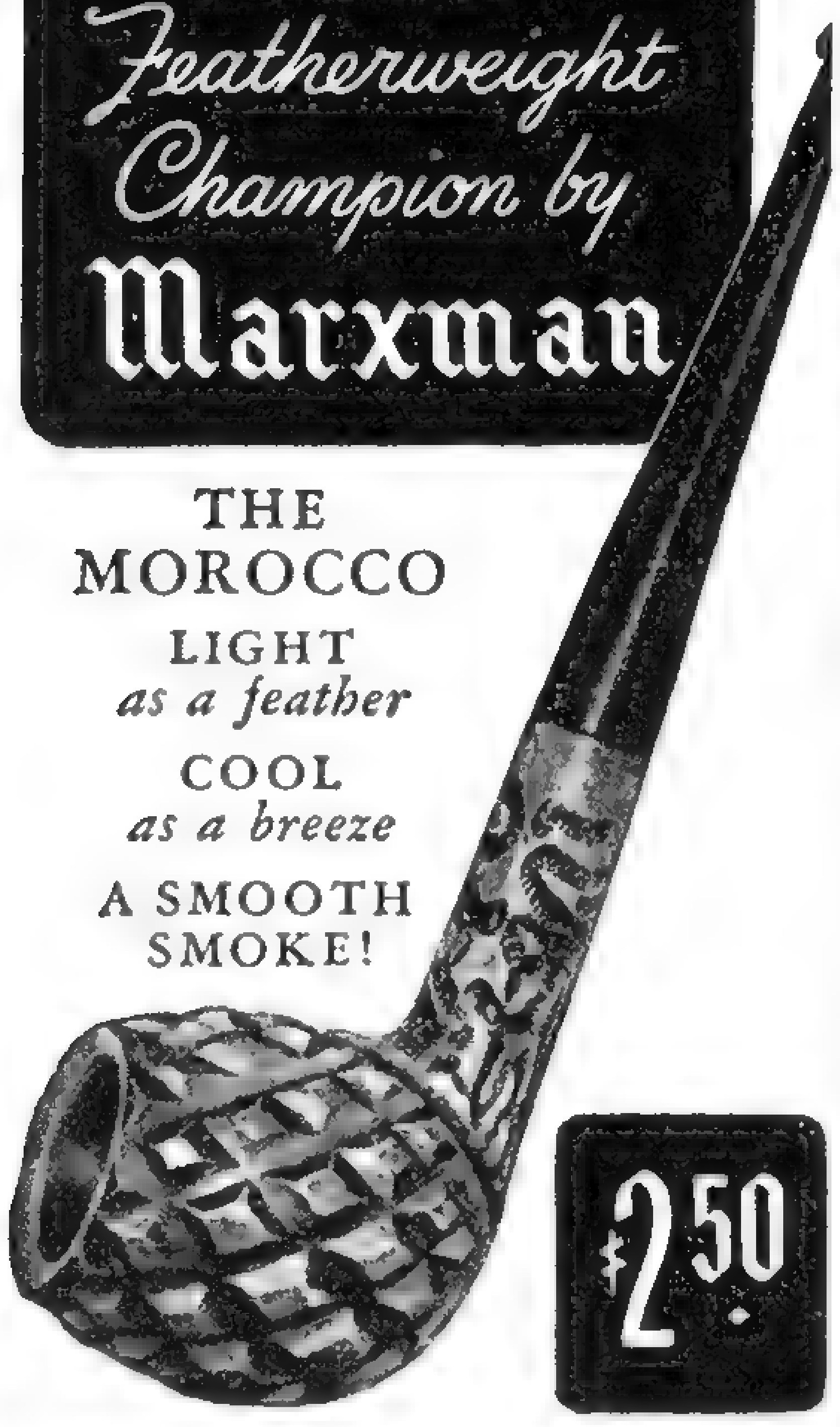

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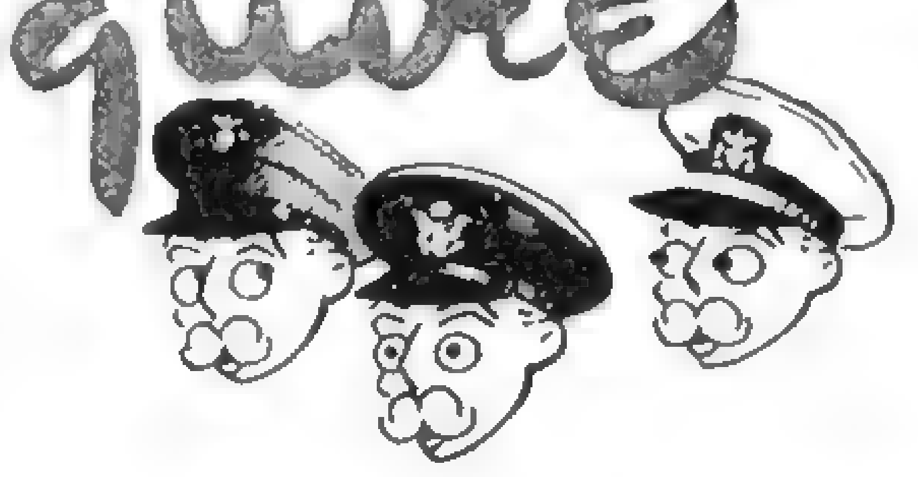

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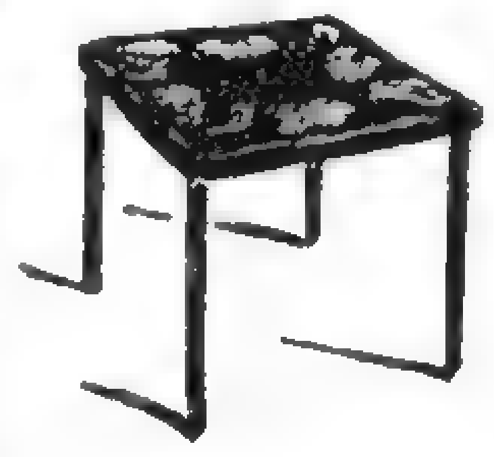
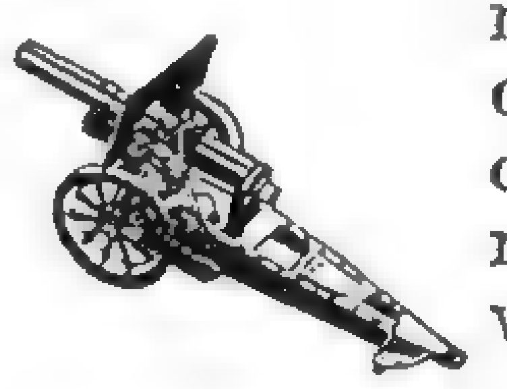
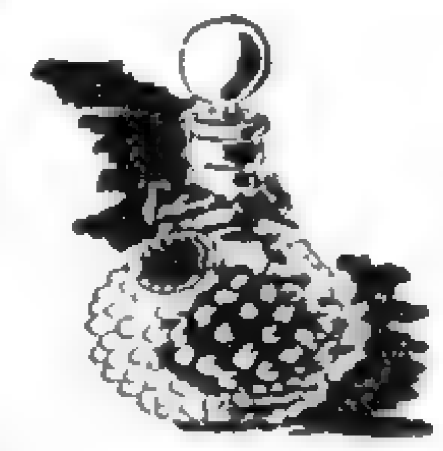


PILLAR TO POST GIFTS. A Lieut. in Los Angeles is up a tree on what to send newly married brethren in uniform. Good bet for these itinerants, is a card table, with one of those new, durable pressed wood tops which resist heat, moisture, alcohol and even kitchen abuse. Good looking, too, with fawn or wine colored tops, walnut finished underpinnings.



MILITARY LIGHTERS. Another Christmas gift for bridegrooms in uniform is a table lighter in the military manner . . . a replica of an old flint-lock duelling weapon made of antiqued wood and metal. Along the same lines, a cigar and cigarette lighter, this one a metal replica of a 75 mm. cannon.



A DILLY FOR A DOLLAR. If your funds are getting low and you still have a few fine folks at home who deserve more than a card, here's your dish. One simoleon will do wonders if directed as follows: male civilians will go for a rotating wood tie rack. Just spin it around for speedy tie selection. Buddies in service are crying for cig. lighters . . . here's one in patriotic colors . . . about the size of a dame's lipstick. And for her . . . a bottle of floral scented cologne in a stunning white hobnail bottle that looks like plenty dough. Or if you're "over there," send her a small bottle of exotic perfume called "Safari." Done up in a box decorated with African daisies. Or a gift box of "Safari" face powder and lipstick. And to all the rest, as a subtle reminder . . . a box of airmail note paper, treated to insure opacity, so they can write on *both* sides . . . 3 sheets and envelope weigh less than ½ oz.

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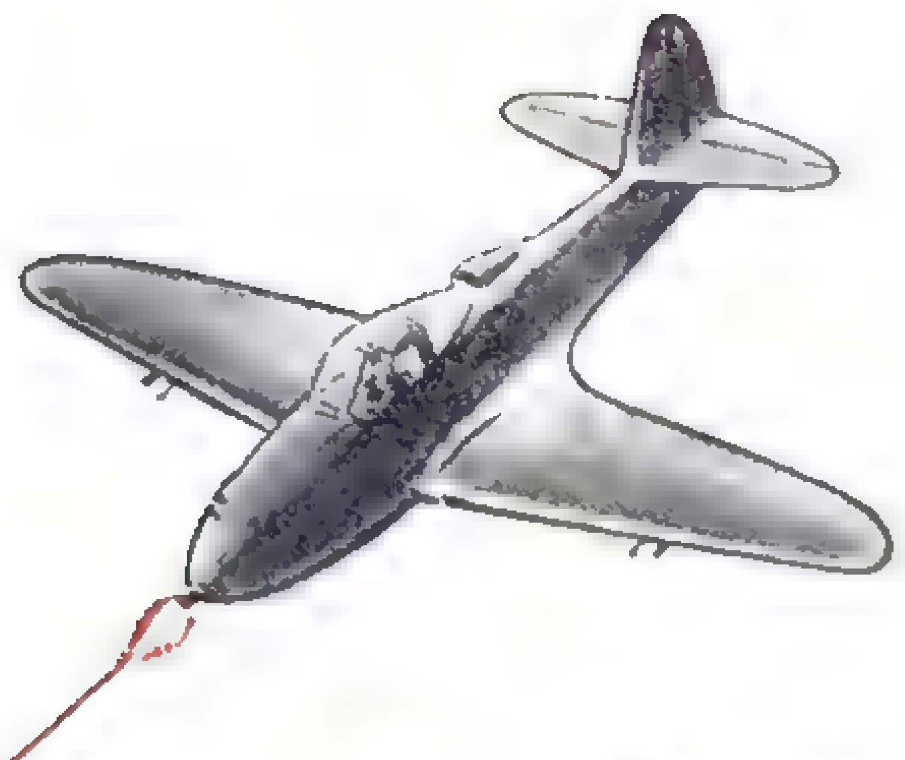

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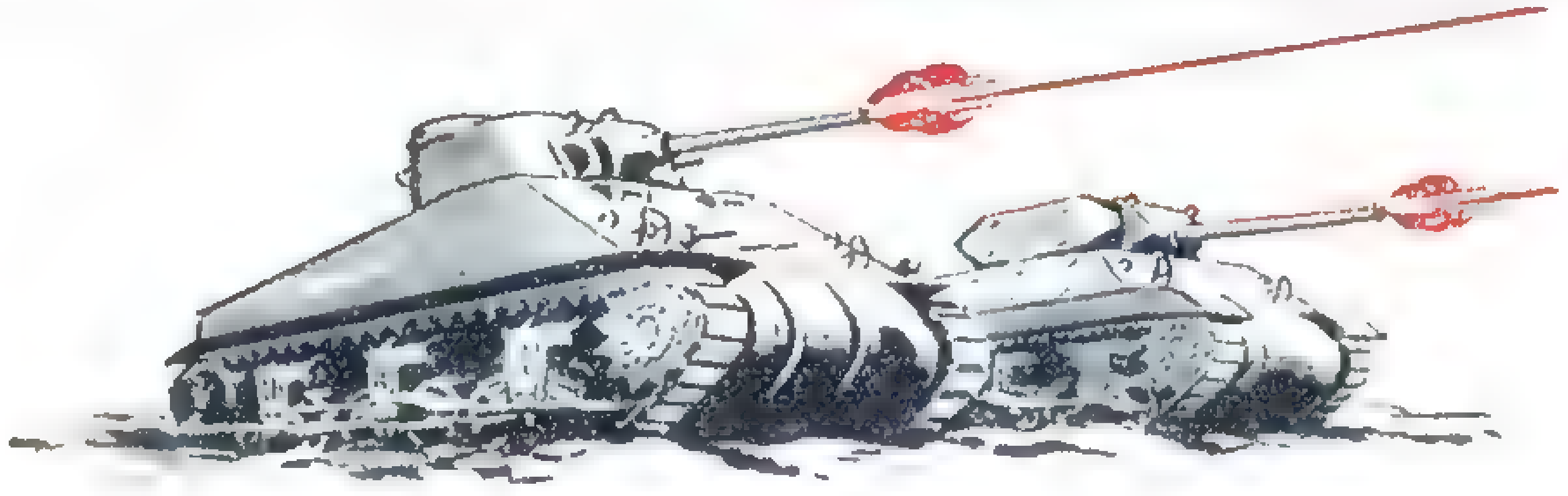

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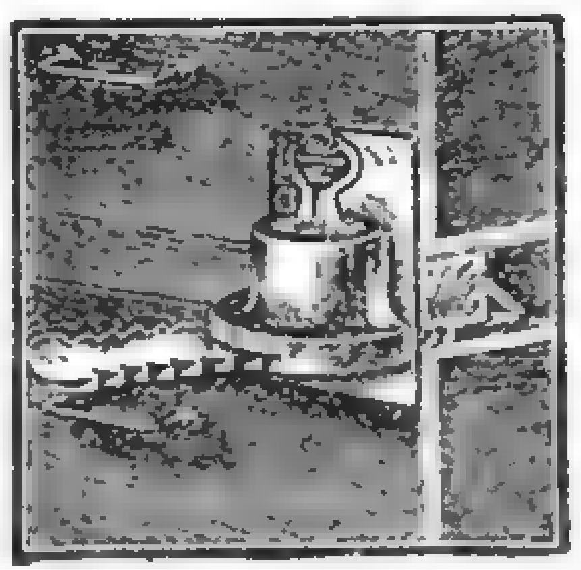

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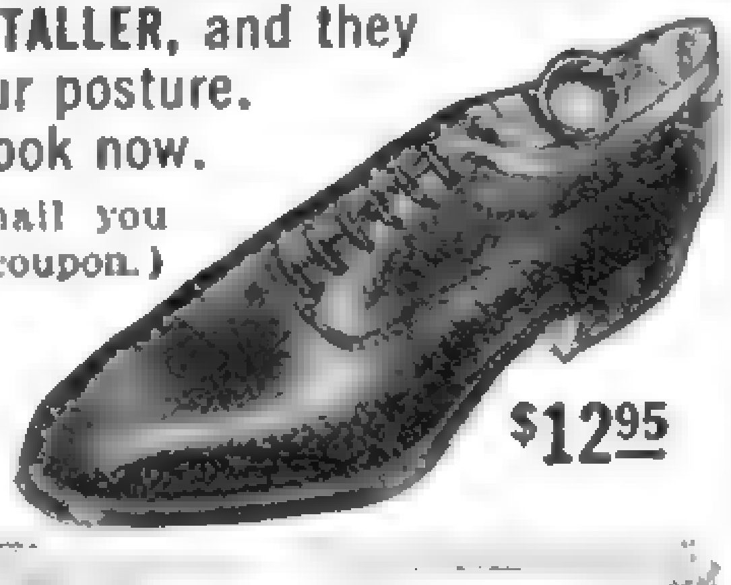

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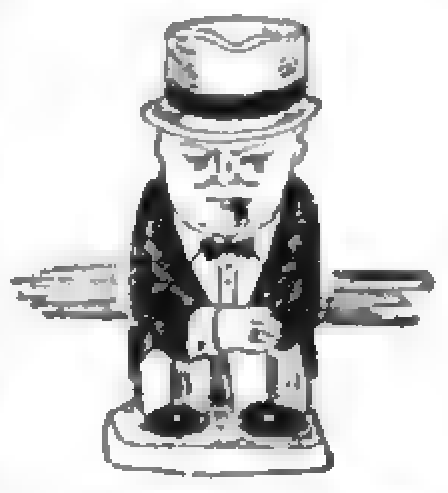

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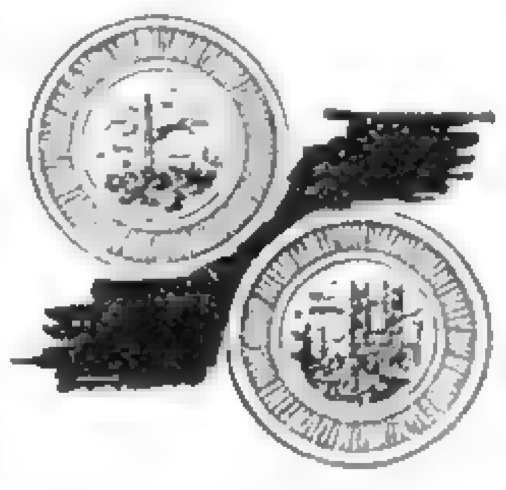

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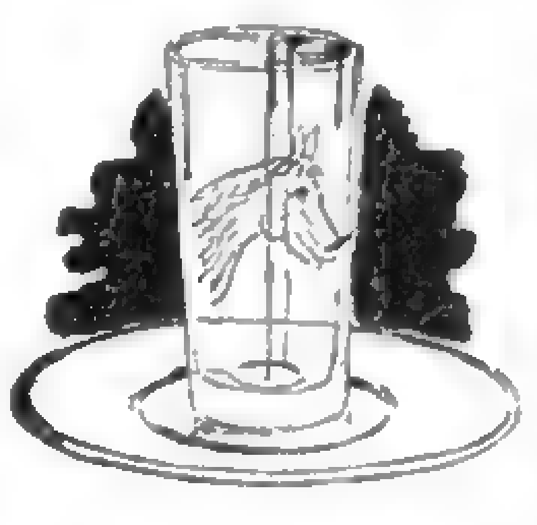

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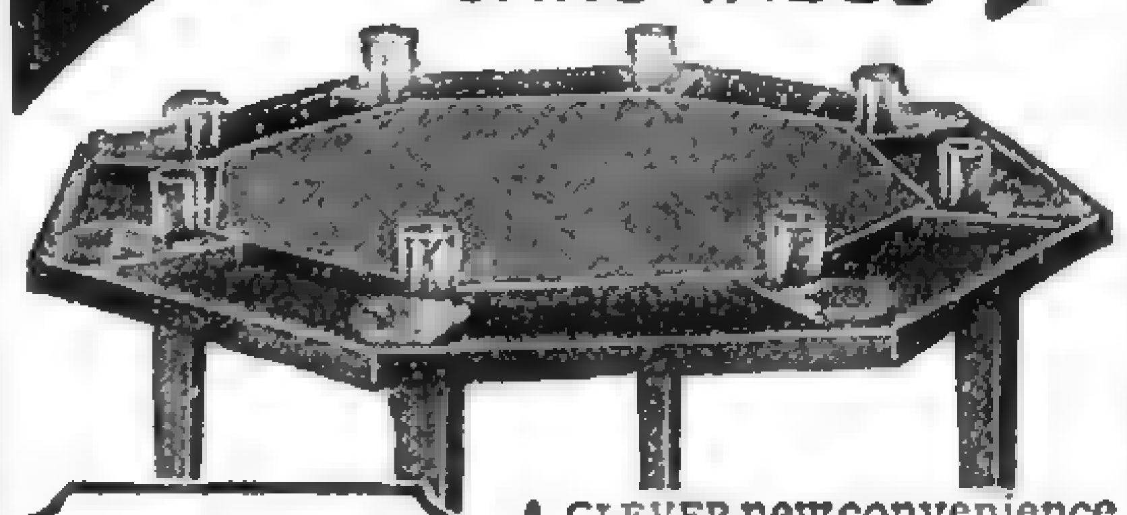

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For extra delicacy of flavor, baste the bird with wine! Use wine that's slightly warmed, mixing about ¾ cup of wine with ¼ cup oil or margarine. Either California Burgundy or Sauterne is excellent. And serve the same wine at table, the Sauterne well chilled, the Burgundy at room temperature

WINE brings holiday dinners a kindly good cheer

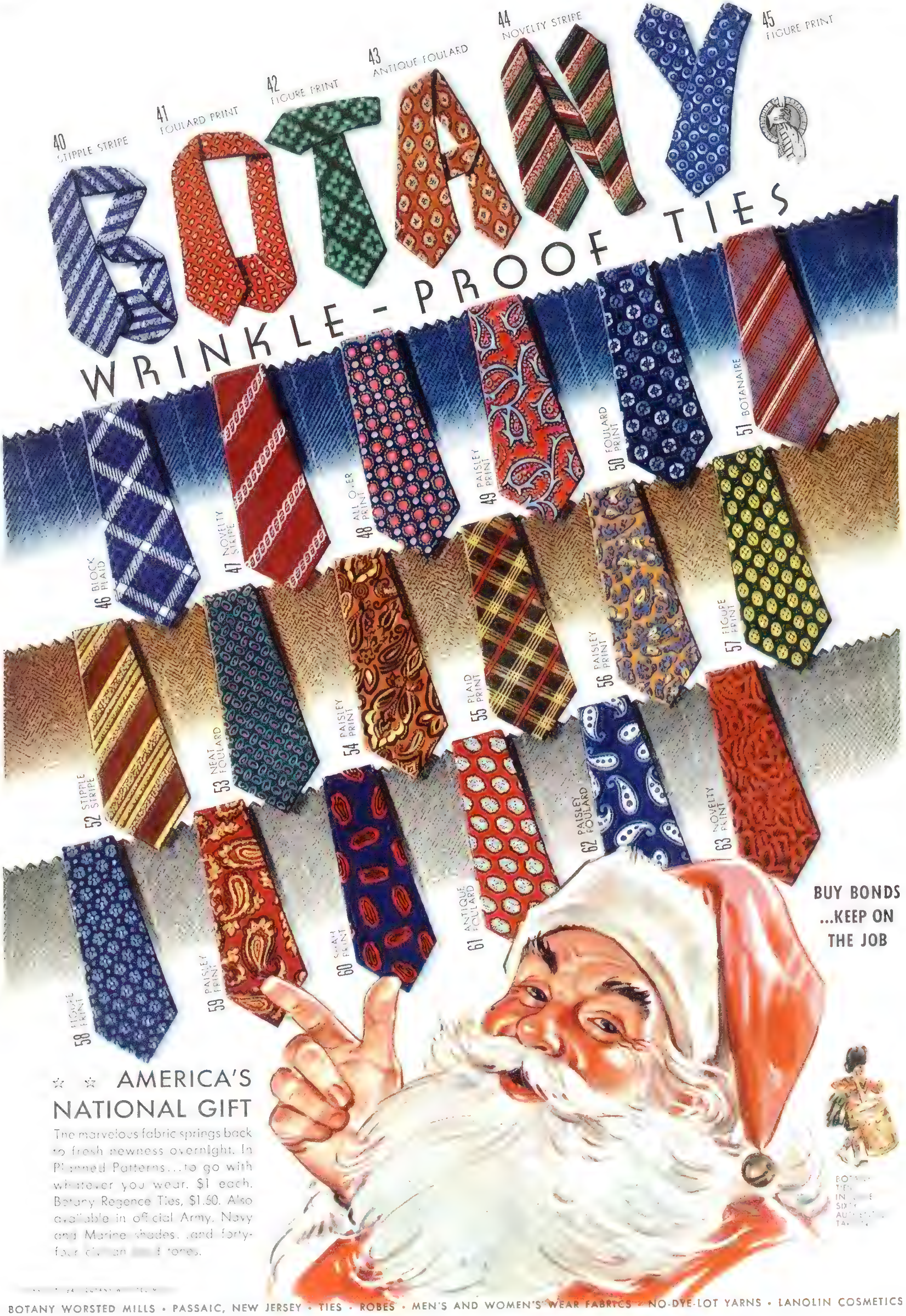
THIS YEAR, good cheer means more than ever before. So gather those near to you around your table. And as you share good talk and food, enjoy the friendliness of wine.

When the turkey comes to table, serve moderate glasses of good red Burgundy or golden Sauterne. It's a warm kind of hospitality that your guests will appreciate. And to bring out the fullest savor in main dishes, cook them with wine. For wine complements food naturally, *in* the dish and *with* it. That's worth remembering these days of wartime menus.

We wine growers will be glad to send you, free, our newest booklet of wine cooking recipes. And selected menus that will help conserve your precious ration points. Write to Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

If your wine merchant or restaurateur hasn't your favorite wine type, let him suggest another California wine...it's your opportunity to become acquainted with some of our many other excellent table and dessert wines

Before all else
BUY BONDS


40 STIPPLE STRIPE
41 FOULARD PRINT
42 FIGURE PRINT
43 ANTIQUE FOULARD
44 NOVELTY STRIPE
45 FIGURE PRINT
BOTANY
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
46 BLOCK PLAID
47 NOVELTY STRIPE
48 ALL OVER PRINT
49 PAISLEY PRINT
50 FOULARD PRINT
51 BOTANAIRE
52 STIPPLE STRIPE
53 NEAT FOULARD
54 PAISLEY PRINT
55 PLAID PRINT
56 PAISLEY PRINT
57 FIGURE PRINT
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59 PAISLEY PRINT
60 SHAH PRINT
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If you must travel...or if you want to make a gift to your favorite officer or busy war plant executive, you will find a limited supply of this truly remarkable wardrobe available during the holidays. The test of war has proved Val-A-Pak America's most desired luggage. The major part of Val-A-Pak production goes to officers in all branches of the service who find it just as indispensable as the uniforms it carries so perfectly. Due to wartime restrictions Val-A-Pak comes only in one model, in navy blue or olive drab duck with contrasting leather trim. When the peace is won, it will again be available in unlimited quantities in a full range of fabrics and leathers.

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- Full leather lined—sizes 6½ to 11 B, C, D, E widths.

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EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

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...buy it now!
...mail it quick!

NORMAN TOKAR, famous radio star, who has shared his weekly troubles with millions of fathers and sons, put the Biltmore on top of his Xmas list, for friends in service, here and abroad. "Most fellows like myself get a bang out of a practical gift. Make yours a BILTMORE and keep him smoke happy for years."

BLUE RIBBON "BILTMORE" $3.50

"BILTMORE" Pipes are made from the finest century-old American burl. In natural grain, $1.50 and $3.50. In natural virgin briar, $2.50. Eighteen shapes to choose from at each price. At all pipe shops, or order direct from

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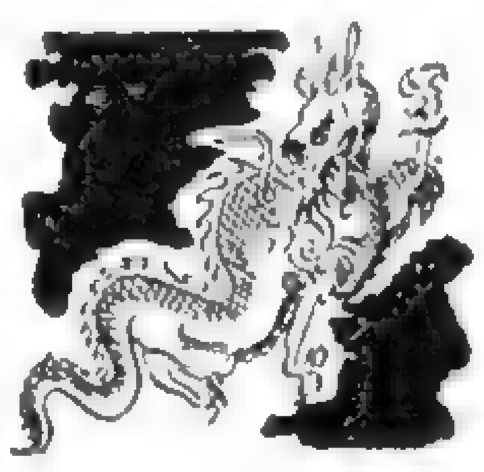
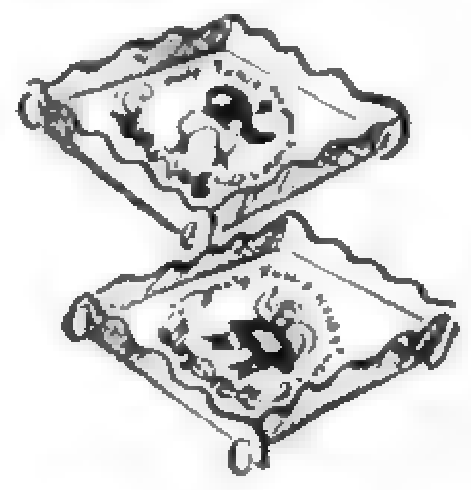
Talking Shop with Esquire

FOREIGN FLAVOR. If you're looking for unusual gifts why not buy from the various war relief shops. The gifts are made by refugee craftsmen from the various countries, and the proceeds go to the relief of same.

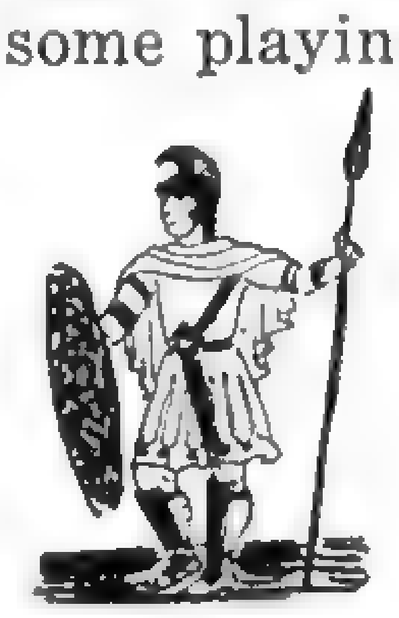
CHINA. Any lady would be thrilled with a handbag of genuine Chinese damask, lamé or brocade; or a pair of quaint Chinese porcelain rouge pots now converted into salt and peppers; 19th century opium boxes of handsome cloisonne to be used for match boxes. For discerning civilian gents; neckties of pure silk shantung, satin lined; and for servicemen, a box of 100 Chinese almond cookies, crisp and delicious.



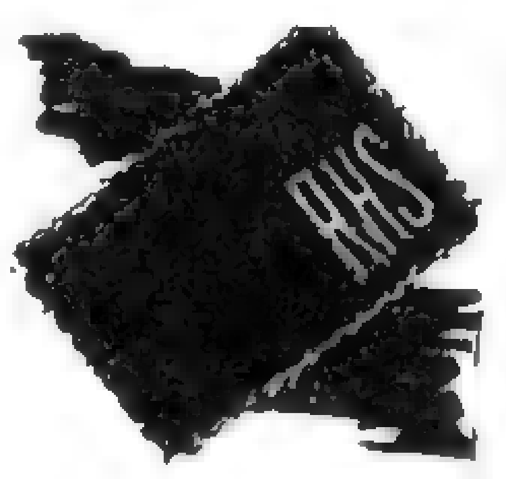
RUSSIA. Individual hand painted wooden cocktail trays with a substantial rail to keep your drink and snack from slipping. And as further practical precaution, each tray has a cord protector that runs across the bottom to keep tray moored to your lap. When not in use, trays can be hung up as wall decorations. Russian luncheon sets will be appreciated by bachelors. Mannish natural linen, with bold red border of Cossack horsemen or the proverbial chanticleer design. Towels in the same pattern.



GREECE. Give your gin rummy friends really handsome playing cards from the Friends of Greece. Backs of the decks are starkly simple sky blue with a Greek warrior silhouetted in white, or vice versa.



NORWAY. Hand-painted wooden footstools, table tiles hand painted in floral designs, table mats that look like grey leather but are rubbed off easily with soap and water. These are monogrammed with enormous initials of white pique. Good bachelor apt. stuff.



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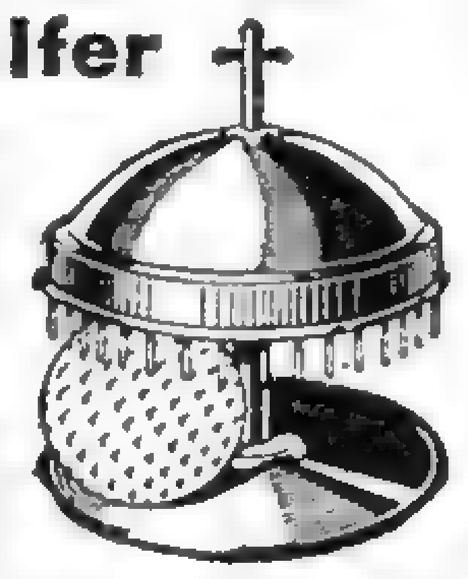
Gift for the Golfer



Score a hole-in-one Christmas morn with Bobby's Portable Golf Hole! Improve putting right in the living room. "Just like a cup on the Green." Each $2.00 or 3 for $5.00 postpaid.

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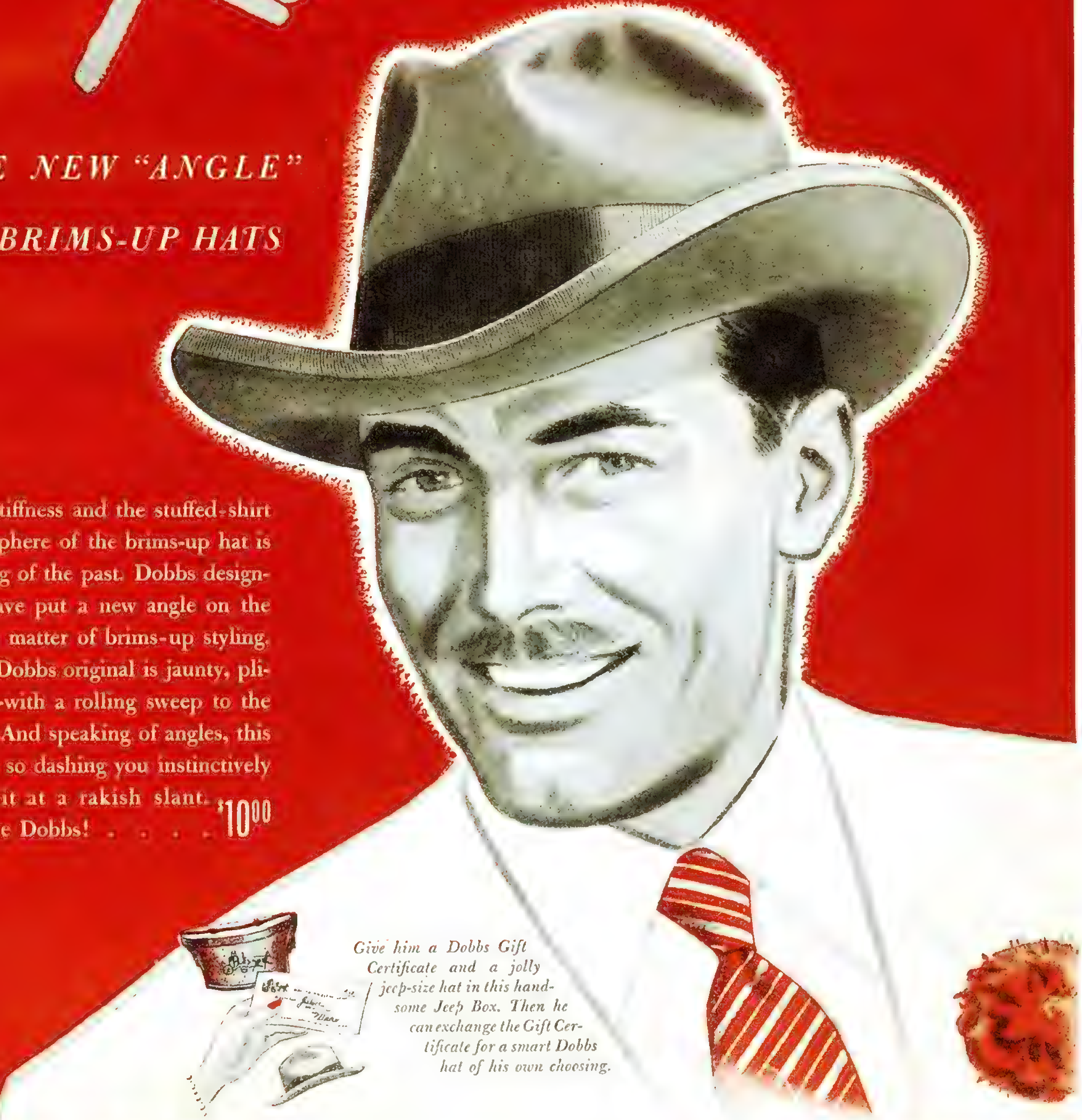
The stiffness and the stuffed-shirt atmosphere of the brims-up hat is a thing of the past. Dobbs designers have put a new angle on the whole matter of brims-up styling. This Dobbs original is jaunty, pliable—with a rolling sweep to the brim. And speaking of angles, this hat is so dashing you instinctively wear it at a rakish slant. It's the Dobbs! . . . . . $\$10^{00}$



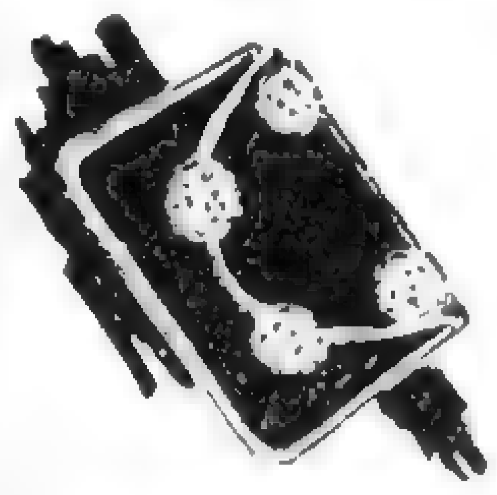
Give him a Dobbs Gift Certificate and a jolly jeep-size hat in this handsome Jeep Box. Then he can exchange the Gift Certificate for a smart Dobbs hat of his own choosing.

DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

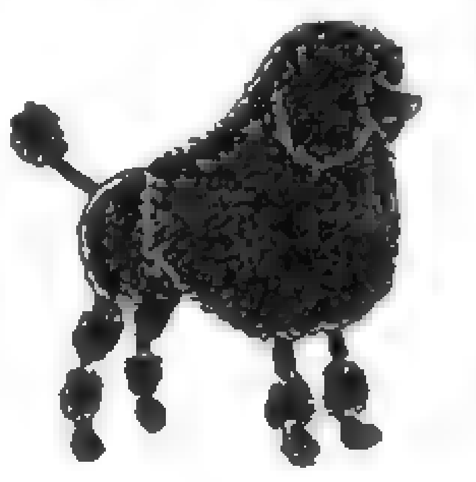
Retail Store: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET
AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Talking Shop with Esquire

WHAT FUR! Maybe she's yippin' for a silver fox coat or a mink. So you'll give her mink . . . maybe not a whole coat, but you could settle for a gorgeous oversize faille silk handbag trimmed with four goodly sized pompoms of real mink, leopard, beaver or persian lamb! And as a further token of your esteem, suede gloves to match, also trimmed with dapper pompoms of fur.



FUR LAPEL PINS. Sure . . . big brooches made of real fur. There's a glorious black persian poodle with diamond eyes and a smooth little snoot of galyak . . . a perfect replica of a real pooch. There's a giraffe of leopard fur, a scottie in grey persian lamb and as a gag gift, a cow made of real cowhide . . . the animal wags her head and does all but moo. Then you buy fur earrings (you heard us) fur earrings to match the lapel pins. Imagine your gal with a coupla Persian poodles moored to her shell-like ears!



WOO HER WITH ERMINE, YET! This is another species of lapel pin. A ceramic head, hand painted and hand-made wearing a hat of genuine ermine tails, a beguiling veil and carrying a muff of ermine tails. Your little head can be a blonde, redhead or brunette.

ON BUYING FURS. If you're going to buy her a fur coat, even if you are a connoisseur of furs, you owe it to yourself to buy the protection of a reputable shop. Their guarantee of quality is important. Remember, in choosing furs, the better the skins are matched, the better the quality. This means matching coloring, thickness of fur, markings (as in mink or leopard) curl (as in Persian lamb) or pattern (as in broadtail) Natural luster is desirable (watch out for synthetic luster achieved by dyes). The finer the texture in any given breed, the better the quality.

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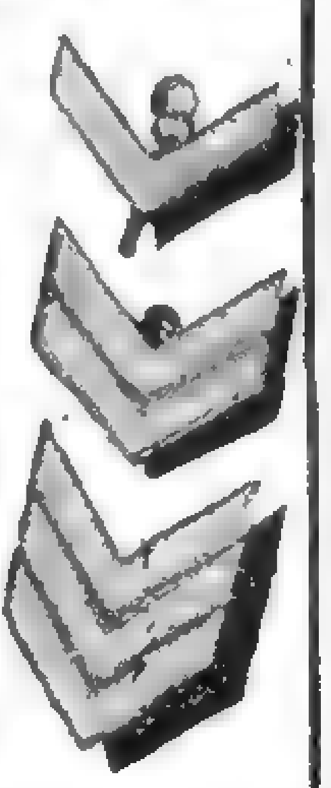

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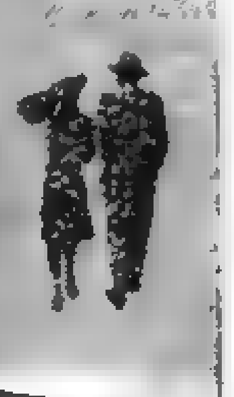

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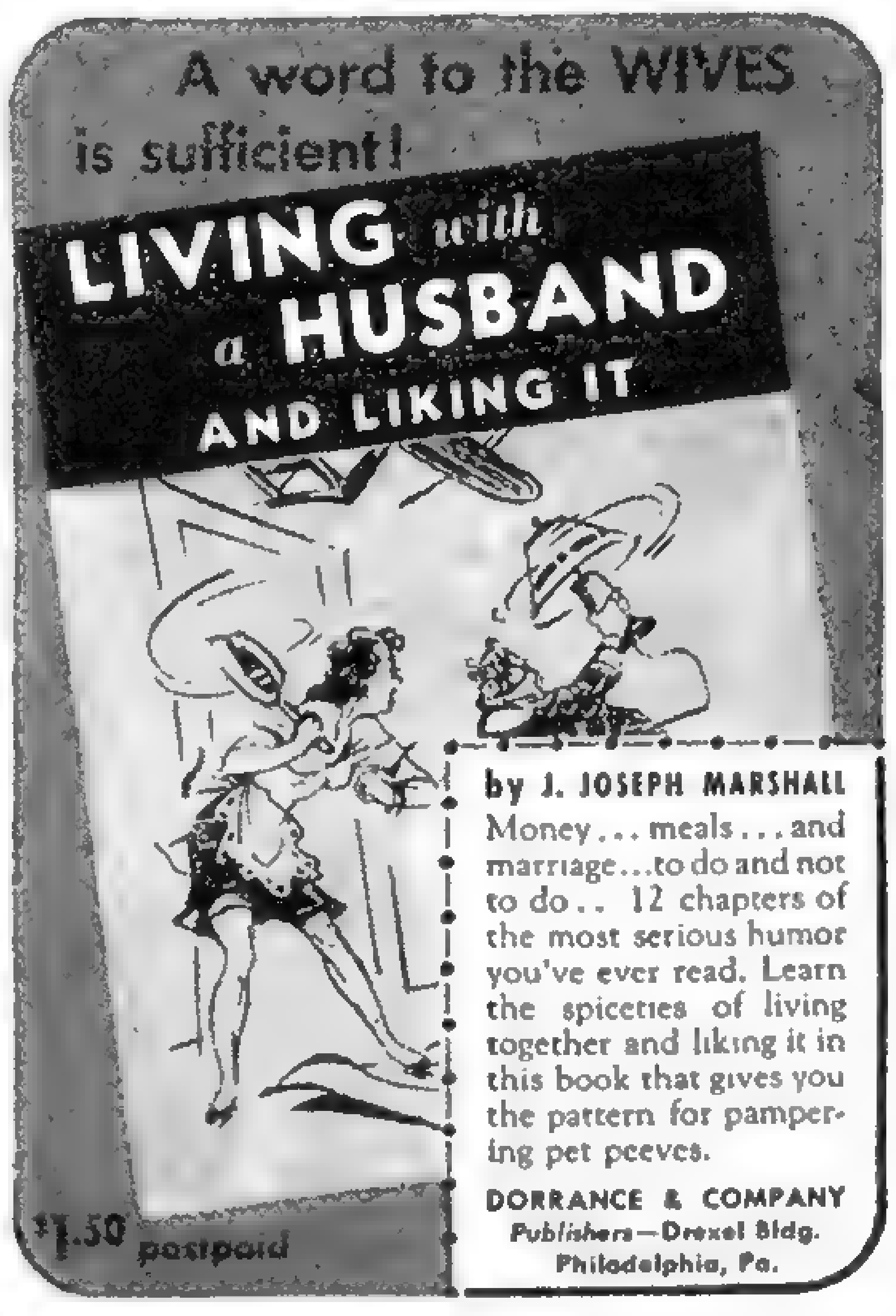

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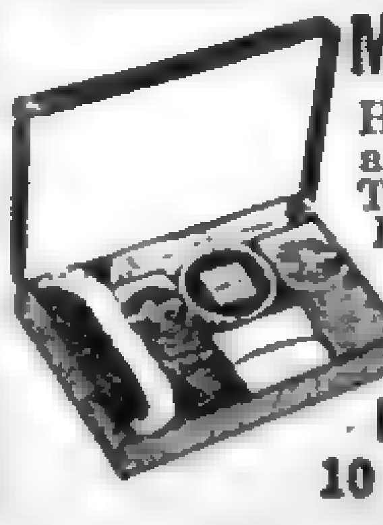

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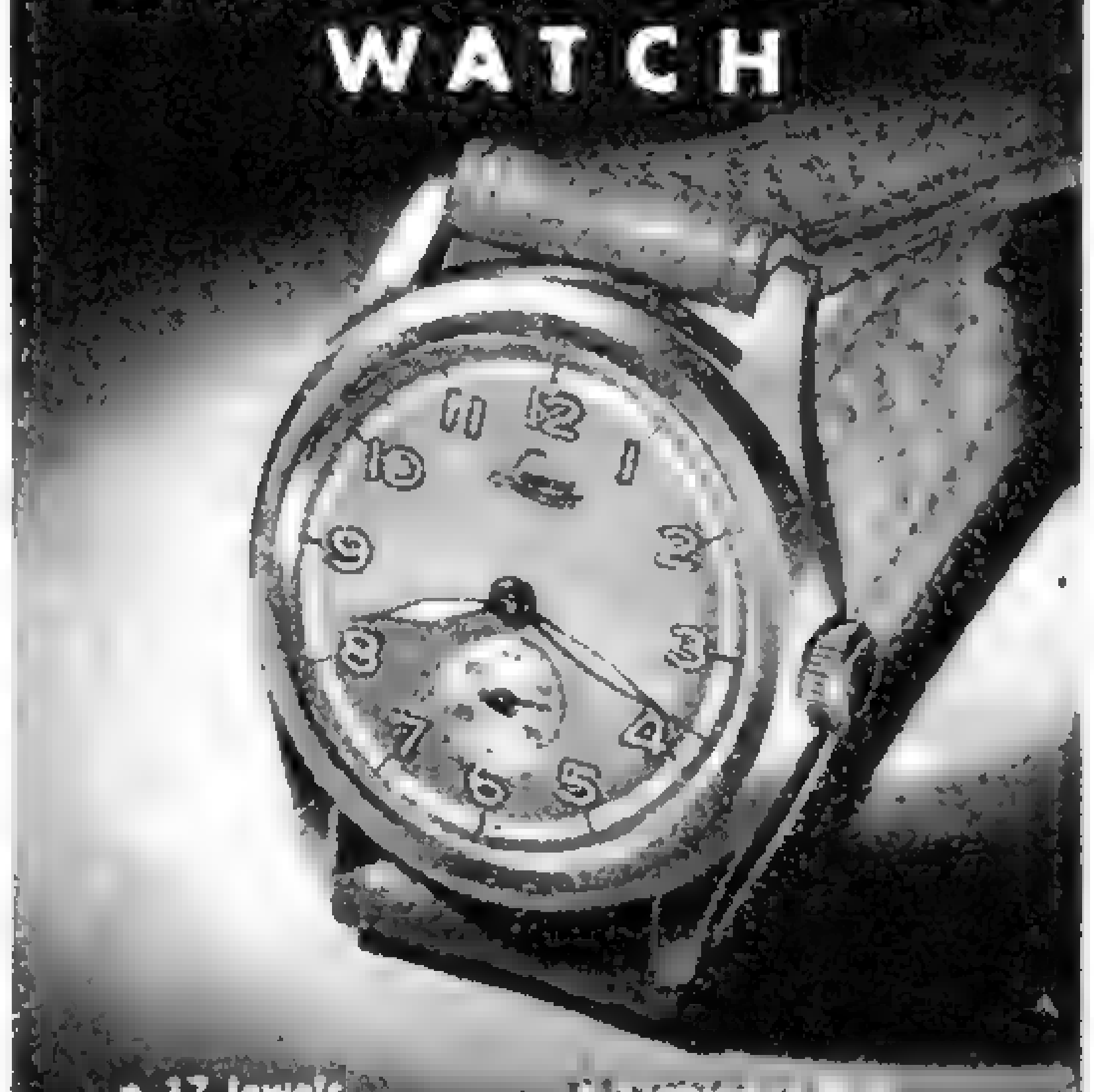

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$1.50 *Sir Sheldon, in natural briar, $2.50*

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Kaywoodie
$10.00
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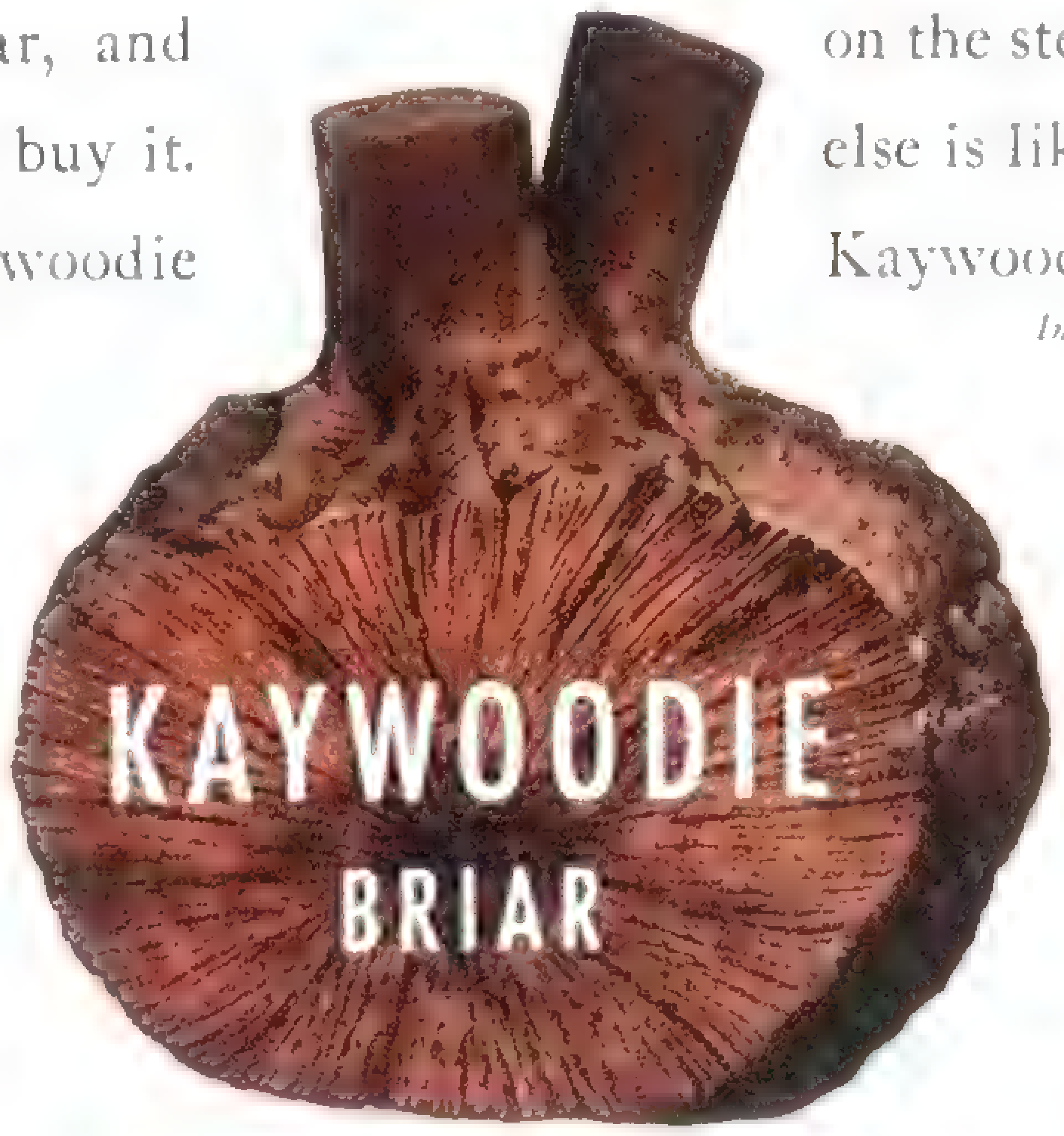
Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



BUY
WAR
BONDS

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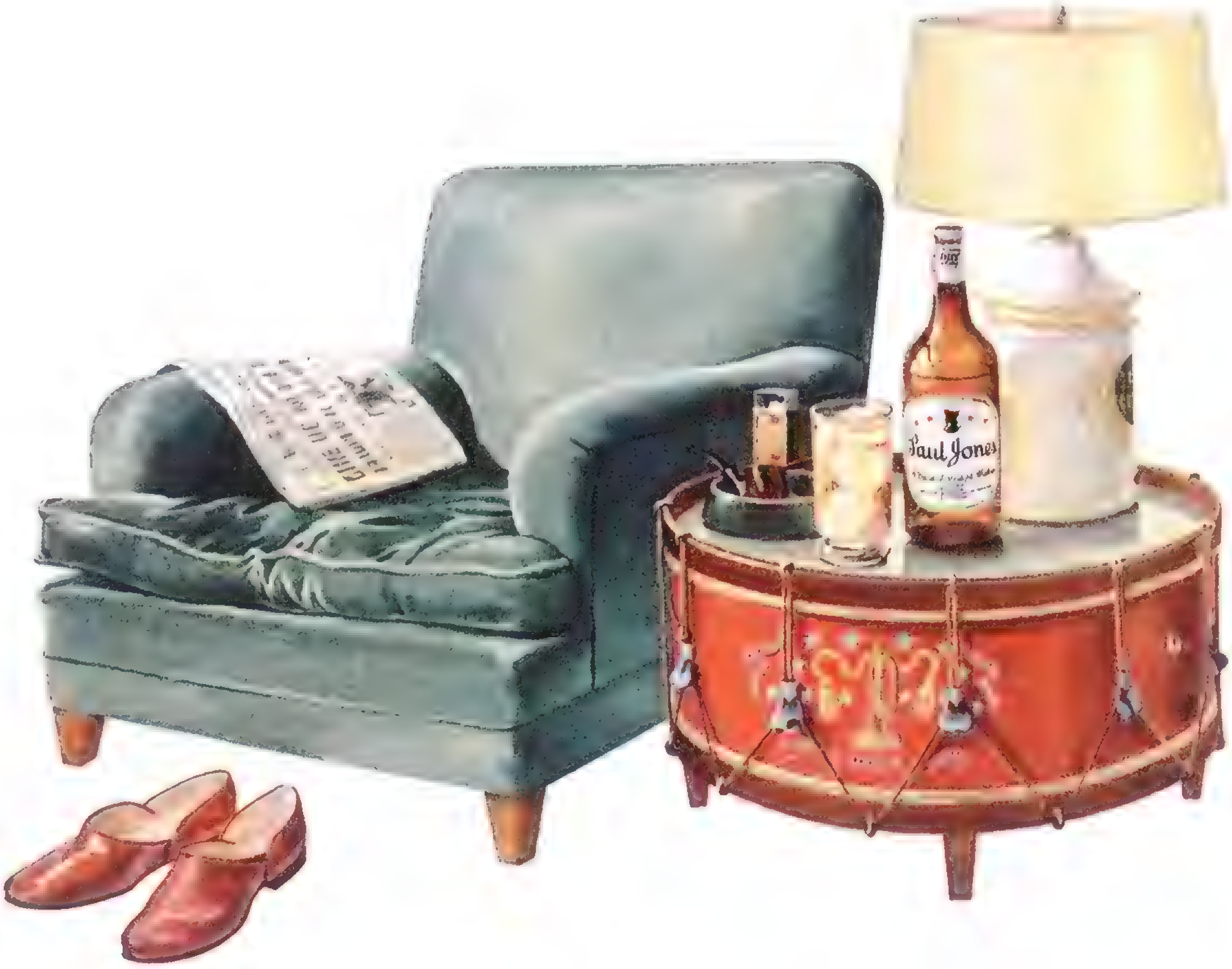

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so

GIVE your gift list a double check and be sure your rationed gift copies go to the men who need them most. An order blank is bound in this issue!

Esquire's Special Christmas Gift Rates:

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A Most Original, Handy Lounging Jacket

...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy and so convenient.** Of soft-as-down Camelord, a fabric of Du Pont Rayon Yarn that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer to the Gift Problem. Postpaid. . . . $6.50**

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Please send me these Readinjacks: (Cash or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
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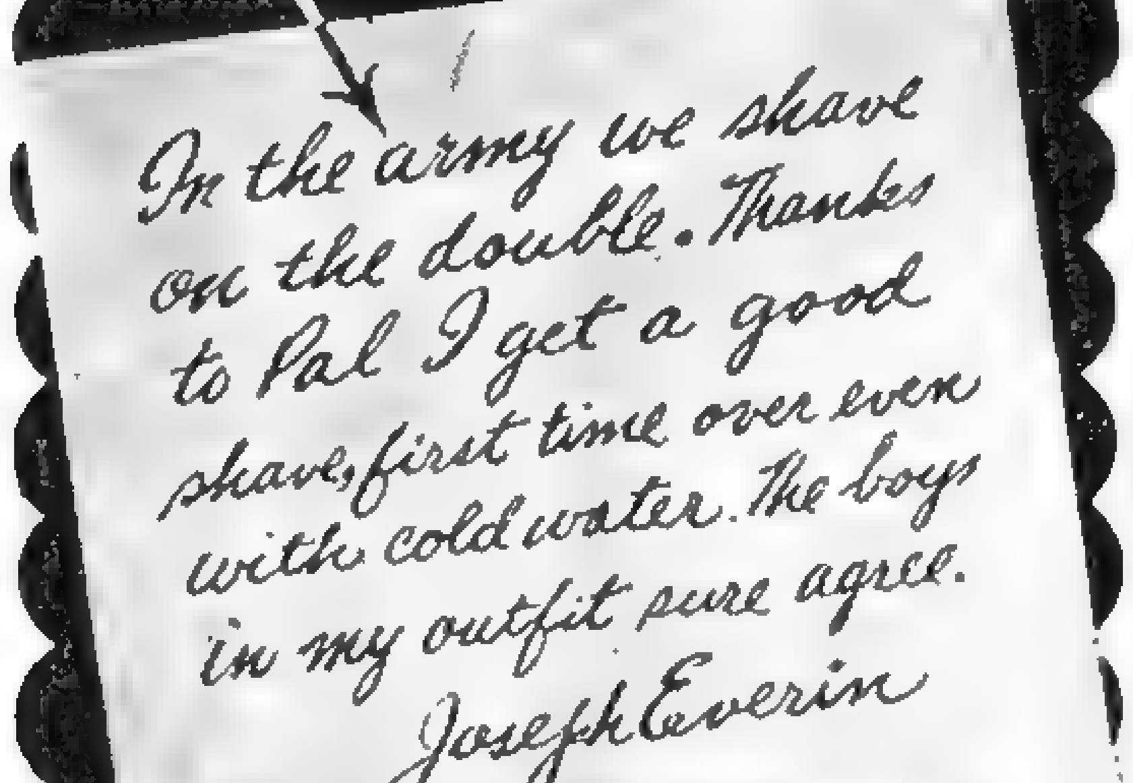
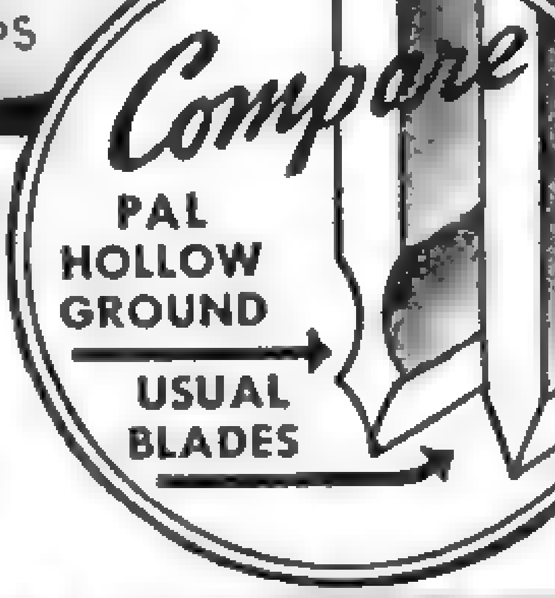


There's nothing Private about what this PRIVATE says:

In the army we shave on the double. Thanks to Pal I get a good shave, first time over even with cold water. The boys in my outfit sure agree.
Joseph Everin

ARMY AIR CORPS



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PAL

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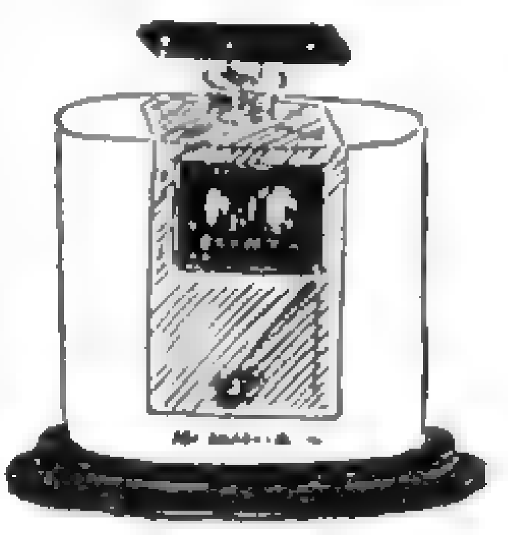
SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



ON THE RIGHT SCENT. As we said last month, most perfumes can be classified, roughly, as "sweet" or "hot." As a further breakdown, we offer those scents which might be termed "smart." These are for sophisticated ladies, groomed to the hilt, garbed in great chic. To these ladies, send: "Bond Street" . . . gay, urbane . . . well bred; "Jet" . . . glittering and aloof; "Mais Oui" . . . sage and sprightly; "Discovery" . . . a mixture of heady brandy and frothy champagne, packaged in a starcut crystal bottle topped with a stopper shaped like a globe with a map of the world in relief.

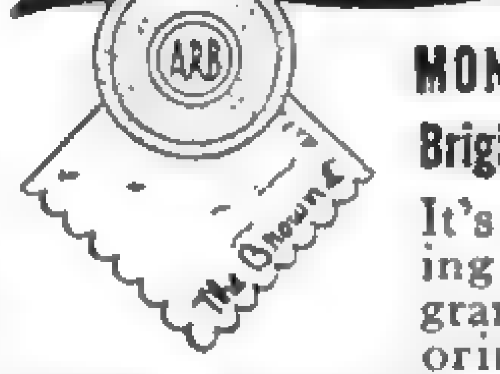
THE JEWELED TOUCH. Bet you never met up with this one before: a 1 oz. size bottle of perfume, the bottle profusely jeweled from top to bottom with multi-colored stones. And on the back, a clip, so that the perfume can be clipped to her lapel as an ornament, or fastened on her muff! Terrific! A metal cased lipstick with a jewel top; gold finished compact to match; a double heart brooch studded in rhinestones ("2 hearts beat as one" sentiment); evening bags beaded all over with tiny sparklers in luscious colors that look like Christmas candies: Mexican "fascinators" (head scarves to you) handknit in wool and sprinkled with gold, silver and colored beads. The gals love these.

LUXURY GIFTS. Such as a ¾ length boudoir jacket all made of marabou, pink, white or pale blue, and as soft as the proverbial goofa feather. This for the cuddly type. For tall gals . . . a pair of Chinese mandarin lounging pajamas, purple wool top coupled with flaming red silk pajamas . . . 'twill make her look like a movie star ready for the kill. If she's sweet and young . . . a robe of white quilted satin, lined and lapeled with a riot of bright colored flowers. And for the best wife in the world . . . a crepe hostess gown, which also doubles as a dinner dress . . . sleek, long fluid lines and in such daring hues as chartreuse, red, American beauty or vivid orange. A tribute to a lovely lady.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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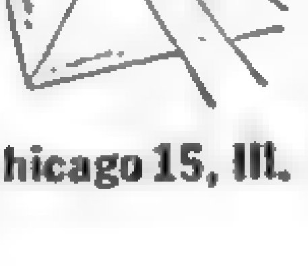

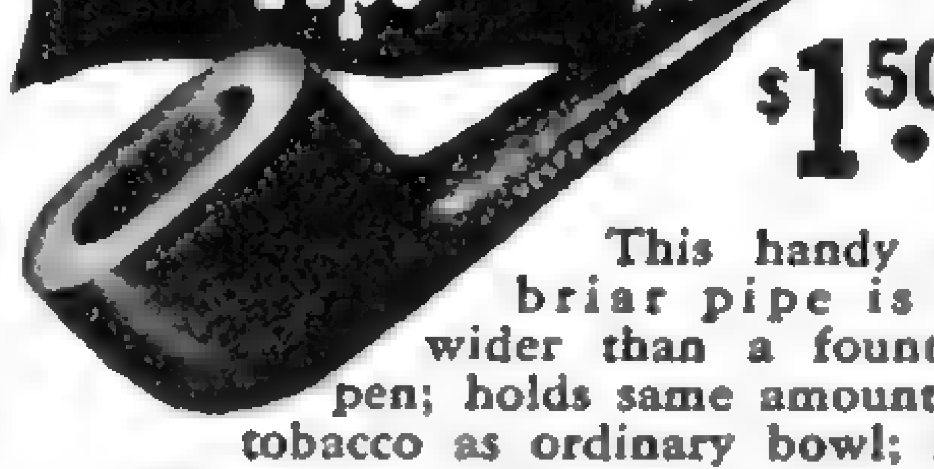

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$1.50

This handy flat briar pipe is no wider than a fountain pen; holds same amount of tobacco as ordinary bowl; *lies flat; does not bulge pocket;* lightweight; easy to clean; gives dry smoke.

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So novel she'll want one... so new that she surely doesn't have it yet! Can be worn tuxedo style, as shown . . . wrapped around waist . . . or tossed over shoulders. In gay woolen-type plaids, with pure-wool fringe, **$2.95** postpaid U.S. (Brown, Navy, Red, or Green comb.) Also super-shawl scarf (colors as above) with luxurious fringe, **$5.95** postpaid U.S.

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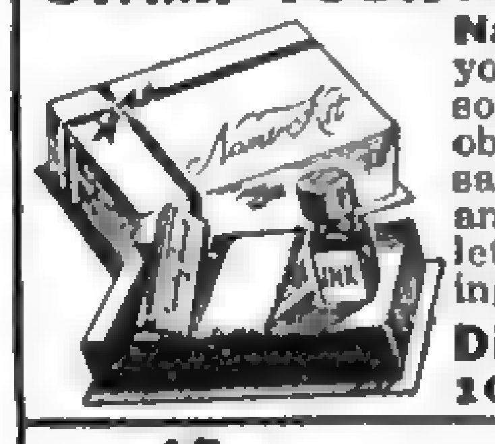

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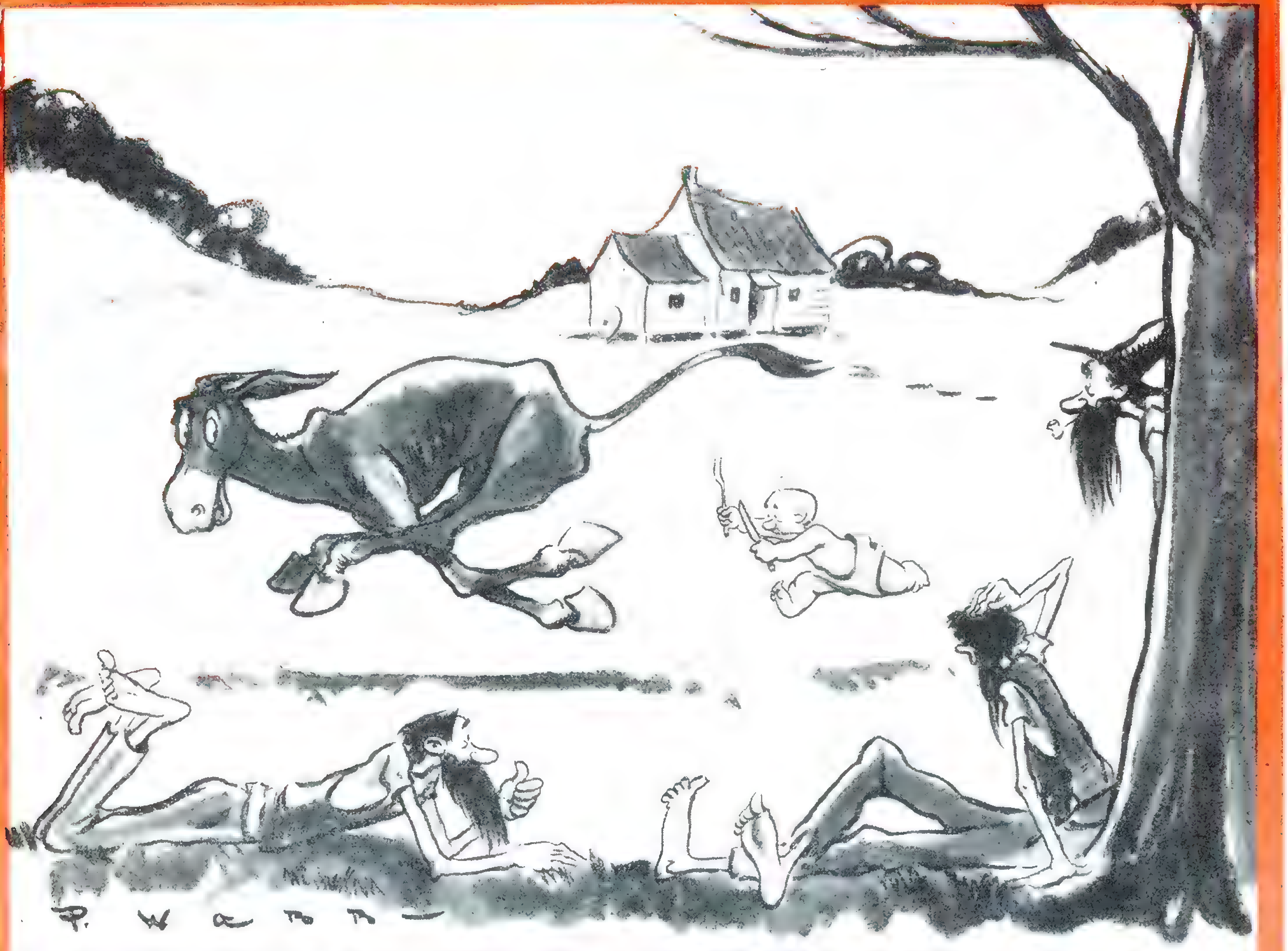

"Reckon Oncle Rafe's run out of Red Stamps agin"

HERE'S HOW TO HELP STRETCH GAS RATIONS

Mules might substitute for horsepower, too, but most people prefer to use their cars. It's the order of the day to get the most from every gas coupon . . . to save precious gasoline.

One thing you can do is use "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service to help get top spark plug performance. In actual tests by the American Automobile Association use of this spark plug service resulted in changes which increased gas mileage as much as 12%.

You want to care for your car for your country. Your spark plugs are a good place to start. Ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service today.

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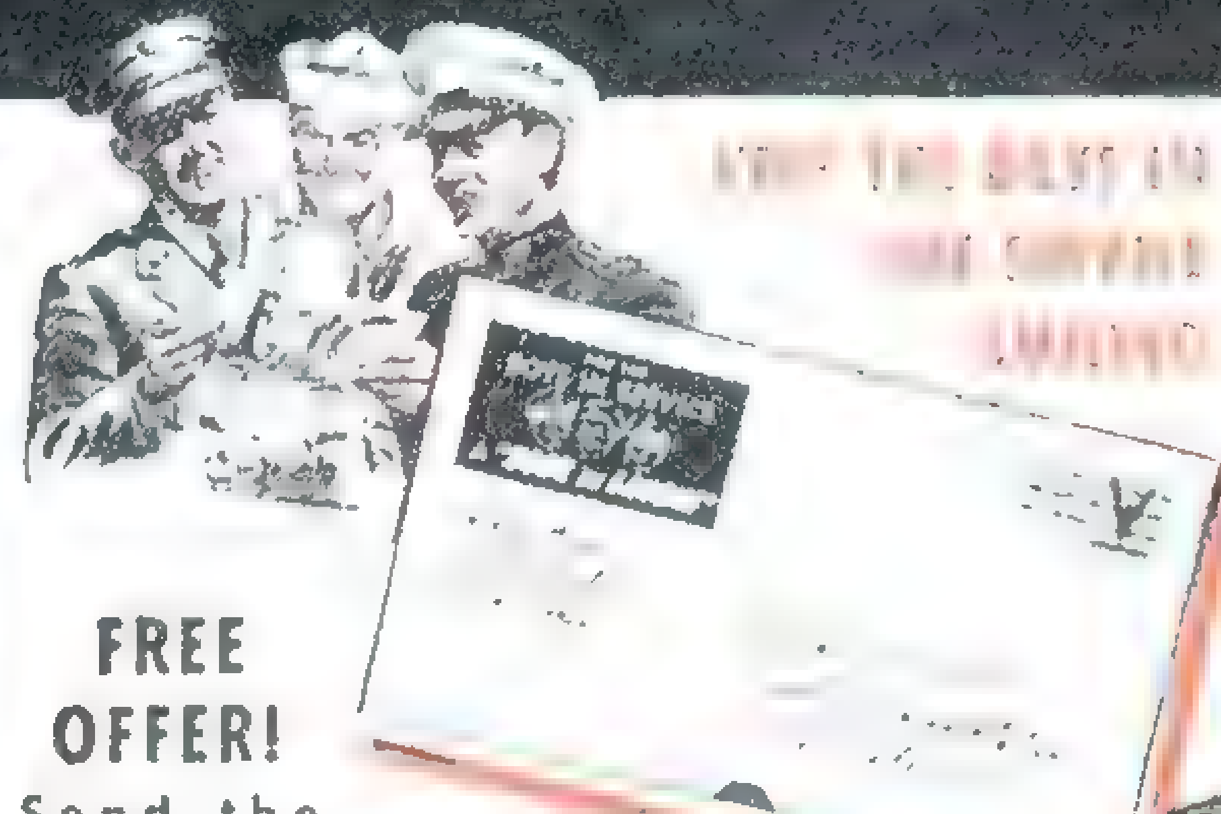

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BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

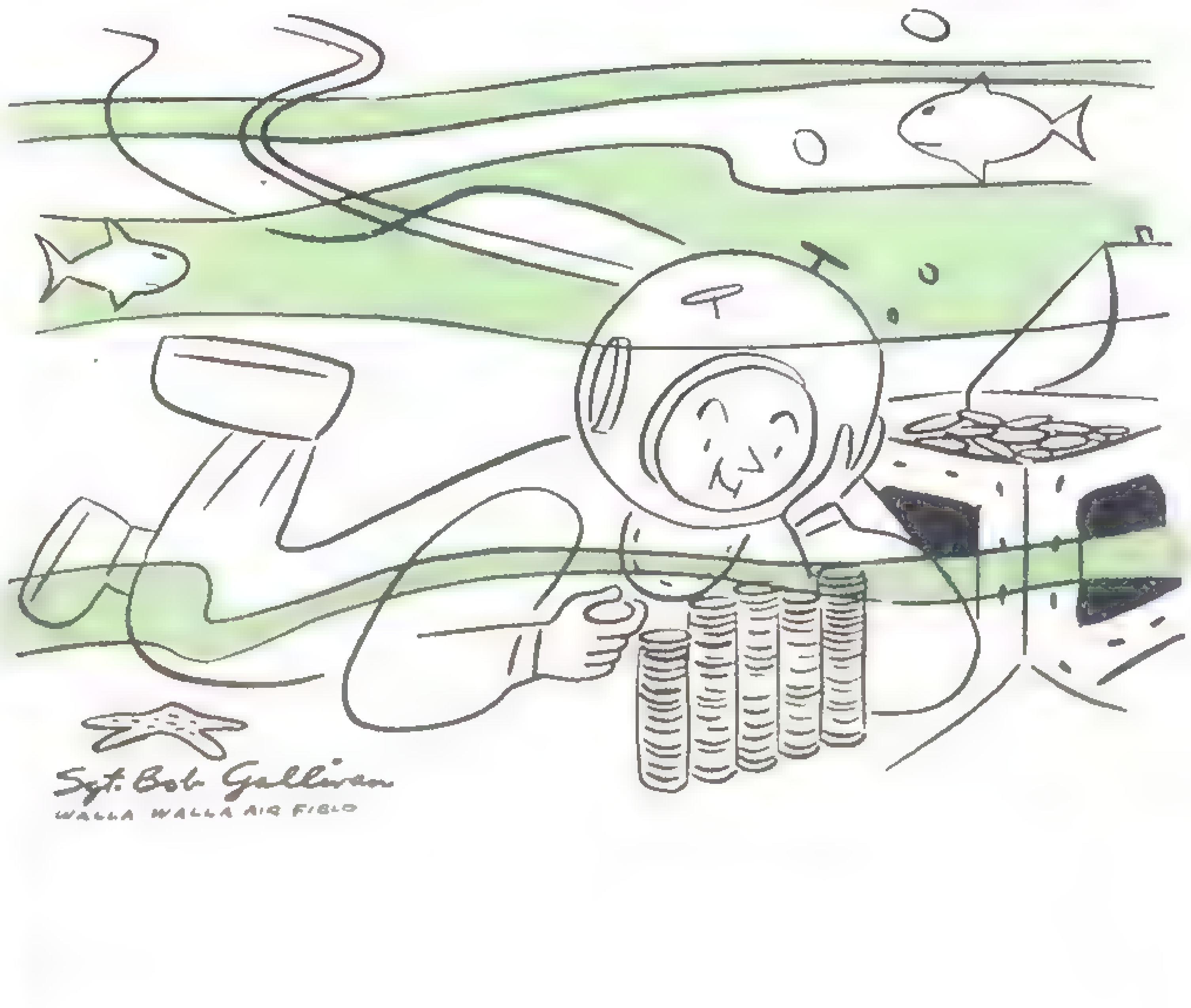
Painting the Town with Esquire

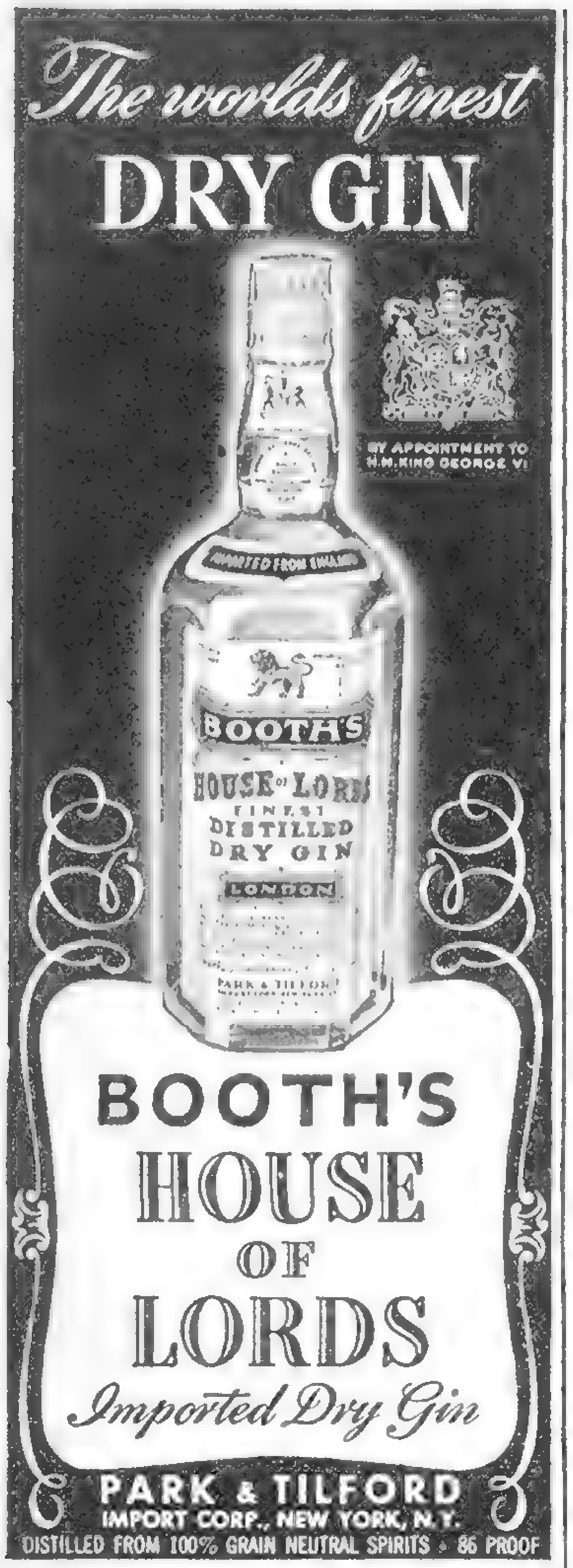
CHICAGO—Gliding here aboard the 20th Century, with its hotelegant dining salle on wheels, your Manhattan scout has been sopping up some of the splendors of the lusty Gusty City, which offers Lake Michigan as a chaser for the too impetuous. Such lavishment! Independent of any place else.

EVER treasured, much headlinered, mikefritzeled Chez Paree gives the whole center of the nation a lift nightly, thanks not a little to its floorful of Adorables and its wide-scoped cuisine which does swell by the pet dishes of a dozen nations . . . Russian atmosphere and eats are smartly discoverable at the Yar, abetted by Gypsy music and many choice wines . . . Devotees of French cookery operate happy knives and forks at Jacques . . . Smörgasbord spearmen have much to attend to at the Kungsholm . . . Stage and screen celebs huddle over tasty chow at Ricketts . . . Cheery hideout—the Black Sheep Bar of Normandy House.

AND Chicago's hotels! The Ambassador East, enshrining the Pump Room where palates are in clover and service is a gala parade, a mere cup of coffee involving virtuosity on the part of a plume-turbaned blackamoor in veridian green. And the Buttery, across the way in the Ambassador West, dispensing hearties and dainties with equal éclat . . . The chipper-colossal Palmer House's indoor rovedom includes such fare provinces as the Windsor-chaired, civic-prideful Chicago Room, the ultra-plushy Victorian Room with refined music for covering up any soup acoustics, a neat spot entitled Le Petit Café, a bountiful Bar, and—social climaxer—the magnificent Empire Room with stellar revue unleashing pulchritude by the pack. Ennui and malnutrition just aren't encouraged . . . And there's the Blackstone with its exquisitely appointed Mayfair Room, its Balinese rendezvous, and its substantial-mooded Grill . . . The vastly genteel Drake offers its prize sample of paradise in the guise of Camellia House; also the quaintly chummy Cape Cod Room for seafoodmen, and the oak-paneled, open-fireplaced International Club for business moguls lucky enough to be members . . . Youth is in full swing in the huge, giddy Panther Room of the Sherman . . . Dream world apart, the stupendous Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, accommodating 3,000 ankles aweigh.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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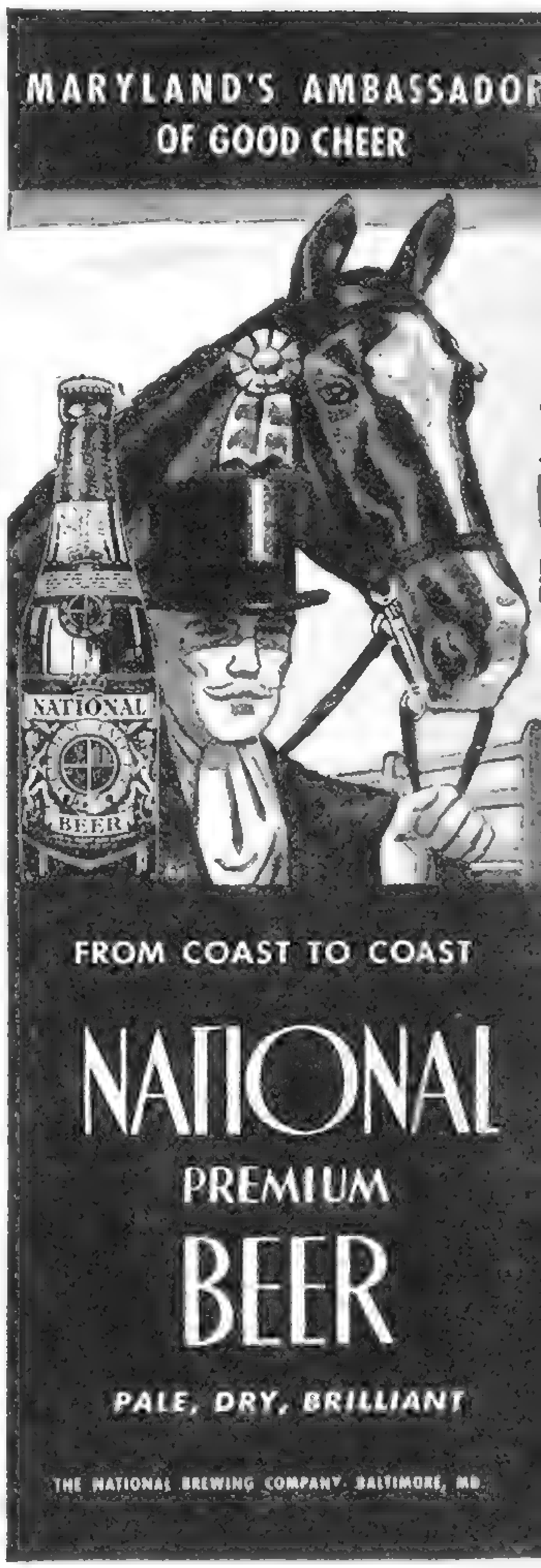
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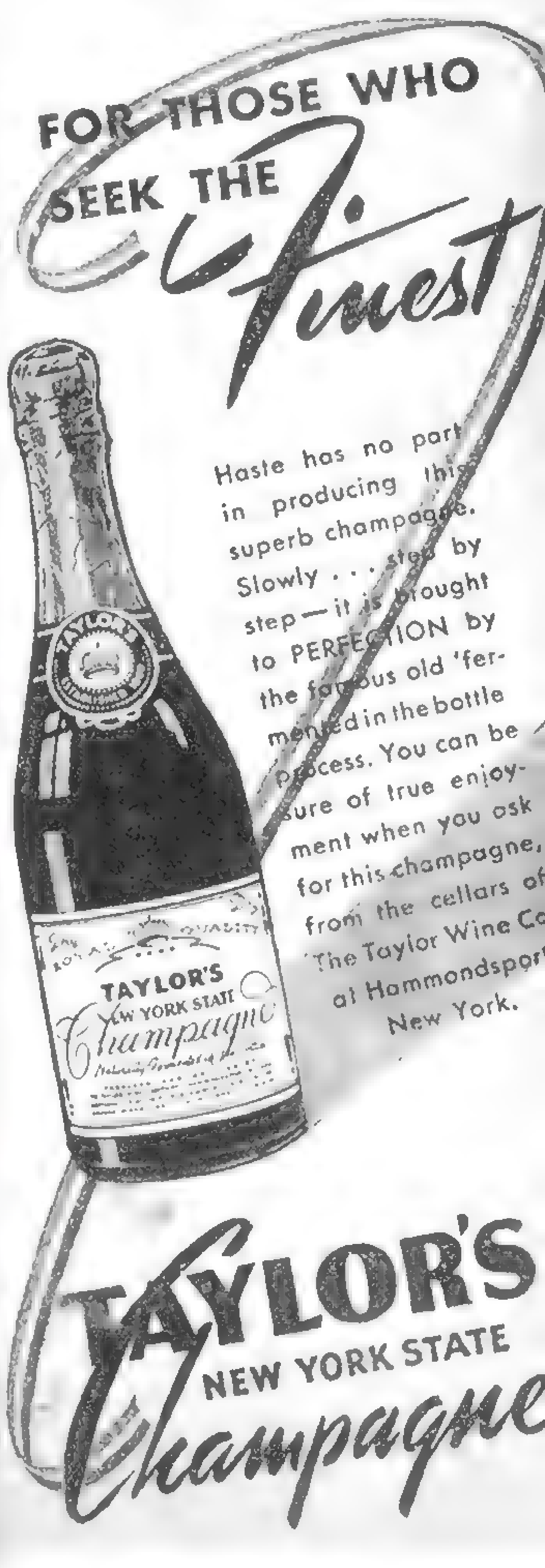
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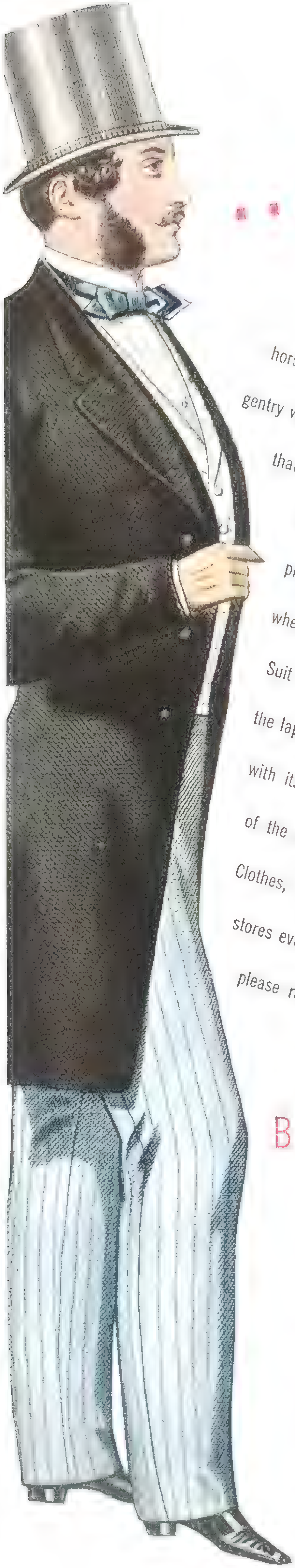

. . . . "DO YOU SUPPOSE, HALLOWELL, THAT VERNE TAKES DRUGS?"

Fantastic, indeed, it must have seemed in 1872 . . . and yet it sounds horse-and-buggy-like compared with air travel today. Fantastic, too, to these mid-Victorian gentry would be Timely's Balanced Tailoring . . . a new, modern conception of clothes-making that gives you finer appearance at no greater cost. By means of a studiously developed formula, Timely of Rochester combines costly hand-tailoring (including features previously used only by custom tailors) with astute machine-sewing—each where it serves best—so that the easy grace and flattering lines of a Timely Suit or Coat last throughout its life. The collar will always fit snugly; the lapels will always roll softly; and the whole garment will always drape with its original smooth, unbroken smartness. That, gentlemen, is one of the great virtues of expensive clothing. Now it's yours in Timely Clothes, at Timely's modest prices . . . about $35 to $65 at better stores everywhere. But if you don't find them as plentiful as usual, please remember that Uncle Sam has first call on our facilities.

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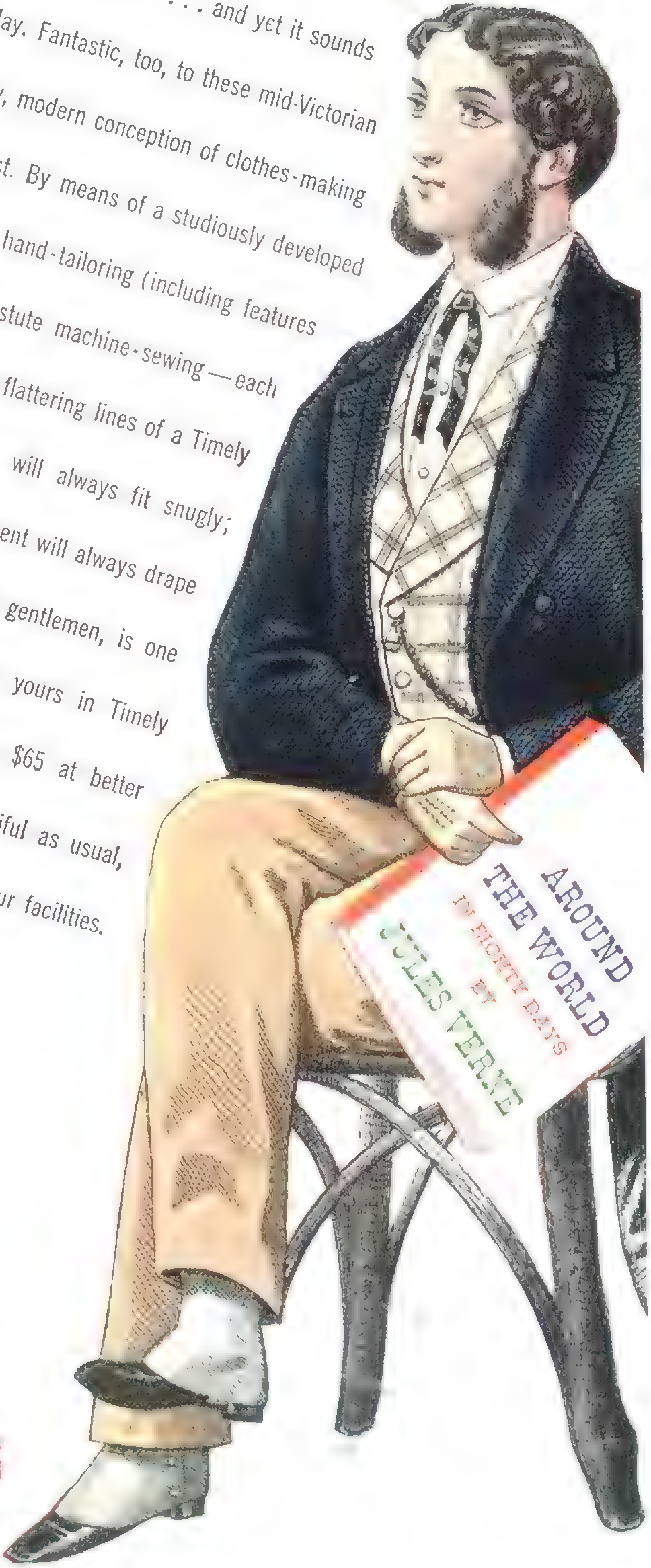

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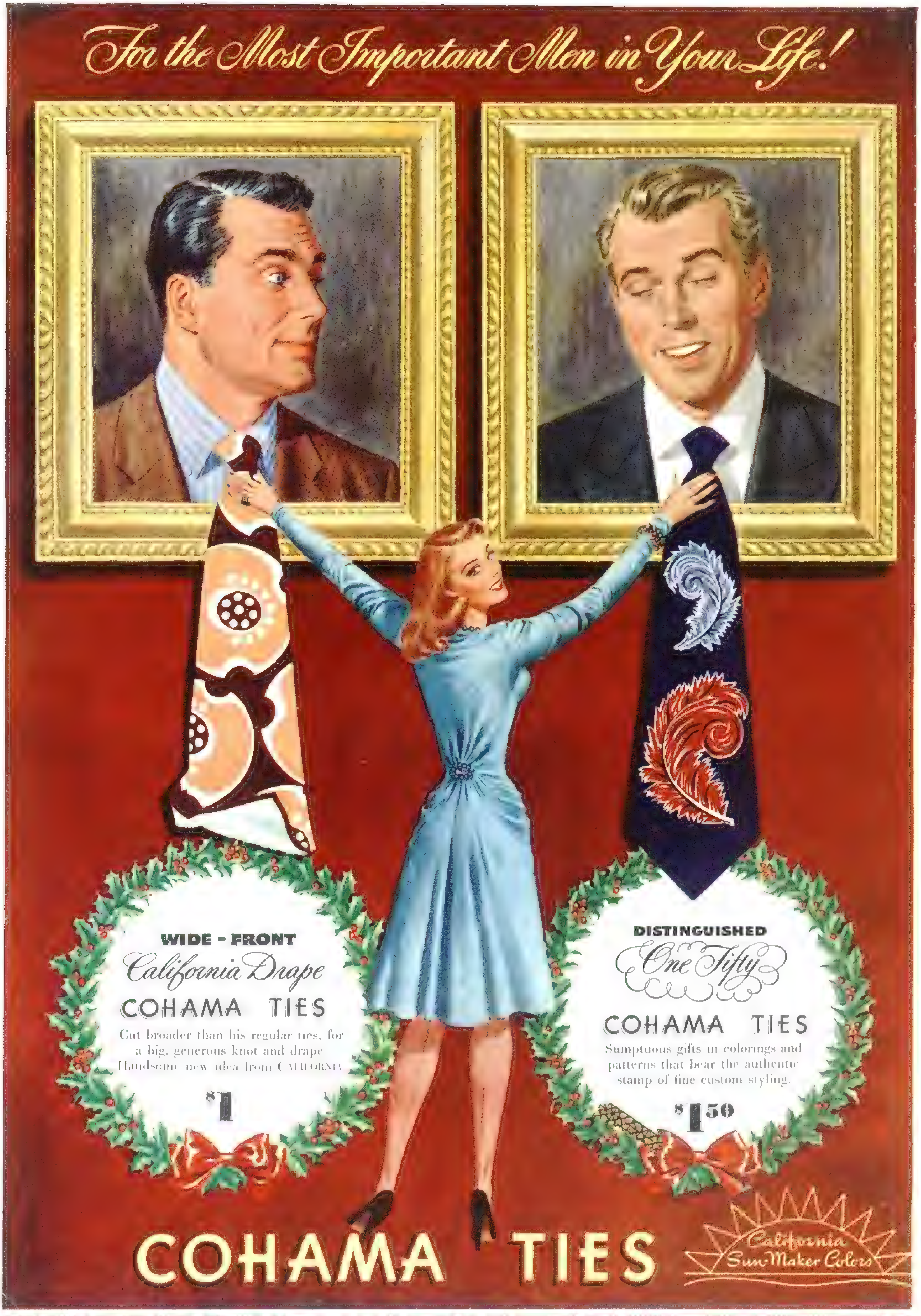

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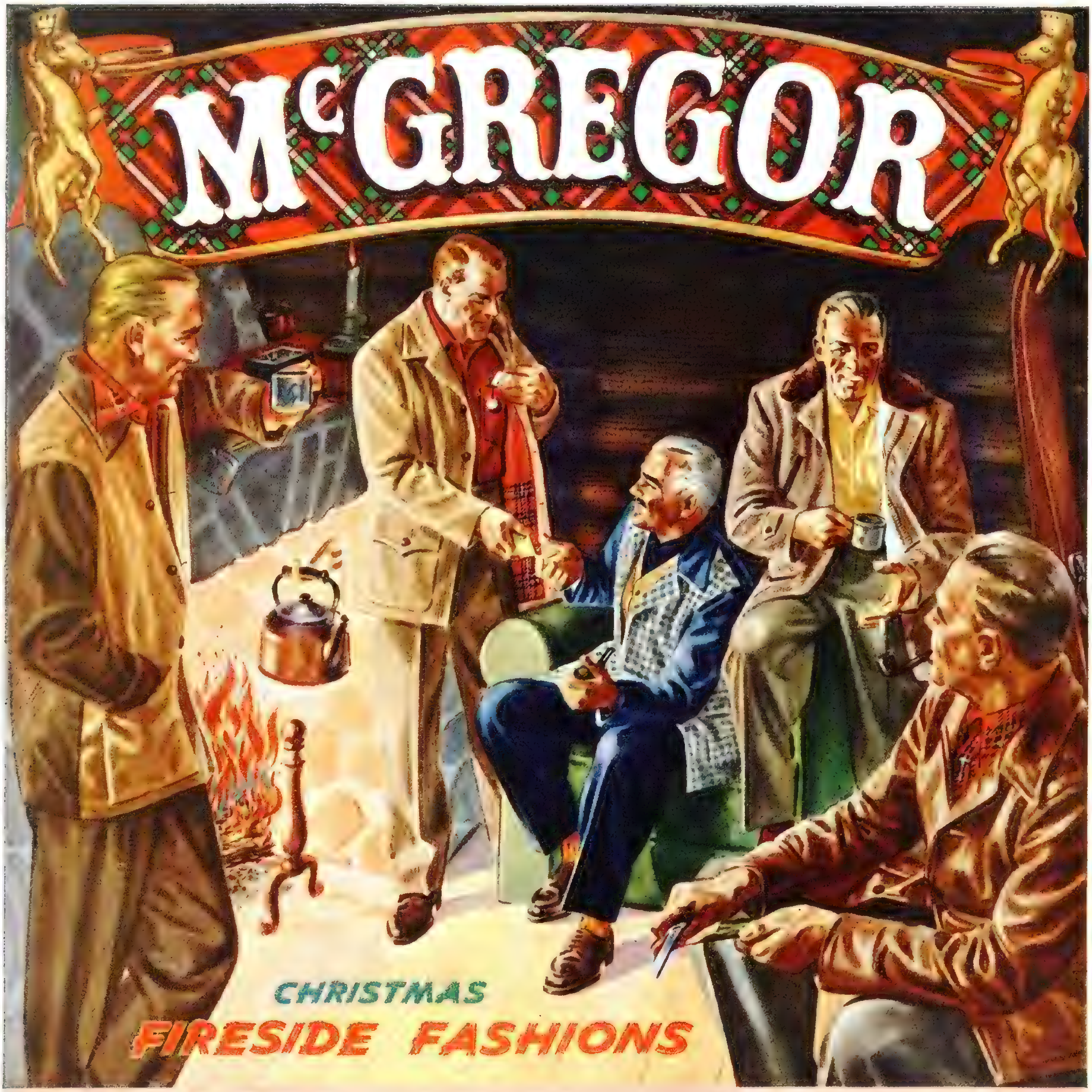


GABSUEDE JACKET... tailored of supple suede leather with blending sleeves and back of 100% wool gabardine twill. Fully lined and highlighted with large, sporting bellows patch pockets. In buck suede and chestnut, 36 to 46. $18. MATCHING SLACKS of 100% wool gabardine twill......$11.50 Featuring genuine Shelter Suede.

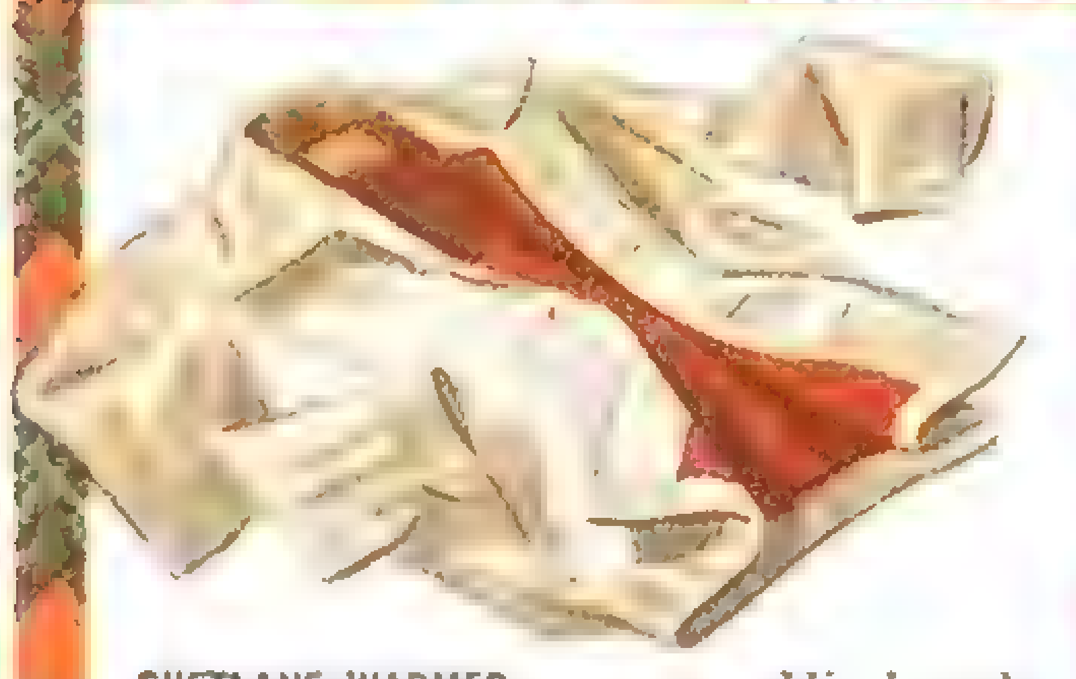
CORD WARMER JACKET... a full drape model of sturdy, all-purpose corduroy. Warmly lined with McGregor's exclusive *red* "ZEROID" fleece. Perfect for outdoor action or in heat-rationed homes. In camel tan and autumn brown, 36 to 46. $13.95. MATCHING SLACKS to make a leisure suit for yourself ....$6.95 Featuring Juilliard Corduroy.

FIRESIDE EDEN LEISURE COAT... a strikingly handsome jacket of 100% pure wool tweed teamed with all-wool suede cloth sleeves and back. In blue combination or brown combination, sizes 36 to 46. $15. Blending slacks of 100% wool "Good-Will" Gabardine $12.50. And the cord vest with plaid back, in chamois, camel or brown is $5.

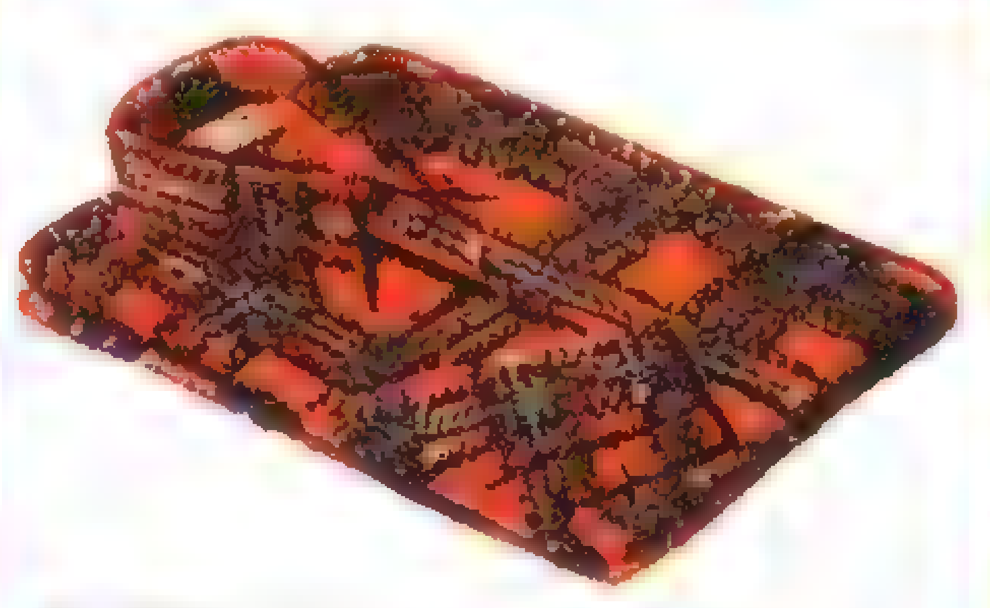
ONTARIO WARM-UP COAT... Canadian-inspired, blizzard-proof thigh-length jacket (33" long). Tailored of finest Muleteam Chino Gabardine and lined with *genuine lambskin shearling* with real lamb collar, to provide one of the warmest coats a man can wear! Splendidly tailored, including *four* roomy pockets. In bark brown or camel tan, 36 to 46, $27.50. Slacks of sturdy "Three-Harness" Twill, all-wool $11.50

DORSET LEATHER COAT... tailored of fine, soft yet strong, genuine grain leather, and cut full for comfort in action or repose, this McGregor coat is an ideal all-purpose beauty! Amazingly long-wearing, it is lined in rich plaids for added warmth and color. In buck cape and aviation tan, sizes 36 to 46, $22.50. RALEIGH — same model in buck suede leather, and unlined $18

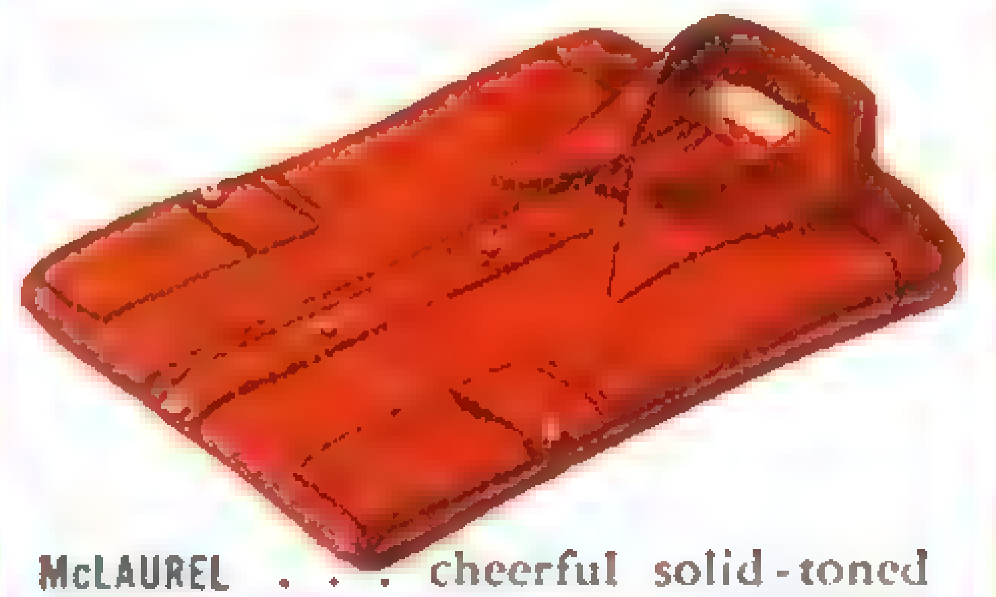
Merchandise Also Available in Boys' Sizes at Proportionate Prices



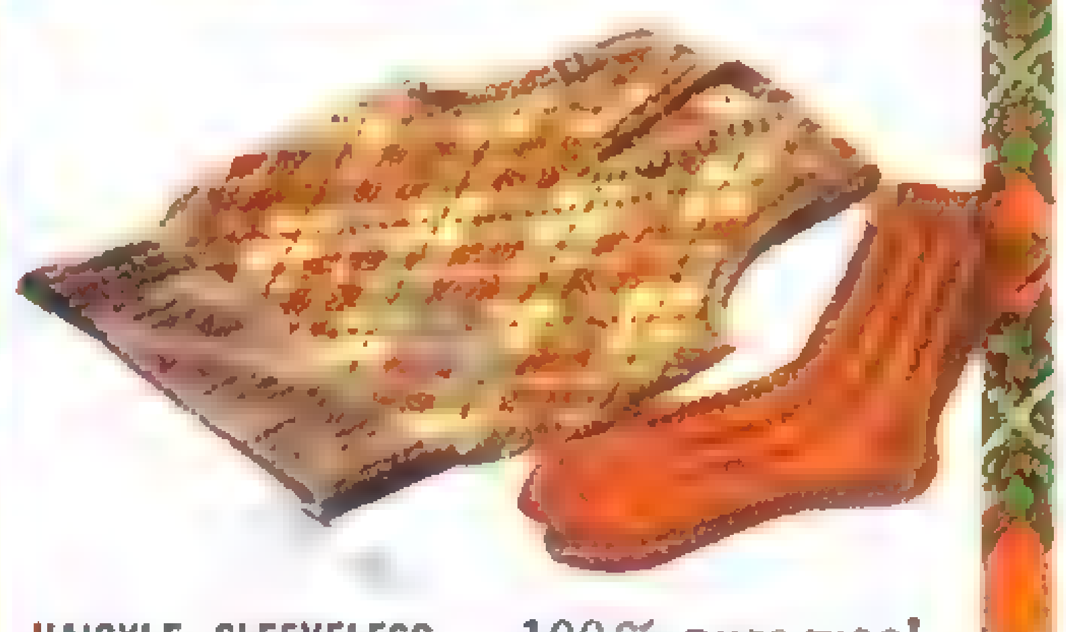
SHETLANE WARMER ...... Hip-length, wind-proof, water-repellent jacket of Ironsides Poplin, lined with warm, *red*, wool-blend sweater-knitting. In camel or bark, 36 to 46 ....$10



McTARTAN PLAID ..... 100% pure wool, genuine Seymour Flannel shirts in authentic Scottish tartans. Long sleeve, full-cut, London-shrunk. In red, blue, green, tan plaids ....$7.50 Other Plaids from ......$2.95 to $10

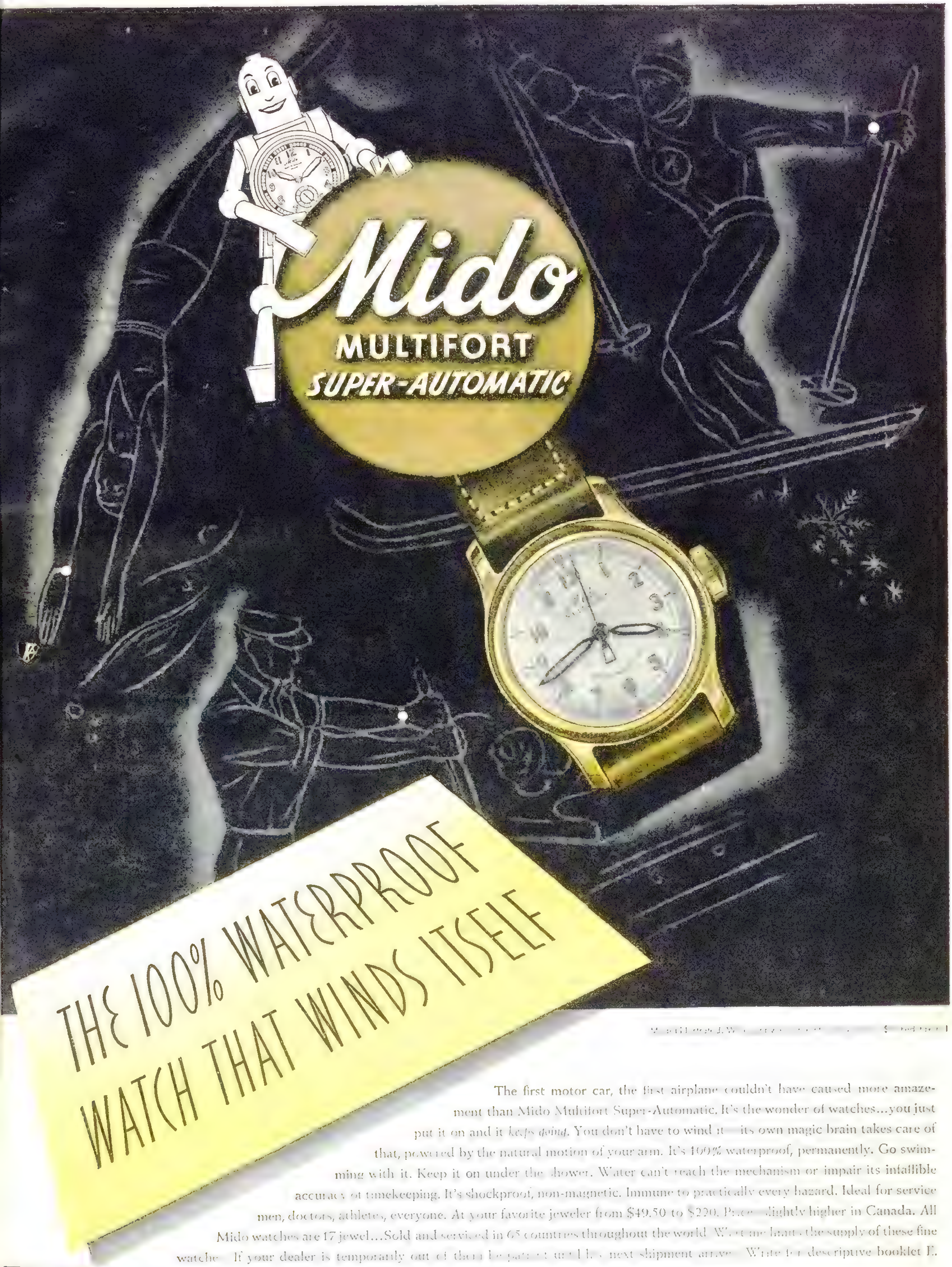


McLAUREL ... cheerful solid-toned shirts in McGregor's exclusive "Northern Light" colors. Warm blend of wool and rayon; in red, blue, canary, green, camel, autumn, $7.50. Also in heavy pure wool at $7.50. Other solid colored shirts ....$3.95 and $5



HAIGYLE SLEEVELESS... 100% pure wool authentic argyle in masterful blends of tan, blue, brown, $5. Long-sleeves, $5.95. ALASKAN SOX, 100% wool, all-purpose, in red, navy or tan. $1.65

at better men's and department stores, or send check to McGregor • **DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC., 303 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.**



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Painting the Town with Esquire

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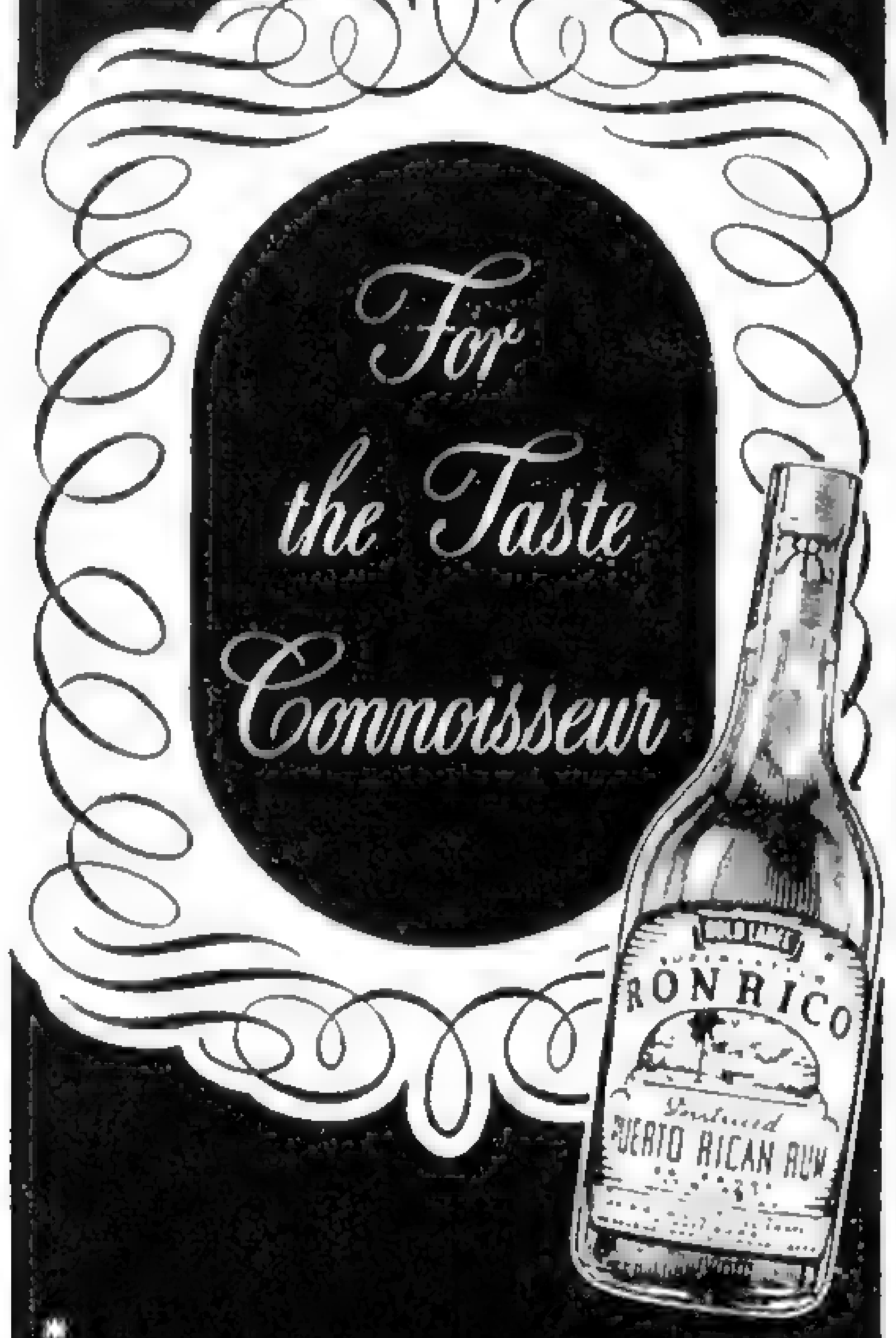

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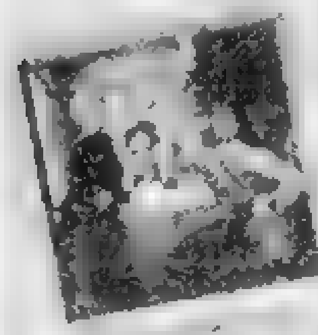

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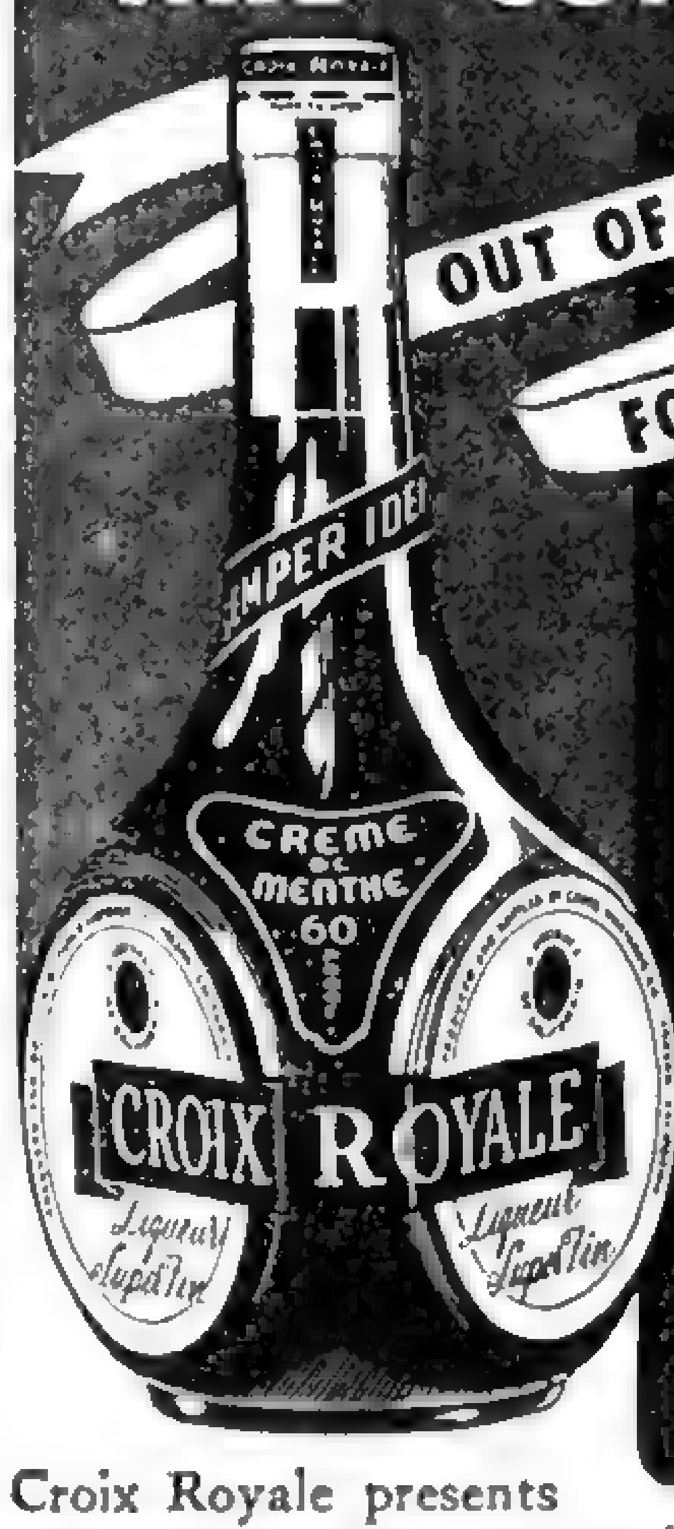

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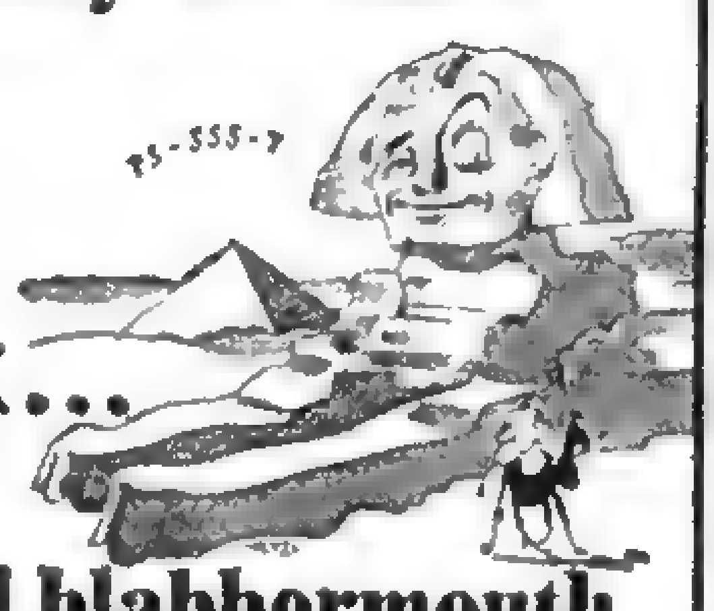

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Painting the Town with Esquire

BURGUNDY-suckled yachtsman-boniface Robert Gabriel, whose Salle du Bois on East 60th offshot into a Salle du Bois in Washington, D. C., has now set up a spare awning at 10 East 52nd, inscribed Café du Bois and backed by breast of pheasant, supreme of capon, roast of beef, and other dishes for which he is esteemed. Gullets are duly grateful . . . Operating with Gus (Popeye the Mariner) Wicke as bass, the quartet at Bill's Gay Nineties, 57 East 54th, does its barbershopping early—and late—inspired by some recent additions to mine host's collection of oil paintings from oldtime saloons... Tall baritony batoneer Vaughn Monroe is once more rhythm conditioning the Century Room of the Commodore, where his rep was built. A line of Commodorables dance attendance, with revue acts tossed in . . . That night hawks would perish without the sound and sight of thrush Maxine Sullivan at the Ruban Bleu (4 East 56th) ain't necessarily so, but it seems so.

PEWS are at a premium at the Trouville (112 East 52nd) of Tony and Angela ("Annie", and looksy) which, season in, season out, remains a cherished eatery and hangoutery of Park Avenuers. Headwaiter Gene either knows your preferences or can guess them . . . Erstwhile piners for the Central Park Casino that used to be, are pasturing their palates at the Tavern-on-the-Green, a cherry's hurl from the West 67th St. entrance of said Park. Claremont innman Arnold Schleifer is in charge; Joe Ricardel is maitre de dance music . . . Stomach solemnity has been much upset by the return of caoutchouc countenanced comedian Jack Marshall to the Glass Hat of the Belmont Plaza . . . When the gang that attends Cole Porter premières is off duty, you'll find them at Roger Stearns's 1-2-3 Club (123 East 54th) — feeding, sipping, listening. Till key-boarded here, no Broadway tune is rated "in."

THE grand exalted ceiling beams of the Café Rouge in the Hotel Pennsylvania are lid-guards of romance, sweet romance as it is mobbed to the music of slide-hornist Tommy Dorsey and his hillside of helpers. Yet, so lordly large is the room, you're never sardined as regards elbow scope, chat privacy, or ankle ambition. An "Ah!" evening without an ouch.

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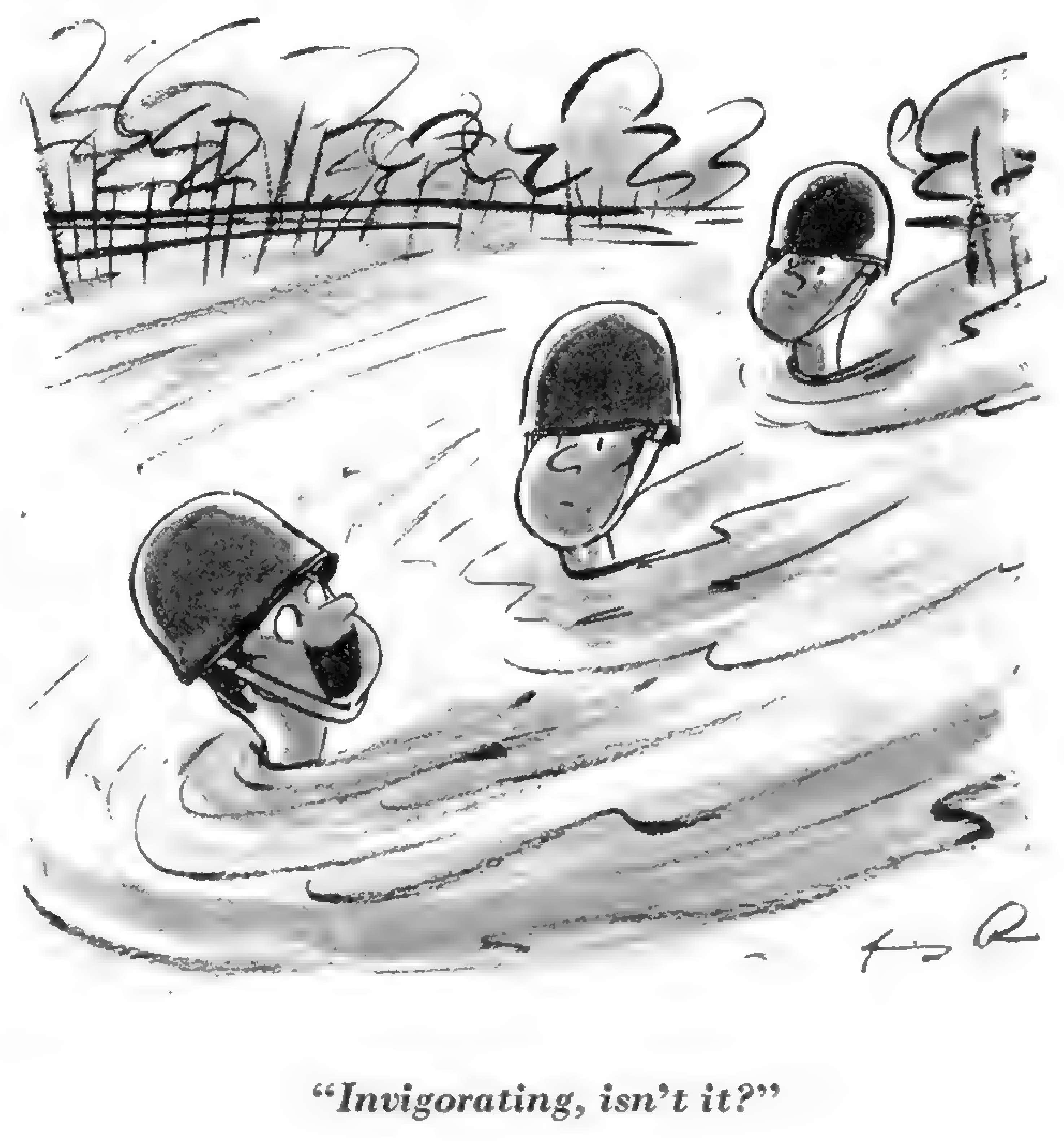

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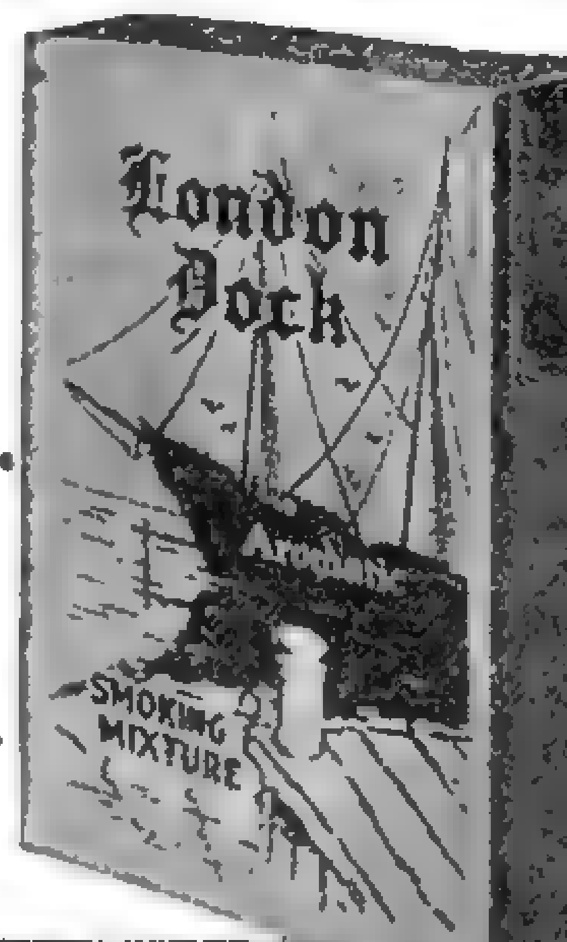

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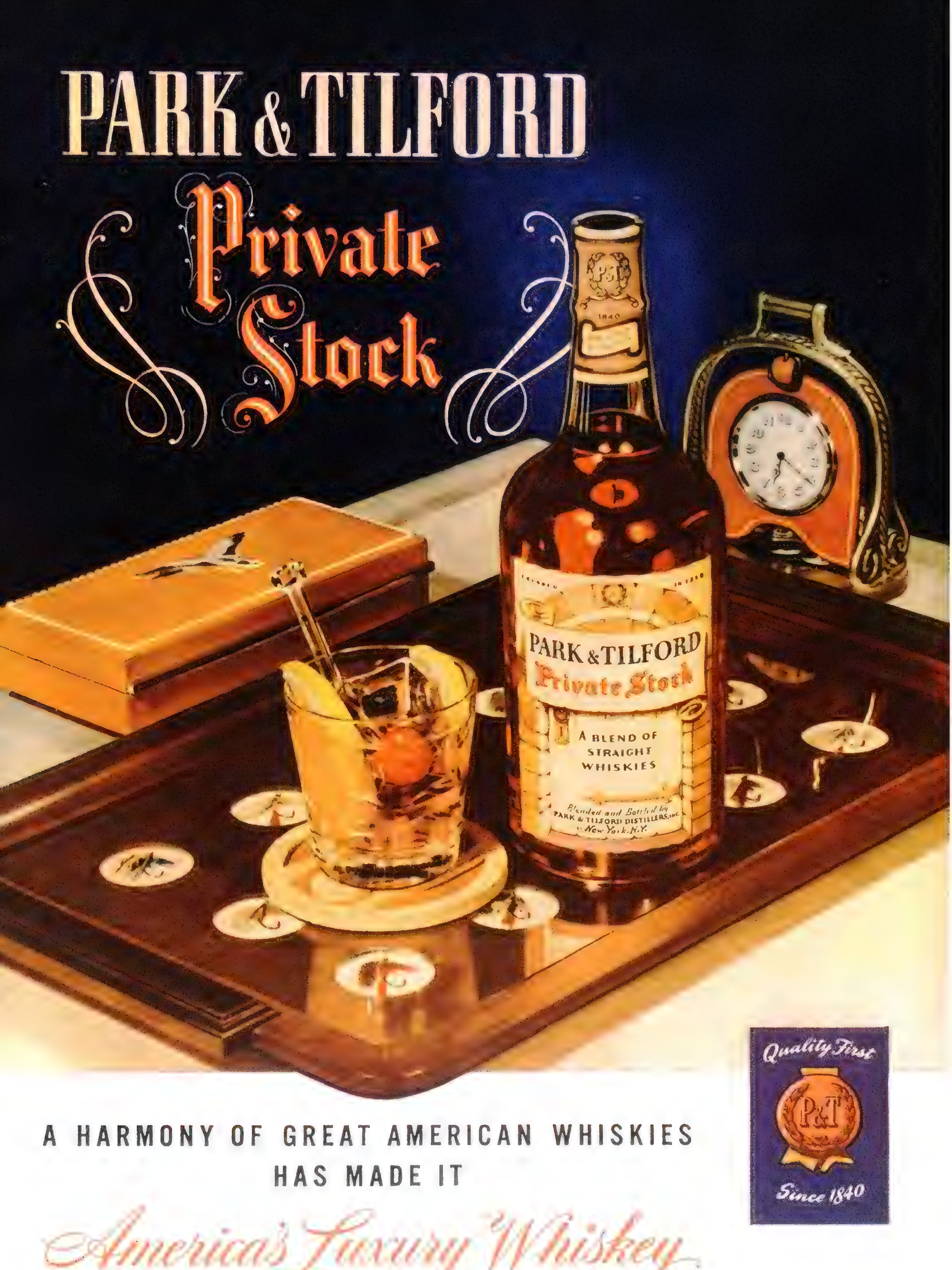
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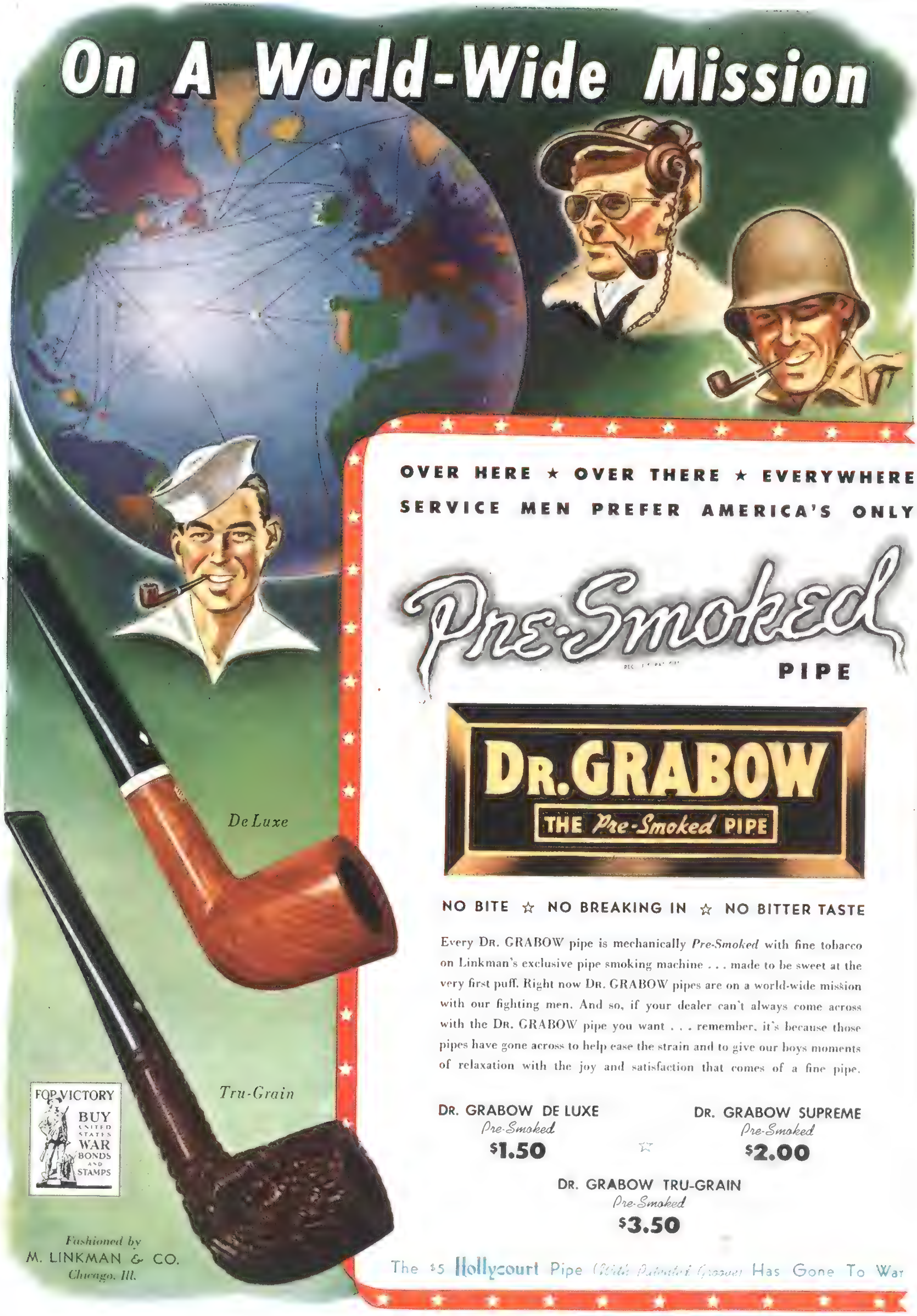
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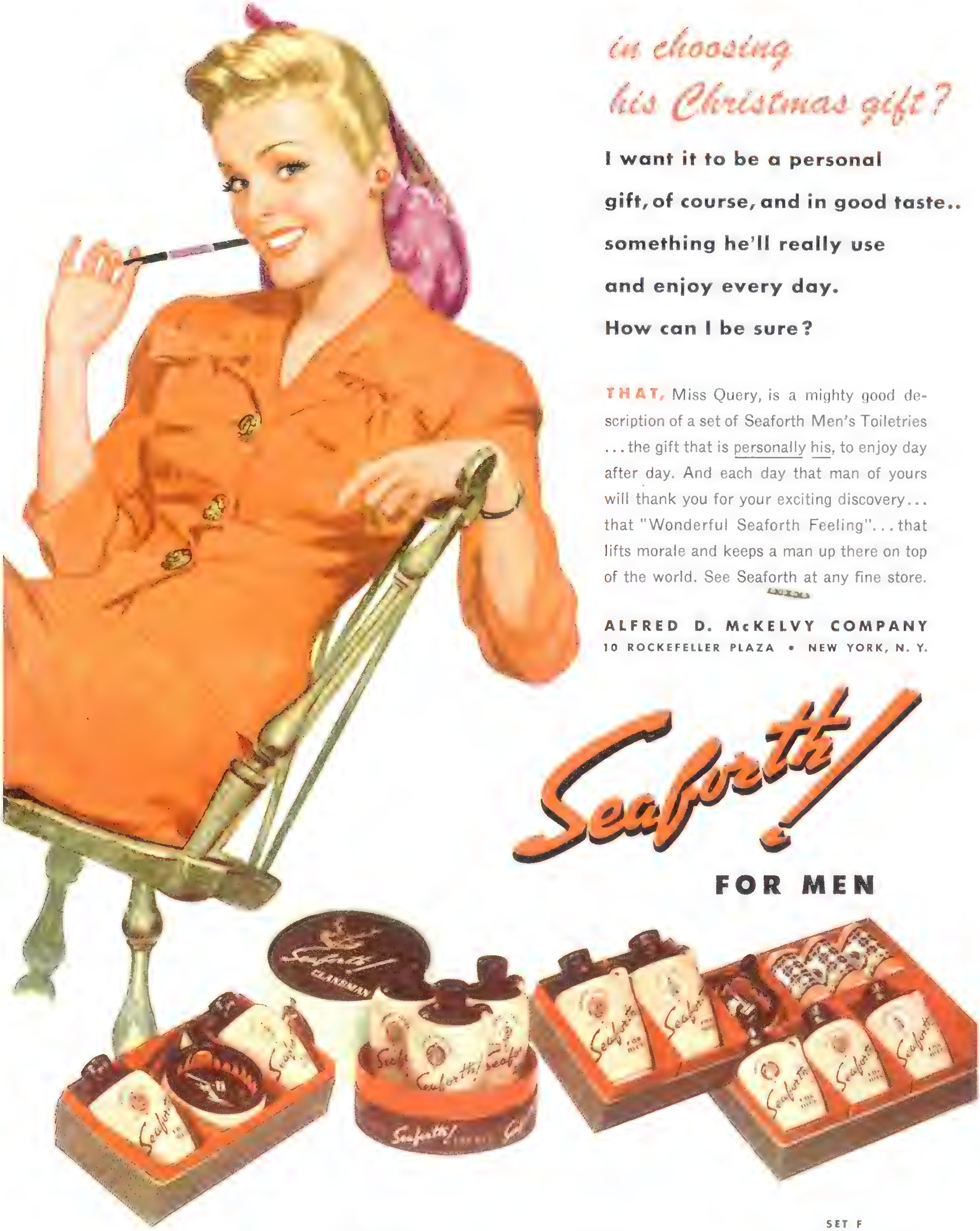

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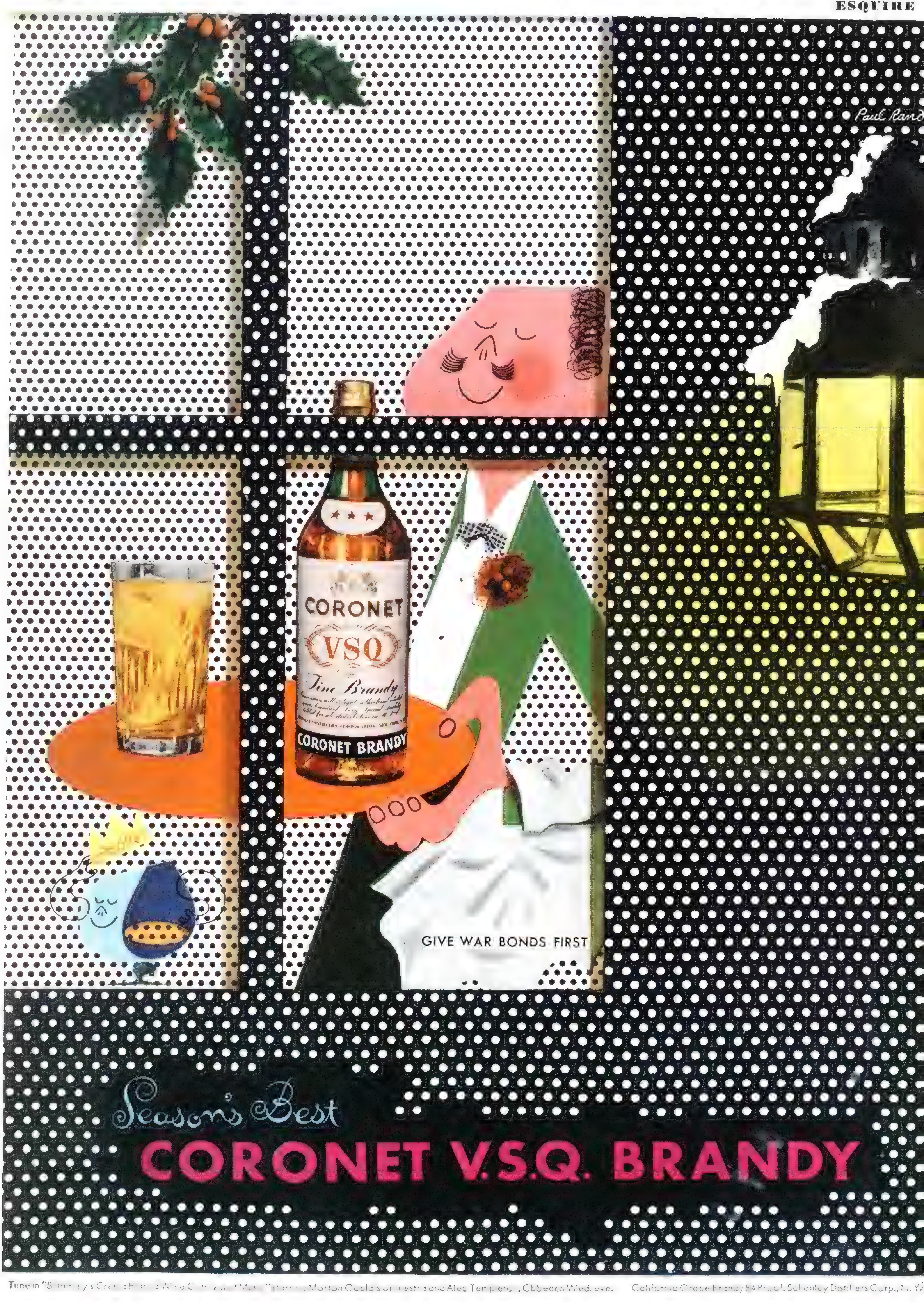

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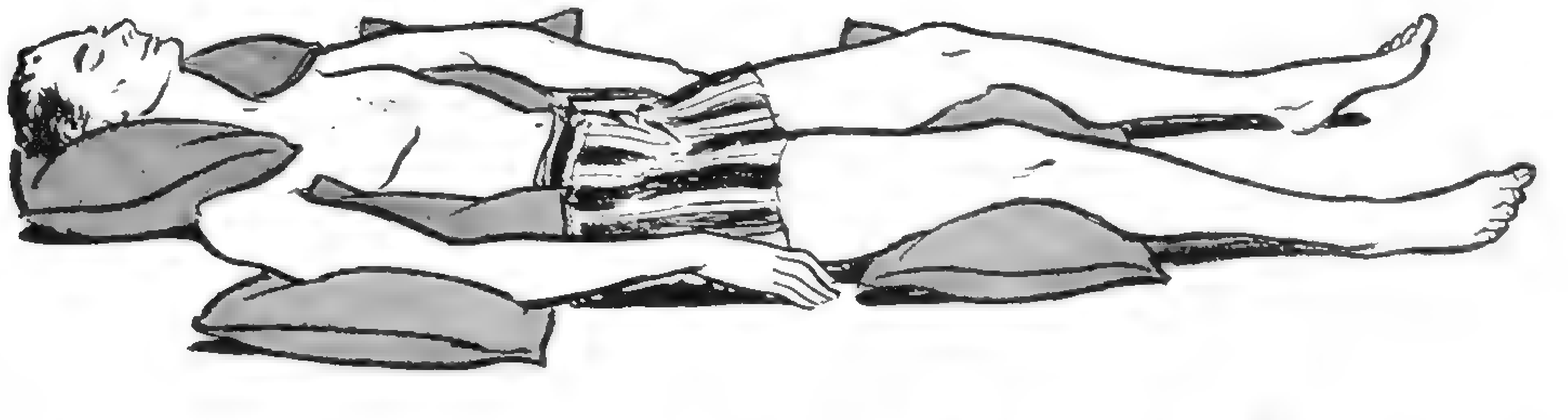

If you can't sleep, try this

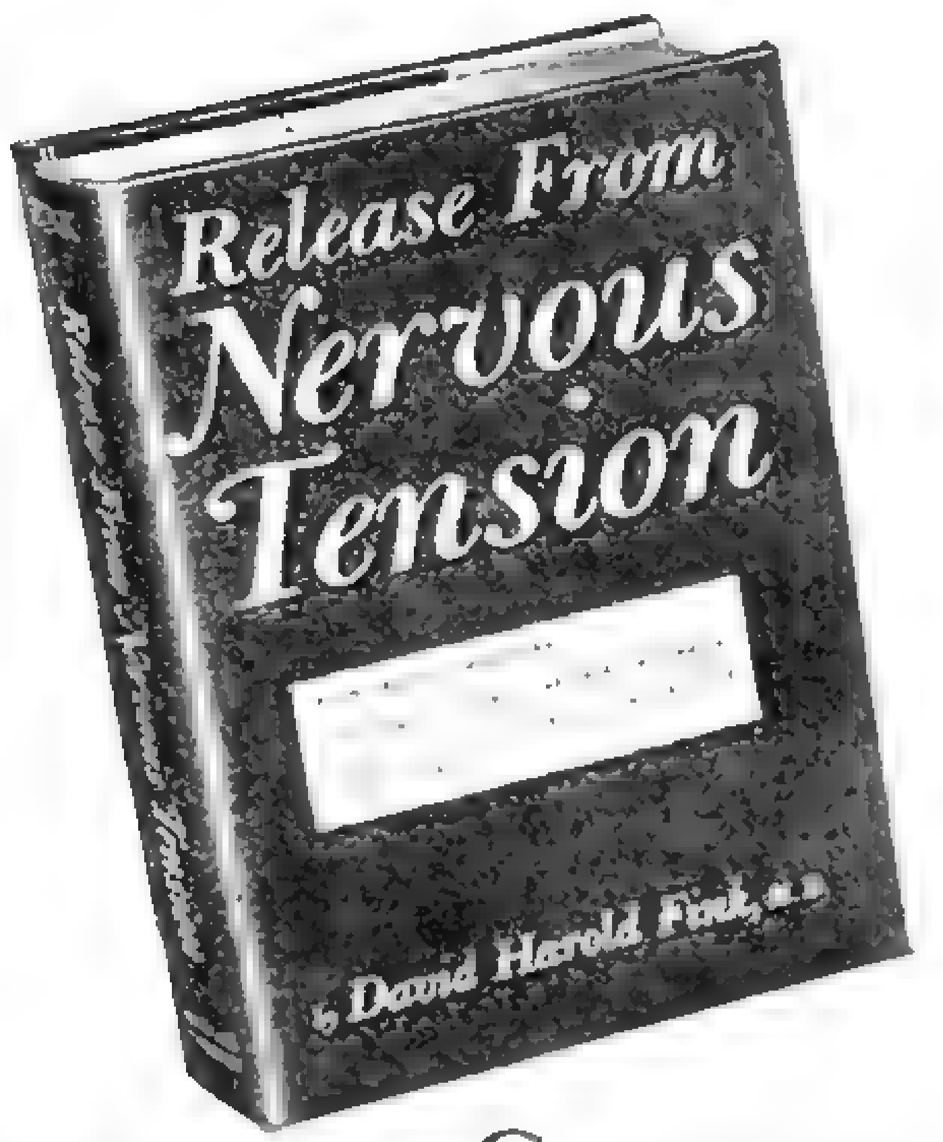

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Even Dogs Get Neurotic. "Imaginary" illness and neurosis. Our fears. Where jitters come from. How to win your war on nerves.

Meet the Interbrain. How emotions work. Acquiring emotional control. The seat of your emotions. Love, hate, fear, jealousy, sex.

The Mind Tells the Body. Ulcers, heart disease, colitis. "Morning sickness." Nerves vs. blood pressure.

And the Body Talks Back. It's not "all in the mind." Controlling your temper comfortably. Hypnotism and alcohol.

Relaxation: A Way Out. Learning to relax. What you can accomplish, week by week.

Let Go—A Little More. Release from muscle tension. How to relax while you sleep. "Controlled sleep." Breaking unwanted habits.

How Relaxation Works. The most common symptom of nervousness. Curing the jitters. Getting off to an easy start.

Action Leads to Freedom. How to find release in your activities. 3 ways to lose yourself in action and improve your mental health.

Play Is Good Medicine. How to get a lift out of life. Cutting loose from your inhibitions.

Words Are Triggers to Action. How your behavior is "verbally conditioned." How to use language for greater peace of mind.

Every Man His Own Analyst. Knowing your habit patterns. How to get rid of neurotic trends. What to look for. What to do about it. Five steps to successful self-analysis.

The First Ten Years Are the Hardest. How far have you grown up? Getting rid of childish attitudes. How to change habits for greater accomplishment, joy, freedom.

Treat Yourself to a Fresh Start. Adjusting yourself to your work. Case histories of people who wouldn't stay licked. Five suggestions for vocational guidance.

Are You Allergic to Some People? What to do about people who get on your nerves.

LYING on his bed, with four pillows placed under his head and knees and arms, the man above is feeling more completely *relaxed* than he has felt in years. His jaw, his lips and his eyes are also playing their part in the exercise he is doing. As you can see, however, he really is not "exercising" in the usual sense of the word. Quite the contrary. And soon this man, who has been suffering from sleeplessness and jittery aching muscles, will enjoy one of the most restful nights of sleep he has ever known.

The picture above is an illustration of one of the easy ways to relax that is described in a new book, *Release From Nervous Tension,* by David H. Fink, a practicing neuropsychiatrist. It is just one of the many methods, both physical and mental, by which Dr. Fink can help you relieve overwrought nerves, and alleviate the many bodily ailments (such as indigestion, stomach ulcers, high blood pressure, arthritis, allergies) which a case of war nerves or any other kind of nerves may be giving you.

Your Trouble NOT "Just Imagination"

Contrary to the advice you may be getting from well-meaning but misinformed friends, these nervous disorders are *not* the result of your imagination. Nerves control all our organs, and emotional tensions can strain your muscles to produce such symptoms as backache, or pains along the ribs, or between the shoulders. They can cause just as painful and just as serious an ailment as you could get from a germ or an organic defect. If anything, your nervous ailment is even worse. For many other ailments may cure themselves — but the nervous sufferer makes his trouble worse by worrying about it, and although he realizes this, he can't stop worrying.

How to Break the Vicious Circle

With clear and practical illustrations from actual case histories, Dr. Fink shows you where to start to break up this vicious circle of worry causing pain and distress, and the pain itself causing more worry. In friendly, untechnical style, he shows you a number of ways by which you can break the grip of nervous tension on your system.

Dr. Fink shows you how to relax both your body and your mind, and explains the A-B-C's of protecting yourself from people who drive you crazy. He suggests ideas for analyzing yourself, your marriage, and your job, to determine what is causing the strain on your nervous system. And he has devised a method for *losing* those friends who cause you worry and anxiety: friends you don't want around you any more, although you are afraid to tell them so.

"Gets Right Down to Brass Tacks"

The Book-of-the-Month Club News says: "Dr. Fink not only knows his stuff, he knows how to write . . . with humor, relaxed and easy. He gets right down to brass tacks and tells you, in detail, step by step, the simple mechanics of bodily relaxation."

By practicing Dr. Fink's proved technique for releasing yourself from nervous tension you can very quickly know what it means to feel free from strain, really at ease mentally and physically, no longer "all wound up." As little as five minutes, morning and evening, devoted to these simple, restful exercises will show definitely how much *systematic relaxation* can do for you. And in as short a time as five days, this book will prove that it can accomplish the results you are after, or it costs you nothing.

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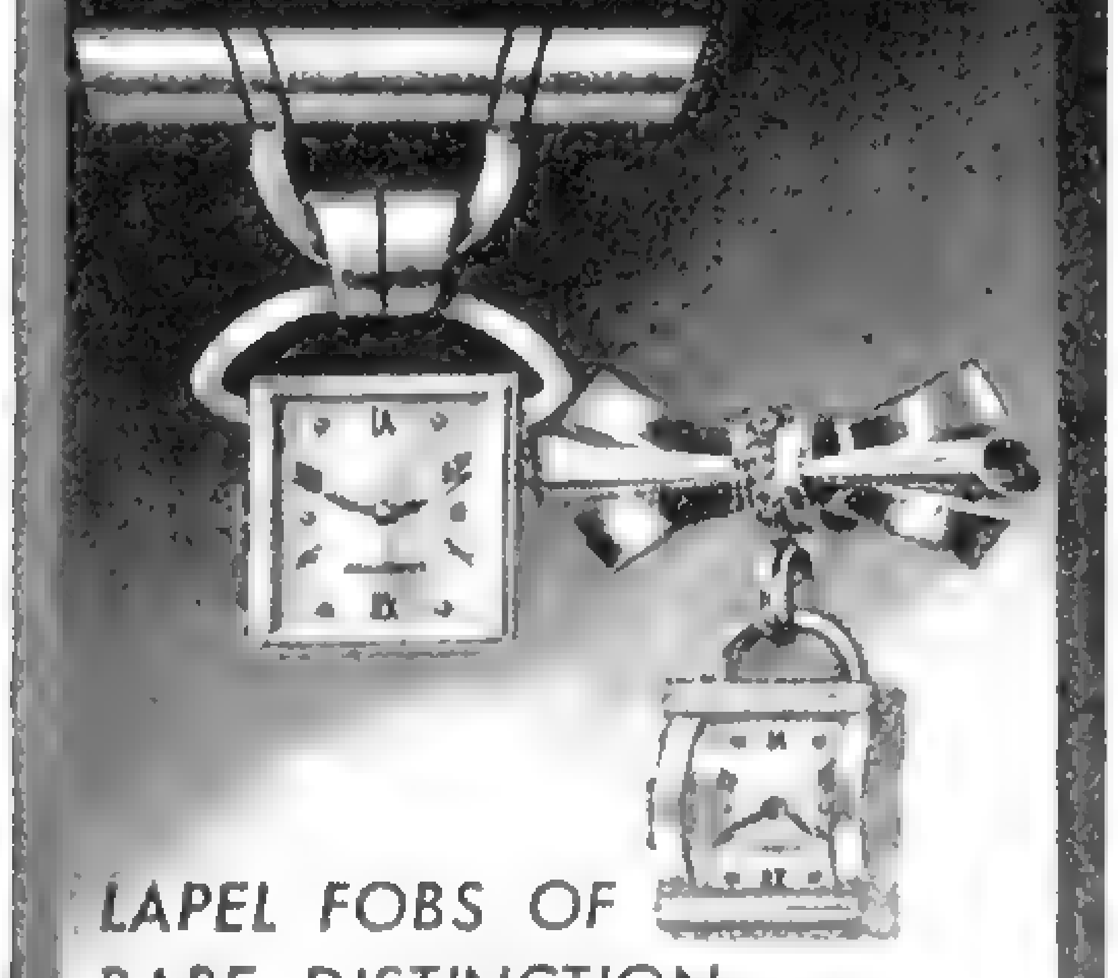
"A most unusual book. The author has hit the bulls-eye and it should have a wide circulation among persons concerned with management of personnel."—*Maj. Gen. M., U.S.M.C.*

"I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown when I learned of this book and sent for it. Just reading it through has helped me and I am going to pass it among my friends who need its wisdom."—*L. I. B., Mich.*

"The book really is filled with explanations simple enough for a layman to understand, and with practical suggestions of ways to overcome nervousness. I bought the book because I was tired of being told casually to relax without being told how to accomplish that desirable end. Dr. Fink's method works."—*M. M., Penna.*

"Your recent book has been suggested by me to many patients as a sort of prescription with much success."—*Dr. L. G., Cal.*



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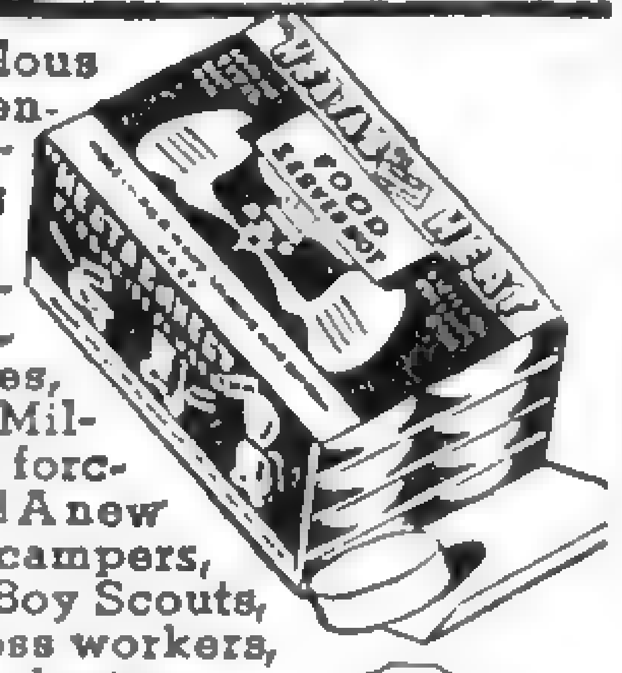

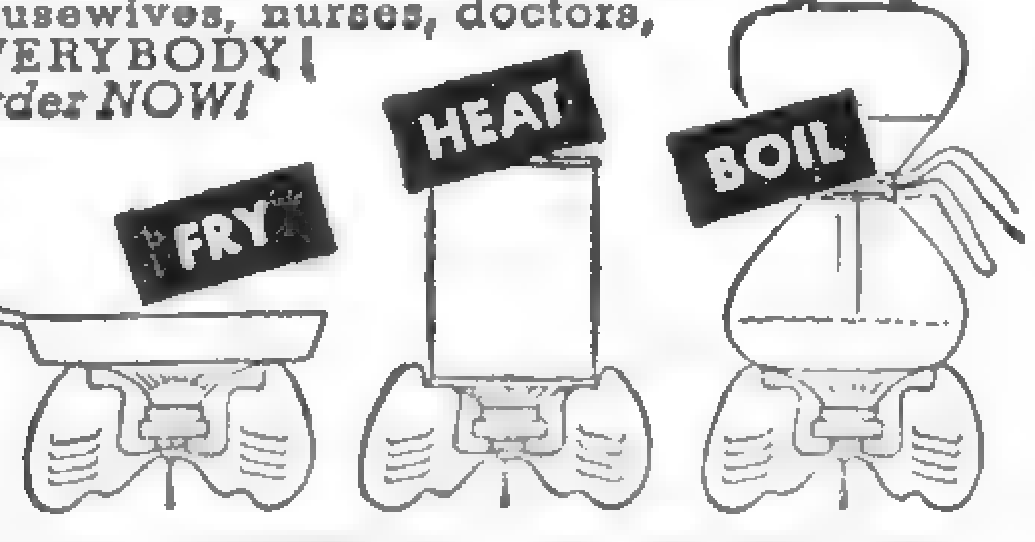

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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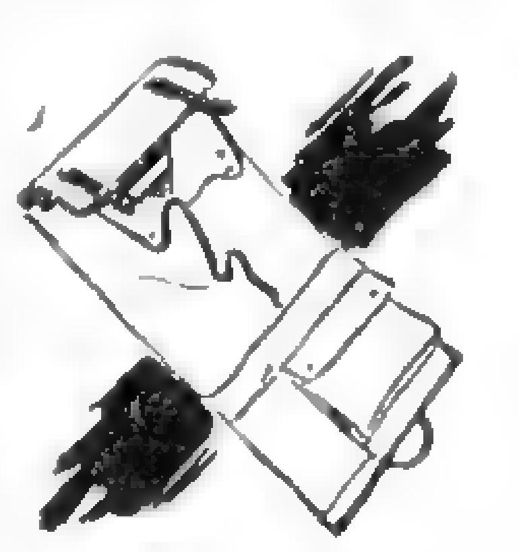
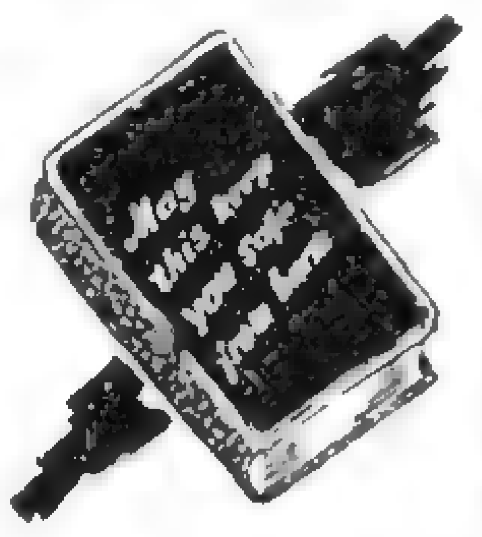
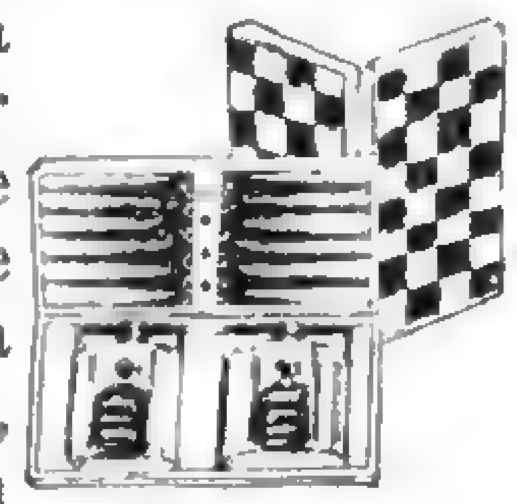


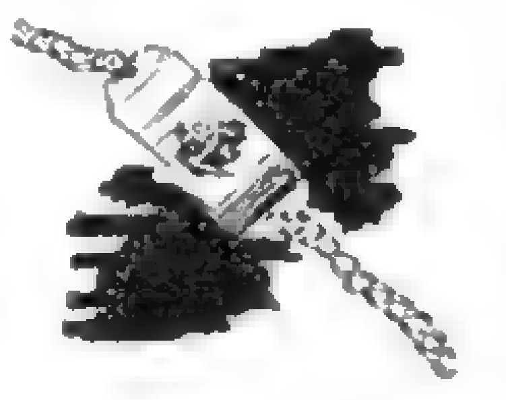
HEART SHIELD BIBLE. Any fellow would appreciate a pocket size New Testament or Catholic Prayer Book. Made to slip into a shirt pocket, they are equipped with special covers of 20-gauge armor steel, gold plated, to act as a heart shield. Another thoughtful gift is the leather prayer kit containing a small prayer book, rosary and several medals.



FOR GROOMING AND GAMBLING. Novel all-in one toiletry and game kit contains a 4 oz. bottle of affer shave lotion and a 4 oz. bottle of hair dress. When these are removed, the box serves as a game board, checker board on outside, backgammon on the inside (size closed, 5x9½"). For good measure there's a set of checker and backgammon discs and a pair of dice.



INSIGNIA BRACELETS. A welcome Christmas gift is the latest development in identification bracelets. These are double headers... with army, navy, air corps, etc., insignias on the outside of the tag, the identification engraved on the underside. Whole thing is made of heavy Sterling silver, with sturdy jeweler-crafted link bracelet and a good staunch safety clasp.



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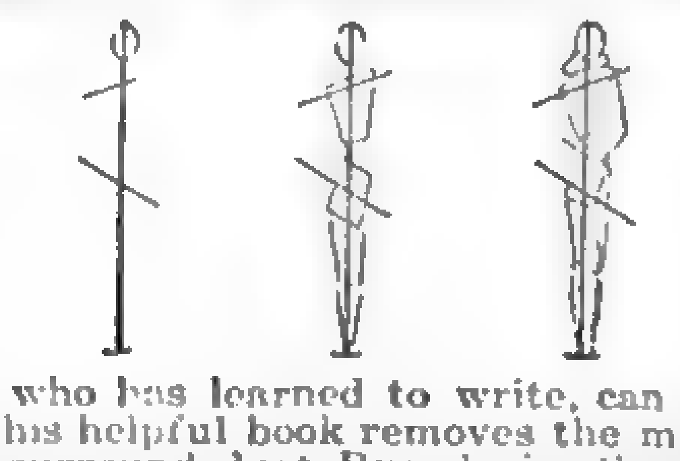

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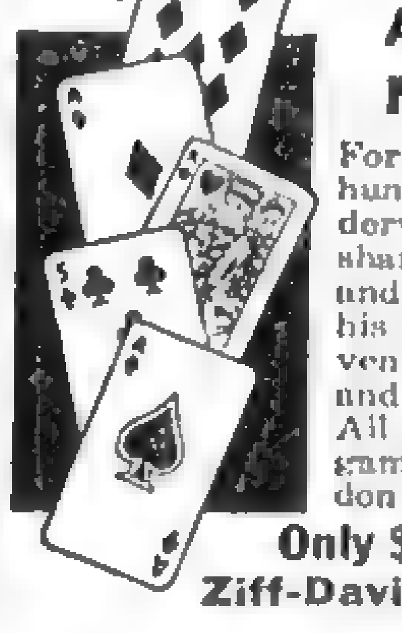

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But, remember, military needs are our prime wartime responsibility, although Civilian Rainfairs are available in limited quantities. So it's a good idea to shop for those Christmas Rainfairs earlier this year than ever before. We're doing our best to help your favorite store supply you with the size you want. If you don't immediately find it in stock, we hope you'll be patient.

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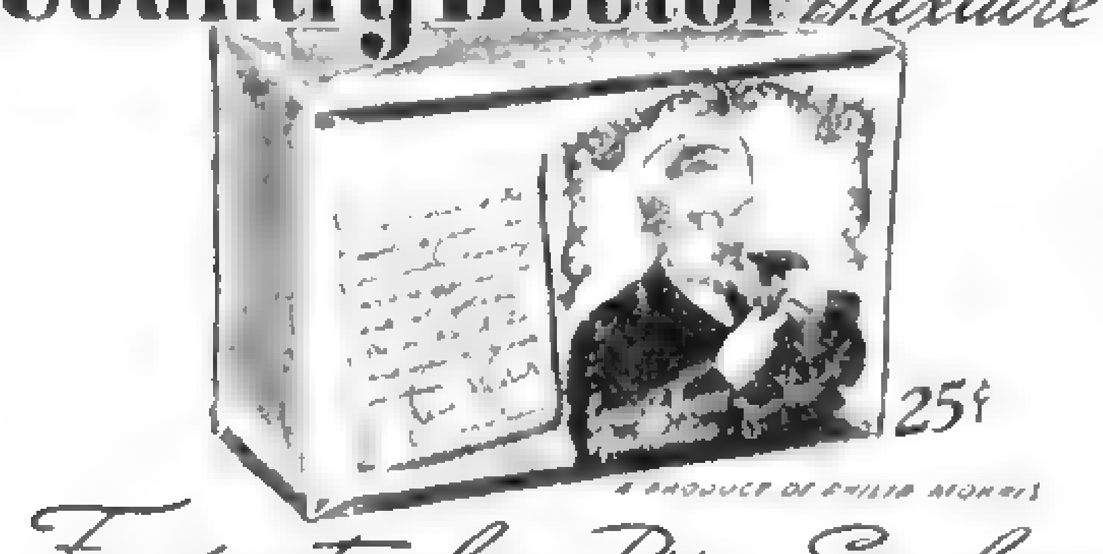
Yes, Country Doctor IS DIFFERENT, rich, cool and mild-mannered with not a bit of bite. Thousands of blendings of eight of the world's finest tobaccos were tested to perfect this superb mixture. Look for the picture of "The Country Doctor" on the package.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*



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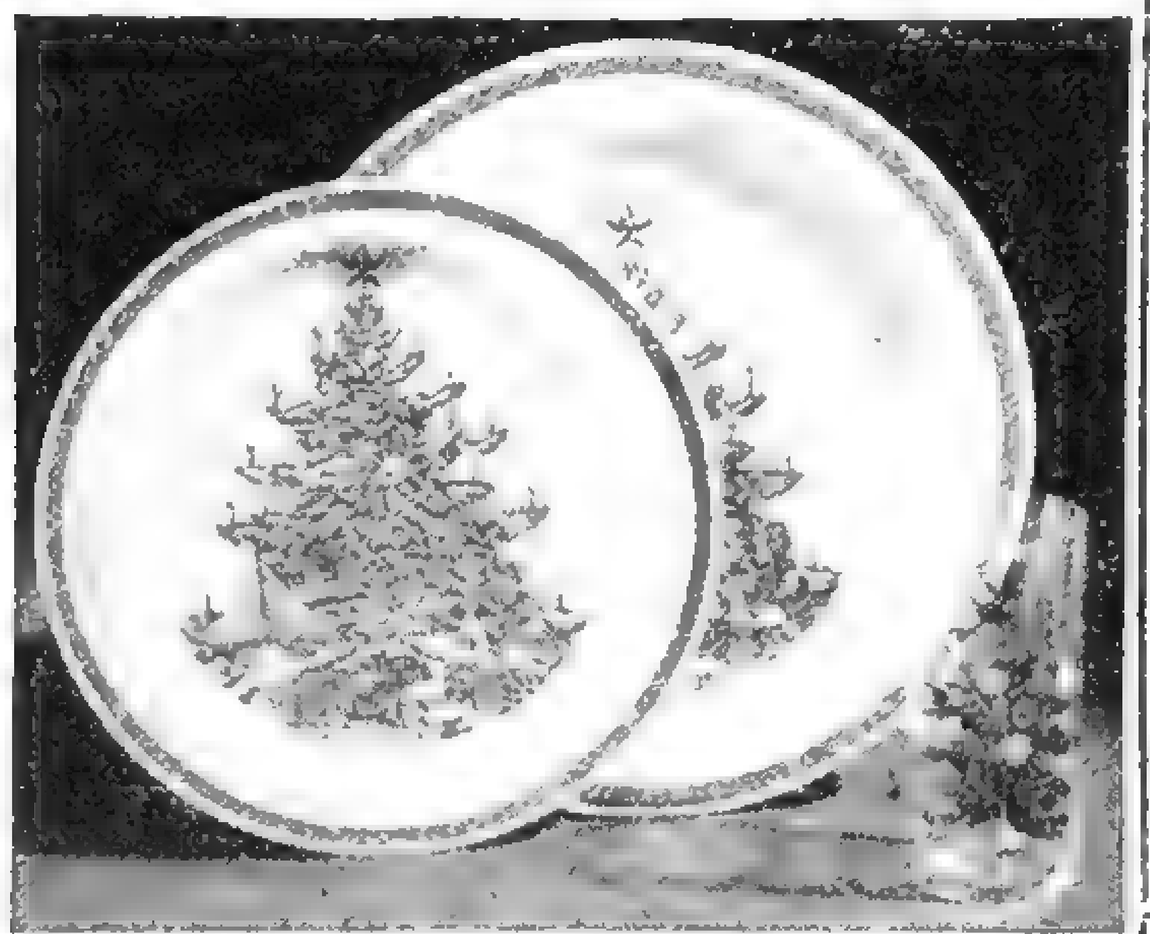

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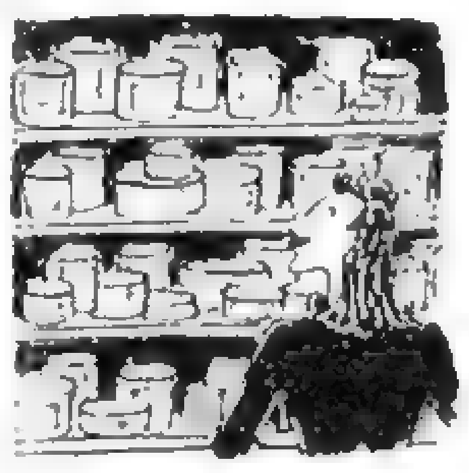
Talking Shop with Esquire

HOSTESS GIFTS. This year it's simple, just give these hospitable ladies something in the food line, and they're ecstatic. Herbs, for instance. The "smert" set has gone herb mad. When conversation veers around to Rosemary and Basil . . . they don't mean Hollywood's Lane and Rathbone, they mean herbs. From a certain herb house come wonderful Xmas packages . . . a woven picnic hamper (with carrying handle) filled with herb vinegars, mustard sauce, herb tea, jars of assorted herbs, marjoram, tarragon, etc. And to top it off, an herb cookbook. Then there's a handsome handmade pine tray-cupboard which can be hung on the wall or used as a cocktail tray. Its contents comprise about a dozen herbities.

INDIVIDUAL FRUIT CAKES. Oversize lebkuchen made from a famous European recipe 400 years old (it says here). Loaded with fruits, almonds and spices, they taste like the kind grandma used to whip up for Christmas parties. The cakes come in a gifty package swathed in colored cellophane.

CREOLE OCTETTE. Use your coupons and buy your hostess a set of 8 marvelous New Orleans canned soups, neatly gift packaged. There's turtle spiked with sherry, creole gumbo, oyster soup, jambalaya, jumbo shrimp laden with red fish, red snapper, spices and onions. Are you drooling? We are.



LIQUOR EXTENDERS. If you want to stretch your precious spirits, better get into the punch habit. You might give as a gift, a half dozen prepared fruit juices. Passion fruit (mix it with rum, gin or Southern Comfort) or a superb lime mix made of fresh Florida limes (no sugar required). Or make a martini and add lemon juice and a good shot of grenadine, raspberry or loganberry juice. Incidently, this last mentioned concoction packs a terrific punch!

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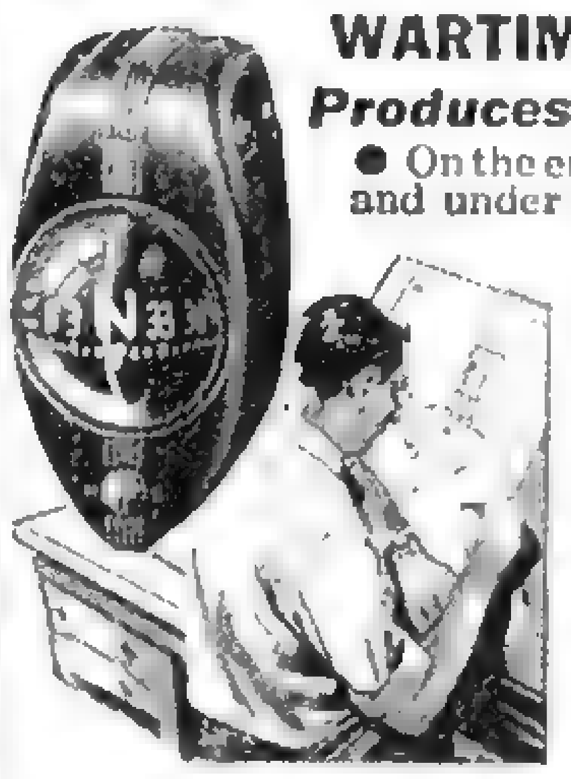

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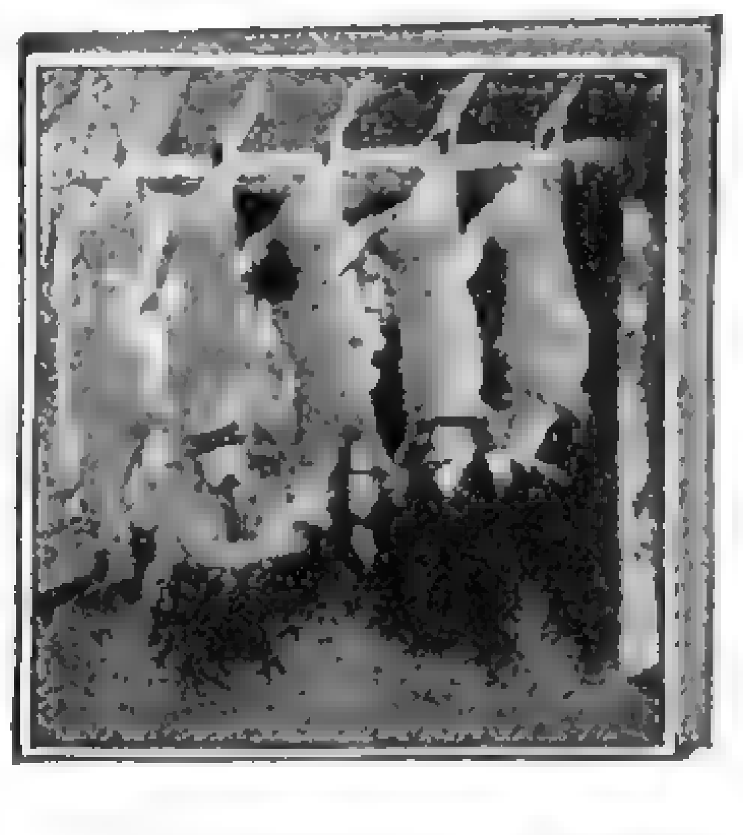

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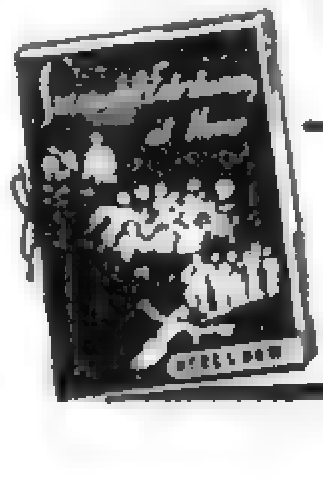

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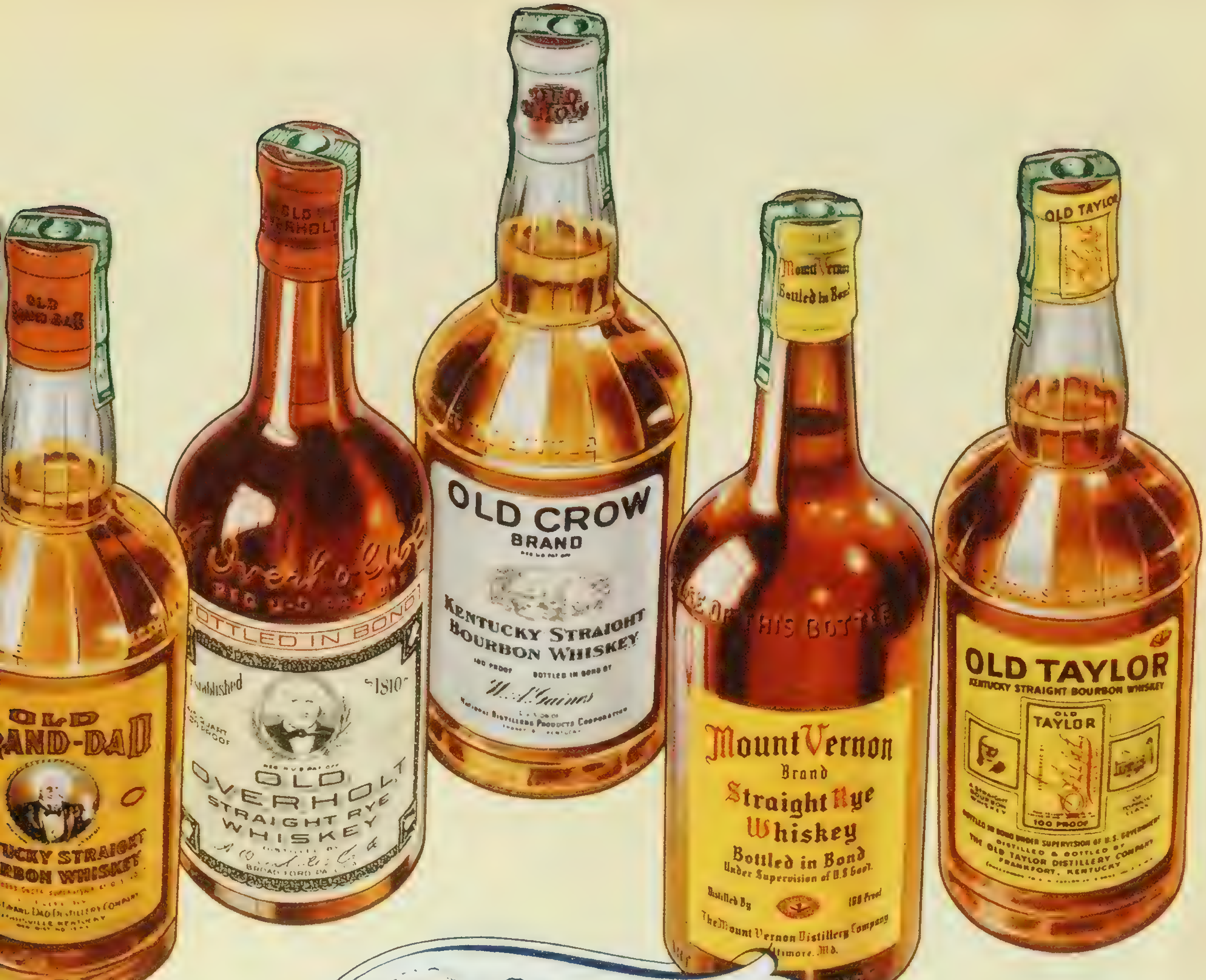
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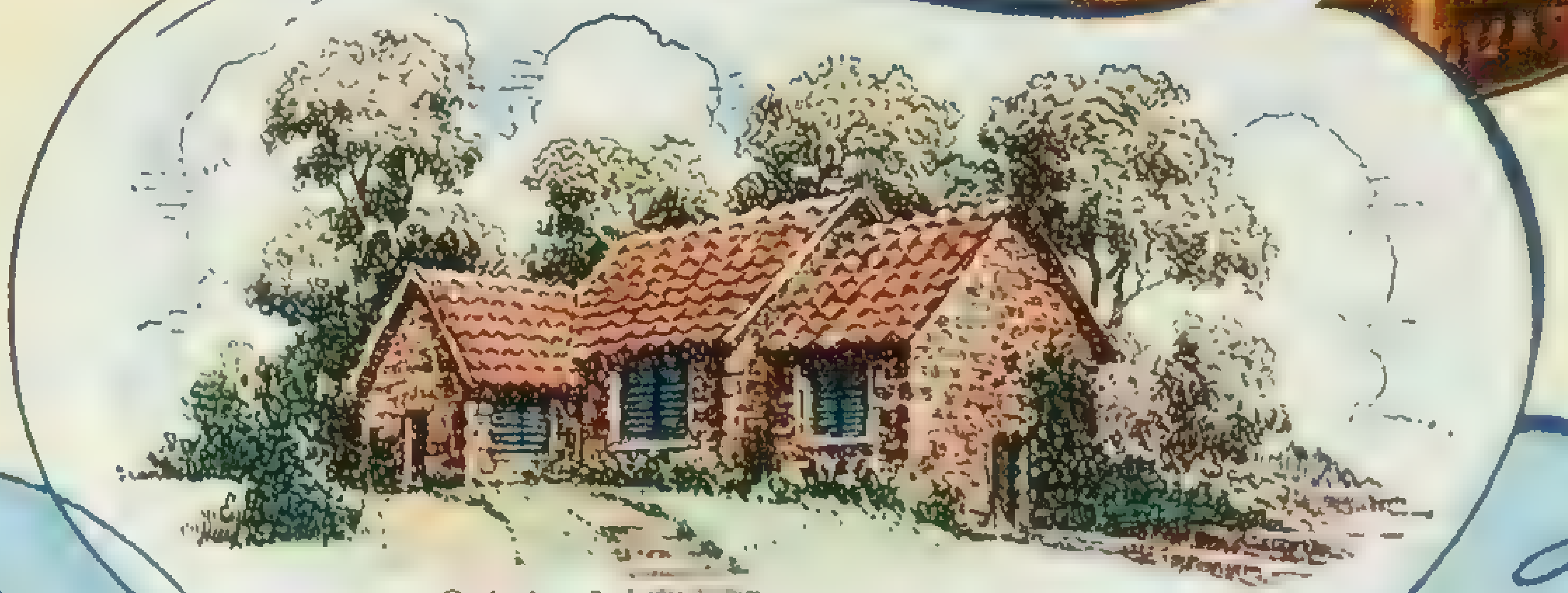

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A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

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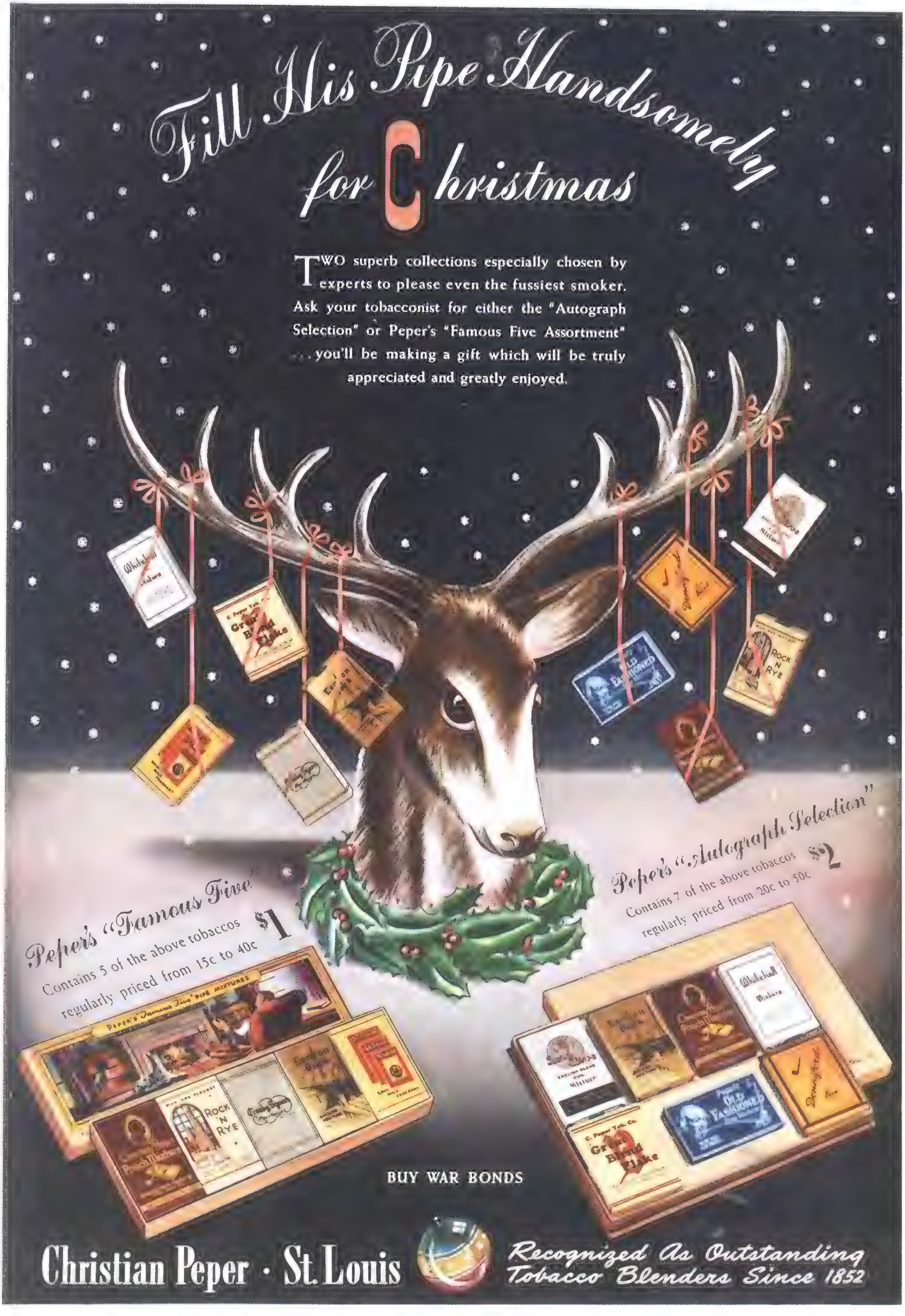

Whitehall Mixture
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Peper's "Famous Five" Pipe Mixtures

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TWO superb collections especially chosen by experts to please even the fussiest smoker. Ask your tobacconist for either the "Autograph Selection" or Peper's "Famous Five Assortment" . . . you'll be making a gift which will be truly appreciated and greatly enjoyed.

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Contains 5 of the above tobaccos regularly priced from 15c to 40c

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Surprise!

Just give him a jolly old Tom 'n' Jerry Mug, this Christmas, with a miniature hat in it, and your Gift Certificate. He selects, himself, the Knox Hat he prefers.

Your gift of a new "Tom 'n' Jerry" hat . . . superbly styled by a famous hatter in felt soft as suede . . . is just the gift he'd choose himself. He'll know the moment he sees the famous Crest of Knox that you've given him the finest.

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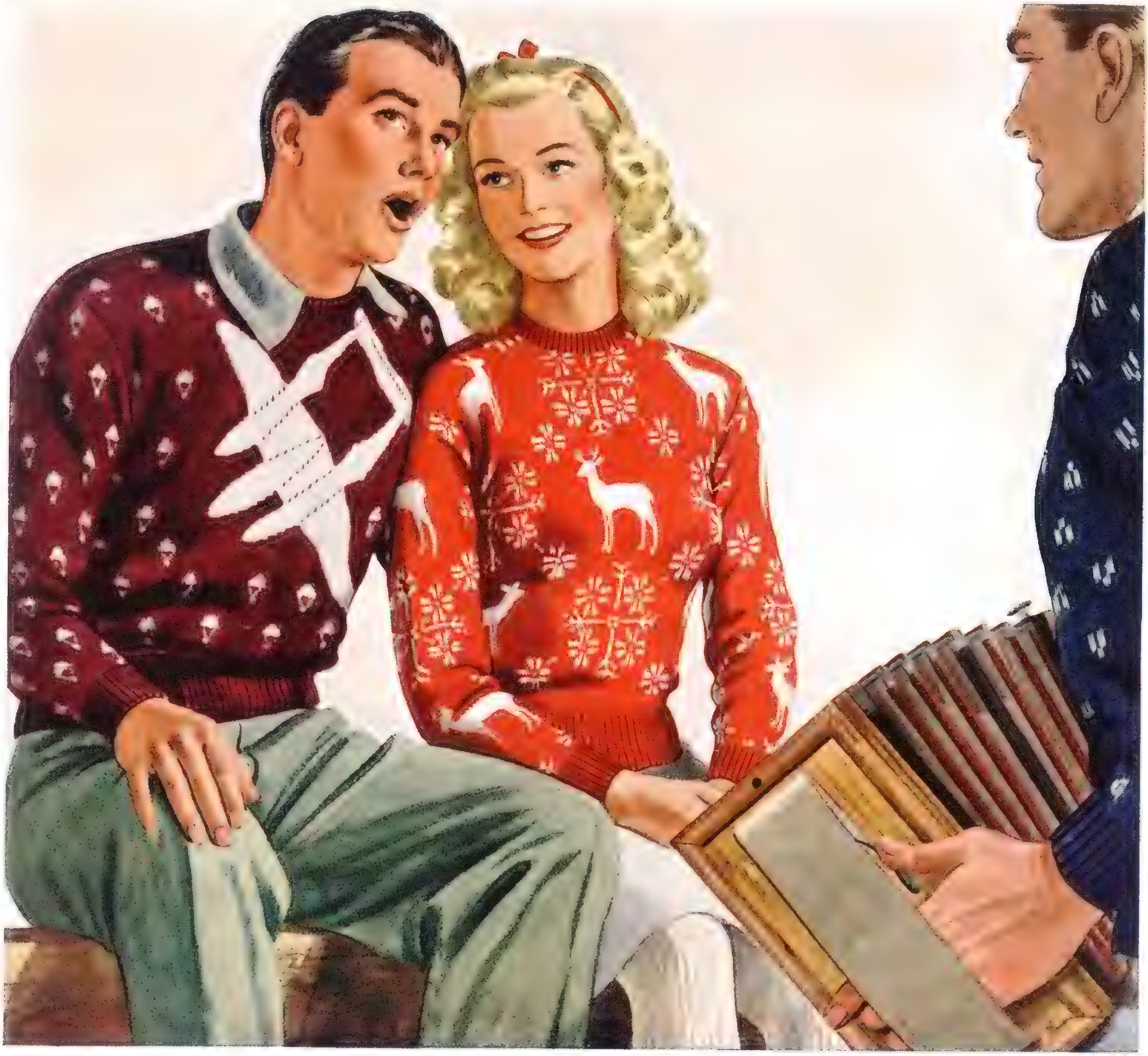

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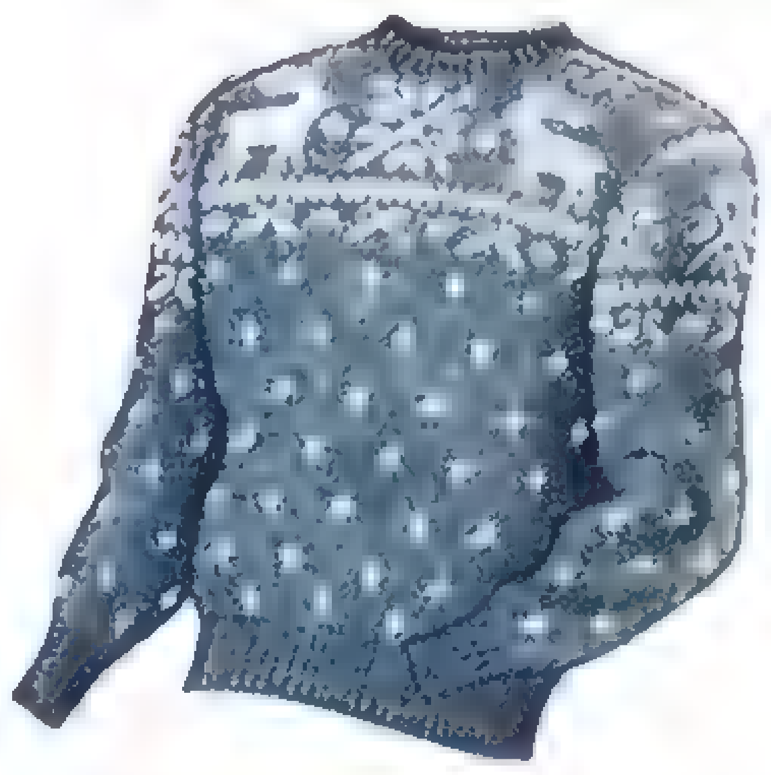

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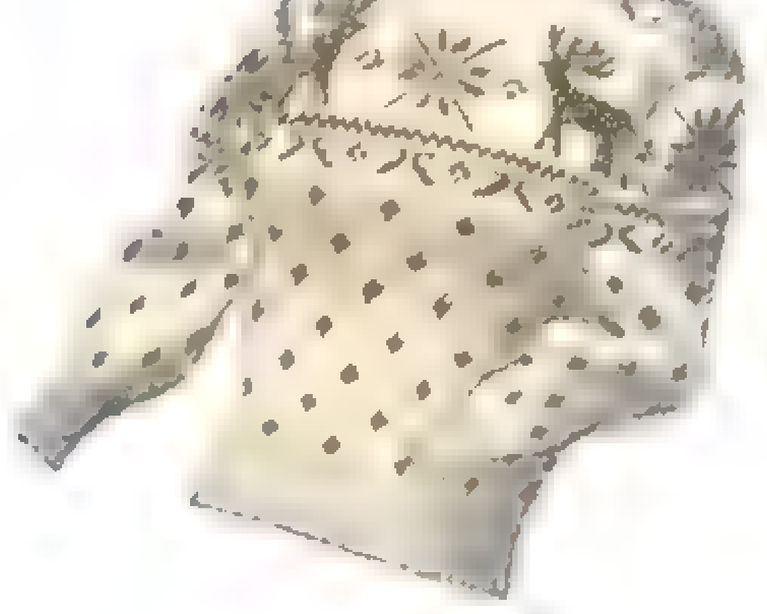
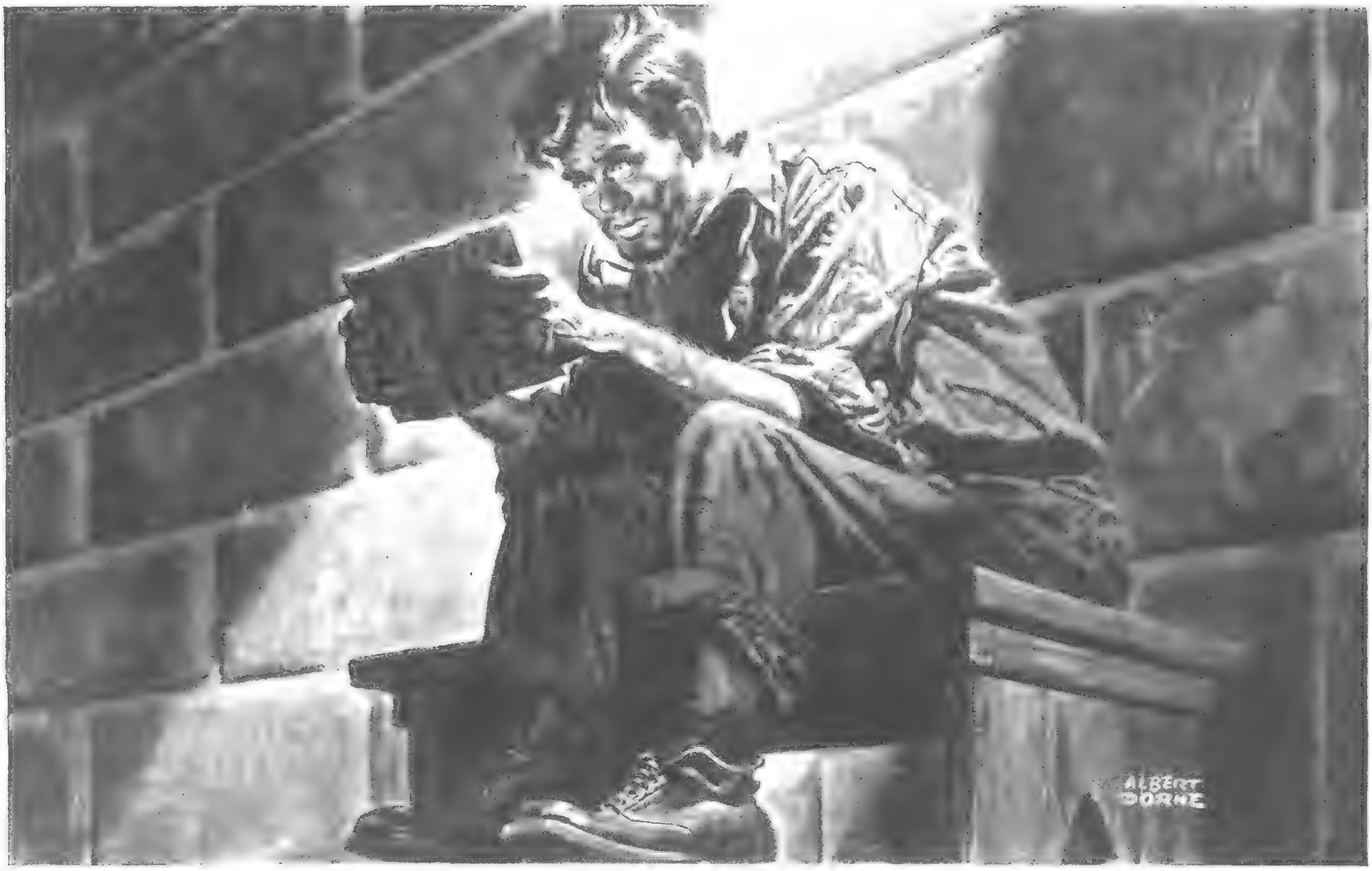


And a **Caribou "matcher"** for the girl of your life . . . **8.95**



Letter to a P.O.W.

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War . . . tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell *him* why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . ."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . ."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

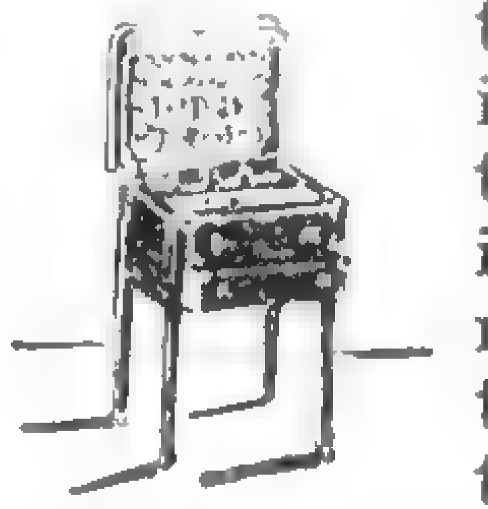
But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

Esquire

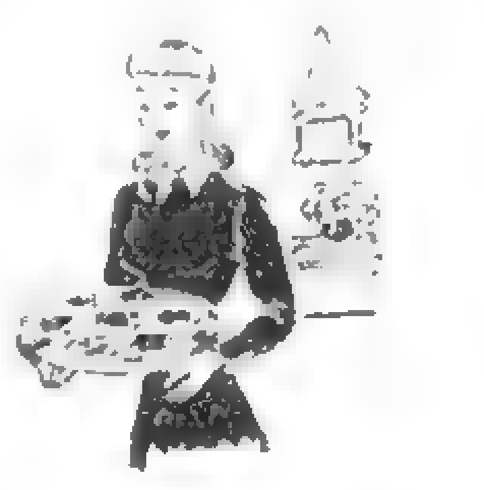
This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the War Advertising Council and the U. S. Treasury Department.

Talking Shop with Esquire

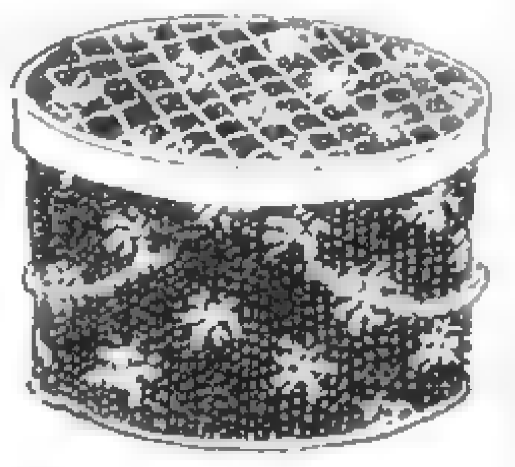
SEWING CABINET. You don't know what to give Mother? Here it is . . . a mahogany or walnut end table for the living room which turns into a sewing cabinet by raising up the top. Hitched to the under side of the lid are spools of thread, thimble rests, pin cushions. And inside the top of the table proper, there's a tray for additional equipment plus two roomy drawers.



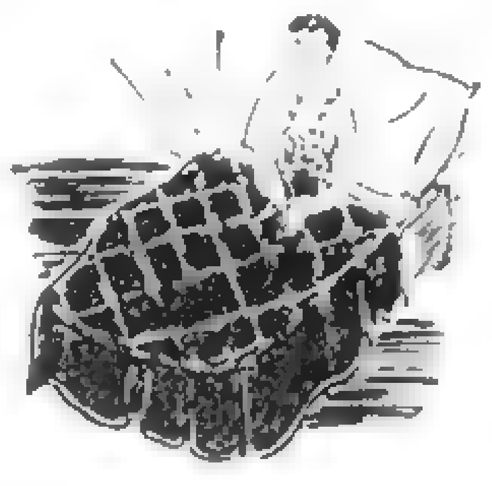
HOSTESS TRAYS. Easiest step-saver, if Mother entertains a lot, is a hostess tray of beautifully polished birchwood. The huge circular platter has a glass dish which fits neatly into the center, divided into divers compartments like a blue plate special.



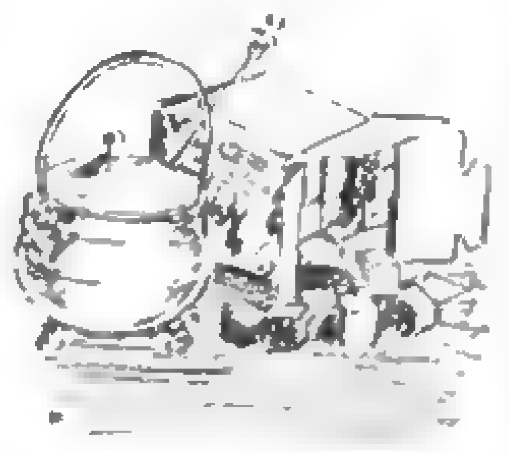
SEWING BUCKET. Not that you expect Mom to spend all her time with needle in hand, but these days she's probably doing more of it than ever. To her aid, a nifty sewing bucket that looks like a hat box covered in quilted, printed cotton and complete with cord for carrying. Inside, it's a 2-decker job with shallow tray on top for spools, etc. The roomy bottom layer is used for storing sewing work at hand.



BED BOARD. If Mom complains of misery in her back due to saggy springs and oversoft mattress, buy her one of the new orthopedic boards to slip between mattress and springs. The boards are scientifically made, they assure us, of pressed fibre and give proper propping to aching spinal columns. Can be had in single bed or studio couch size (you have to buy two for a double bed).

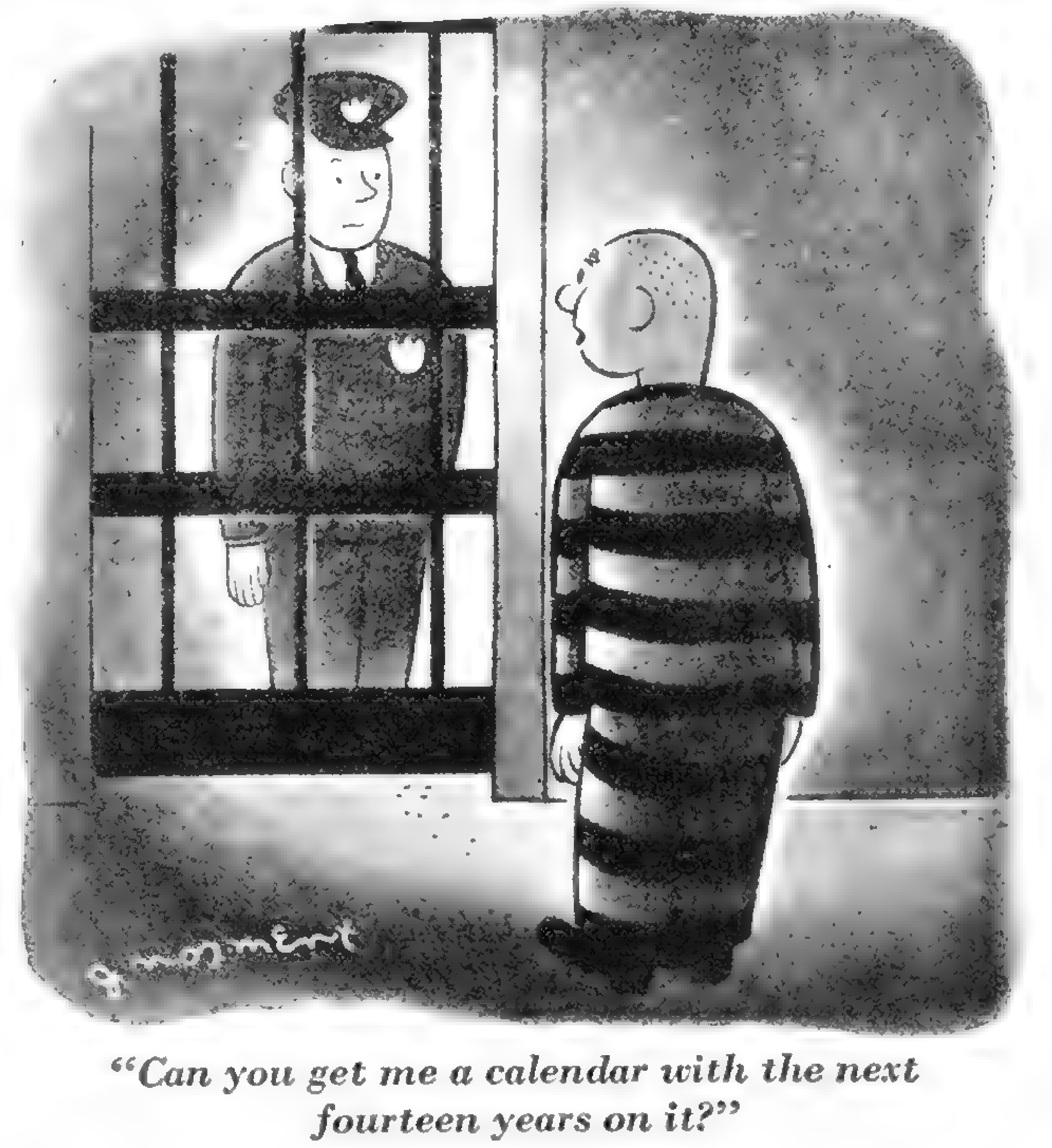


CAPE COD LIGHTER. Practical and decorative is the sturdy Cape Cod lighter in highly polished brass complete with a torch 11" long. With it goes a box of kindling flares, the sure fire kind that leave no smoke or odor. Each cube burns 30 minutes, and they come 16 cubes to a box.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



"Can you get me a calendar with the next fourteen years on it?"

LET **IODENT** HELP GUARD AGAINST *Smoke Smudge*

Choose POWDER or PASTE

No need to let ugly smudges dim your smile and hinder your success. Millions have proven that Iodent No. 2 Tooth Paste or Powder will safely clear away these smudges—even smoke smudge—and bring back the natural sparkle to your teeth.

IODENT TOOTH POWDER PASTE

FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN · FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

"For a swell shine in half the time"

Shu-Prim SHOE CREAM

Shu-Prim BOOT POLISH

Preserves, polishes and protects leather. In Antique Stain, Antique, Black, Brown, Neutral. Also a complete line for the whole family. On sale at your favorite shoe or dept. store. If not available, send $1.25 for complete kit of 5 Shu-Prim Polishes.

SIGNAL CHEMICAL CO.
27 Hilton St. Boston, Mass.

MVRRAY & LANMAN'S *Florida Water*

FLORIDA WATER

THE HE MAN SHAVE LOTION

Men prefer Murray & Lanman's Florida Water before and after shaving for the "pep" it gives, and the warm glow it imparts to the skin. Exhilarating and refreshing as a rubdown following exercises, or after the shower.

At leading Drug & Department Stores

THE H. & S. POGUE CO. . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
RICHARD STORE COMPANY . . . Miami, Fla.
WOODWARD & LOTHROP . Washington, D.C.
THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY . Detroit, Mich.
JOSEPH HORNE CO. . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
WEINSTEIN CO. . . . . . San Francisco, Cal.
SOLO-SERVE CO. . . . . San Antonio, Texas
SUTCLIFFE CO. . . . . Louisville, Ky.

LANMAN & KEMP-BARCLAY & CO., Inc. 135 Water St., N.Y.

Timely Gifts

For Him . . . Juvenia watch, with flat stainless steel case, Roman or Arabic numerals, small second hand, 17 jewels, $54.50.

For Her . . . "Fantasio" *Juvenia* watch with curved chrome and steel case, alternate Arabic numerals, 17 jewels, $59.

Prices include Federal tax
Mail orders filled promptly

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 Fifth Ave. New York

NAMECHAIN

Personalized KEY CHAIN *Spells* YOUR NAME *in full*

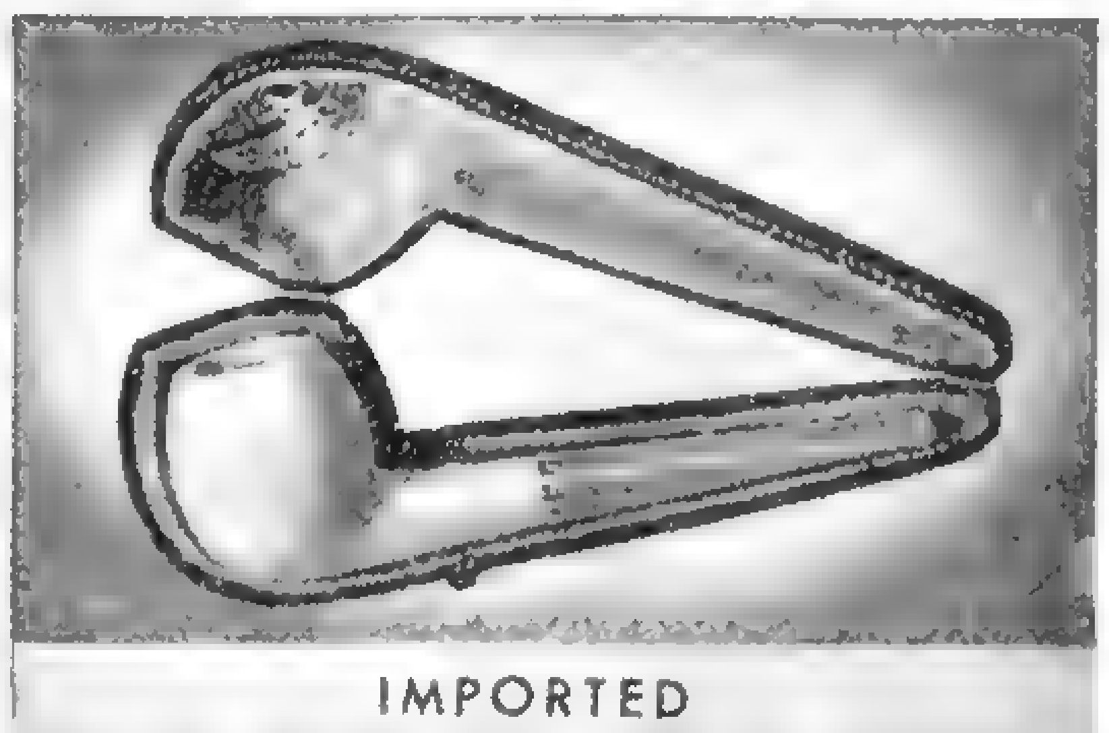
DURABLY CONSTRUCTED IN GOLD PLATE

The Perfect Gift

Each Namechain made to your order..up to 16 letters allowed. Individually packed in Gift Box. Orders shipped within 48 hours.

Sent Postpaid for $3.00

Namechain Mfg. Co.
19 E. Pearson St., Chicago



IMPORTED
MEERSCHAUM

As fine a pipe as a man can want! Shaped from Imported Turkish Meerschaum material and fitted with golden Amberol stem. Colors beautifully. These pipes are a rarity. Each pipe comes in exquisite velvet-lined genuine leather covered case.

Money back guarantee.
Specially priced, Post Paid $8.90

SACHS PIPES, EST. 1887
5435 MYRTLE AVENUE, BROOKLYN 27, N. Y.

LIFETIME SMOKING PLEASURE

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

"HOW ARE MY CHANCES

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

FOR SOME OF THAT SCHENLEY?"
Royal Reserve

Ask your dealer. He'll tell you: Every drop of whiskey in SCHENLEY Royal Reserve you now buy must come from precious pre-war reserves. For *all* SCHENLEY distilleries are producing alcohol for war.

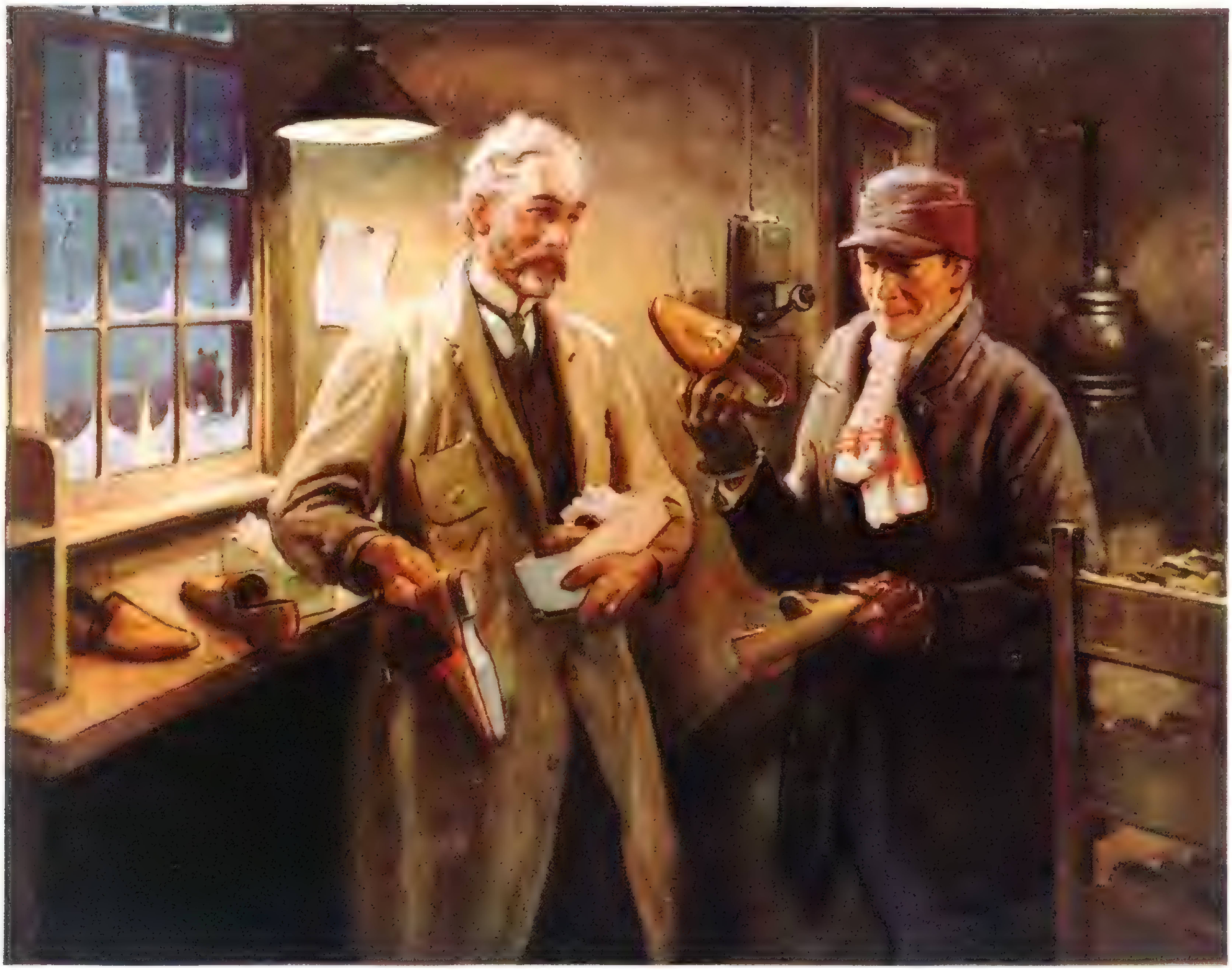
To make these reserves last, they must be portioned out . . . used *in moderation.* So you won't always find SCHENLEY *every* place, *every* day. But you *will* find it more often than you'd think.

If your dealer does not have SCHENLEY today, ask again tomorrow. If you will cooperate by making your bottle go further . . . enjoying your SCHENLEY *in moderation*—there will be enough to go 'round nicely for as long as the war lasts.

There's still enough available to enjoy in moderation

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains. 25% straight whiskey, 6 years old; 15% straight whiskey, [illegible] Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.



Two nights before Christmas . . . in 1904

Ed Burchard, agent of the American Express in Wakefield, drove his pung to the Evans Slipper Factory. He was answering a late call and expecting to pick up a last minute shipment for the Christmas trade. As he walked through the door, stomping the snow from his boots, he was greeted by Harvey Evans*.

"Merry Christmas, Ed."

"Thanks and Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Evans—and where's the cases?"

"No more cases tonight, Ed—just wanted you to know that we appreciate all you've done in helping us to get our slippers out on time—So, pick out any pair of slippers in the room here."

"You mean for me?"

"Yes, for you Ed. Besides, I hear you've just been married, and every married man ought to have a pair of Evans Slippers"

Here is a picture of the Evans slippers Ed Burchard picked out that night. For thirty-nine years he has worn them steadily . . . in the cellar, the garage, doing all sorts of odd jobs around the house. There's a splash of green paint from a screen job on them, but they're still serving him well.

The moral of this little tale is that Christmas is in the offing and it's still possible to give a man, married or single, a pair of Evans Slippers. There won't be as many in the stores this year—so much of our leather has gone onto the feet of men who are fighting for certain rights. One of these is the right to have plenty of good things in the future—yes, good things like Evans Slippers. The limited supply this year has been allocated to our regular customers in all towns and cities in as fair a proportion as possible.

This means, if you shop early, you may find them. And if you do, you'll prefer them of course, and recognize the trade-mark which stands today as it has for a century as . . . *your guide to the best in men's slippers.*

*Son of the founder — fathe[illegible] grandfather of present executives.

Evans Slippers

L. B. EVANS' SON CO., WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

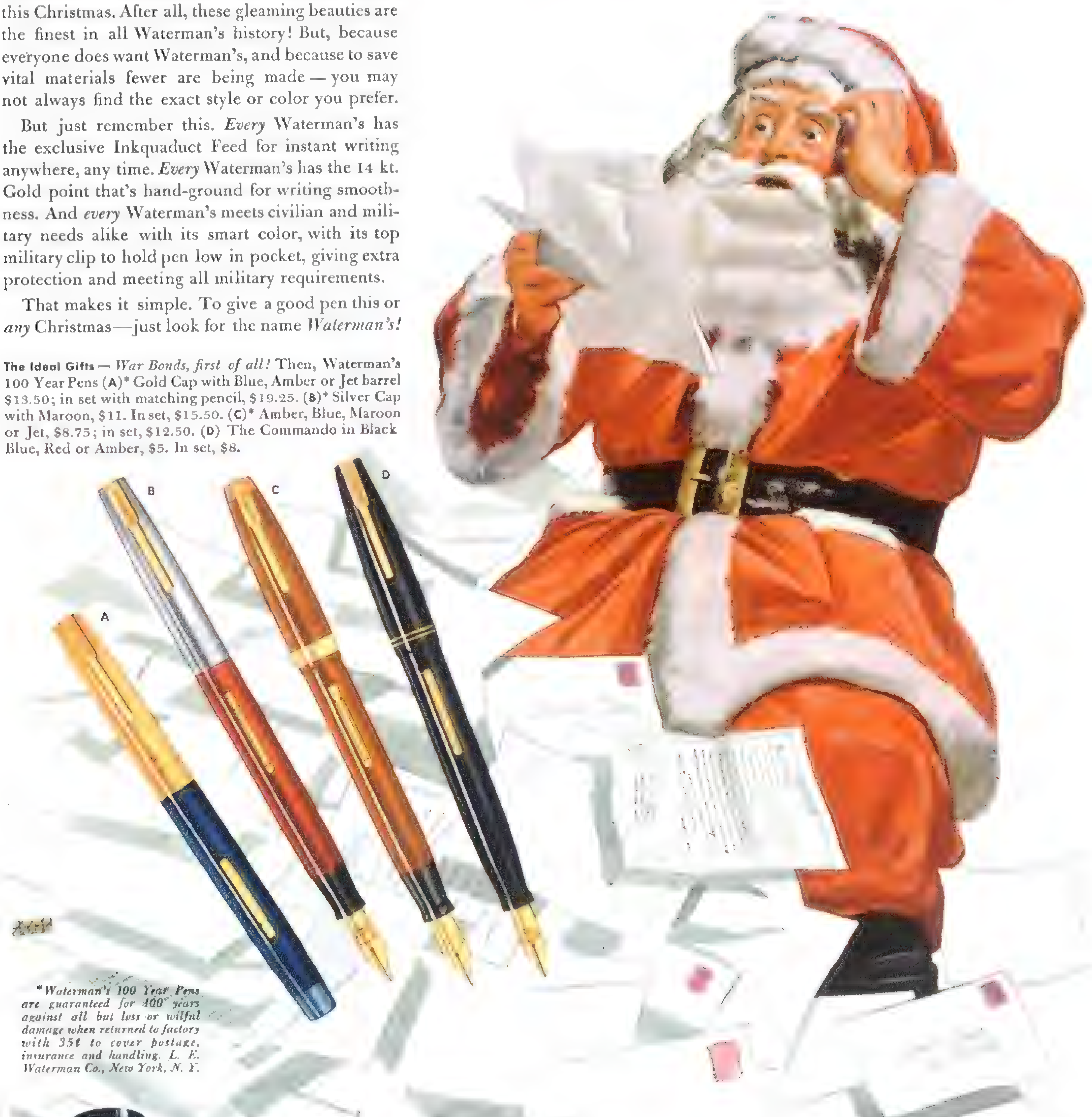
"Gosh... they all want Waterman's!"

It's no wonder everyone wants a new Waterman's this Christmas. After all, these gleaming beauties are the finest in all Waterman's history! But, because everyone does want Waterman's, and because to save vital materials fewer are being made — you may not always find the exact style or color you prefer.

But just remember this. *Every* Waterman's has the exclusive Inkquaduct Feed for instant writing anywhere, any time. *Every* Waterman's has the 14 kt. Gold point that's hand-ground for writing smoothness. And *every* Waterman's meets civilian and military needs alike with its smart color, with its top military clip to hold pen low in pocket, giving extra protection and meeting all military requirements.

That makes it simple. To give a good pen this or *any* Christmas—just look for the name *Waterman's!*

The Ideal Gifts — *War Bonds, first of all!* Then, Waterman's 100 Year Pens (**A**)* Gold Cap with Blue, Amber or Jet barrel $13.50; in set with matching pencil, $19.25. (**B**)* Silver Cap with Maroon, $11. In set, $15.50. (**C**)* Amber, Blue, Maroon or Jet, $8.75; in set, $12.50. (**D**) The Commando in Black Blue, Red or Amber, $5. In set, $8.



**Waterman's 100 Year Pens are guaranteed for 100 years against all but loss or wilful damage when returned to factory with 35¢ to cover postage, insurance and handling. L. E. Waterman Co., New York, N. Y.*

Waterman's
Ideal
INK
BLUE BLACK

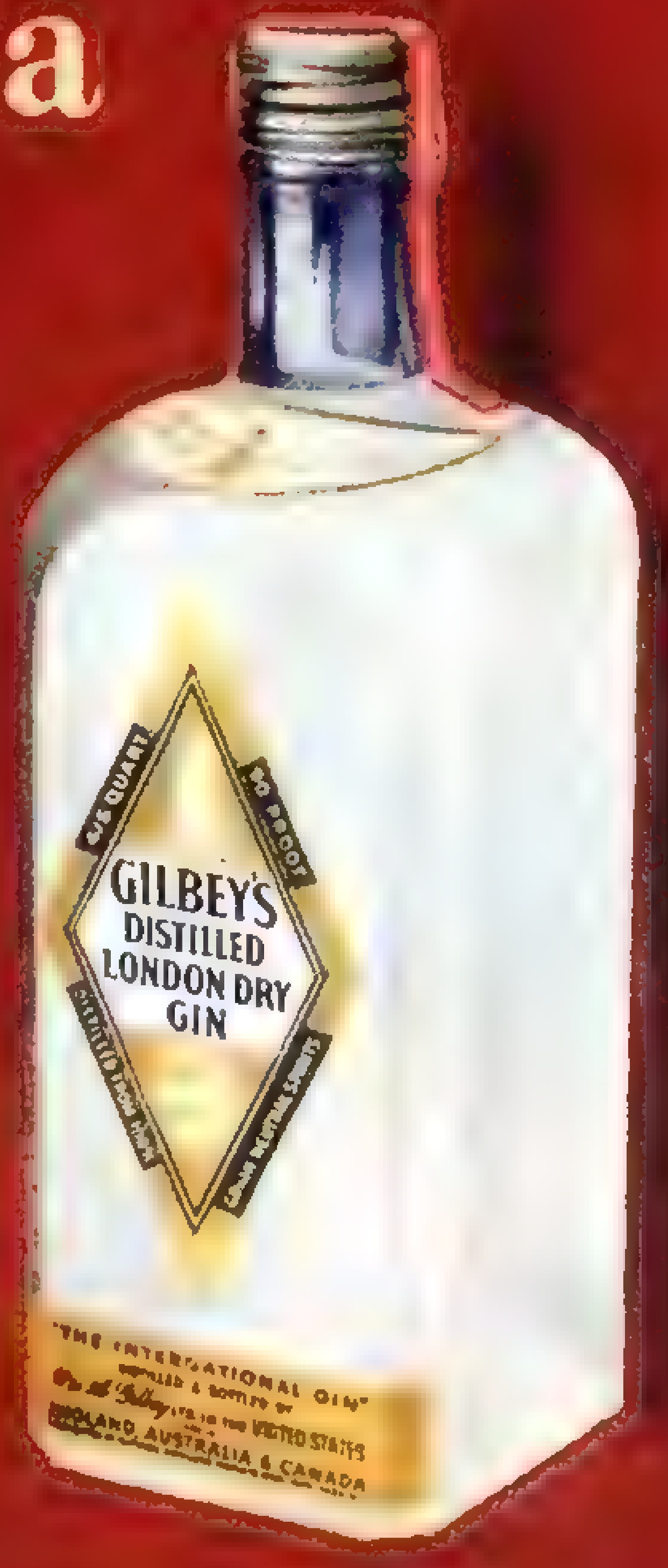
To Make The Gift Complete —Waterman's Ink—*"it's right—on the Tip of Your Pen."* 8 grand colors—including Permanent Black for legible V-Mail. In handy Tip-Fill bottle, only 10¢.

Just look for the Name

Waterman's

UNION MADE

For the most delicious Martini in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite


4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
ENGLAND AUSTRALIA & CANADA

GILBEY'S
the International
GIN

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

An Evening on the House

All the carnalities denounced in that prissy era flourished in Sunset Park, from crap shooting to hoochie-koochie

by **H. L. MENCKEN**

•ARTICLE•

IN THE days of trolley parks, now gone forever, there was almost as much spread between park and park, culturally speaking, as you will now find between night clubs. Some, catering to what was then called the Moral Element, showed all the hallmarks of Chautauqua, Asbury Park and Lake Mohonk, with nothing stronger on tap than ginger ale, soda pop and sarsaparilla, and no divertisement more provocative to the hormones than quoit-pitching and the flying horses. But in others there was a frank appeal to the baser nature of mankind, and at the bottom of the scale were some that, by the somewhat prissy standards of those days, were veritable sewers of wickedness. One of the latter sort was operated, in the Baltimore I adorned as a young newspaper reporter, by a cashiered police sergeant named Julius Olsen—a man who believed, as he would often say, in living and letting live. His place lay at the terminus of a Class D trolley line that meandered down the harbor side to the shore of one of the affluents of the Patapsco River. Most of his customers, however, did not patronize this trolley line, which was outfitted with senile cars that often jumped the track, and shook the bones out of their passengers when they didn't. Indeed, it was rare to encounter an actual Baltimorean in the place, which had the name of Sunset Park. Nearly all the males who frequented it were sailors from ships berthed along or anchored in the river, and nine-tenths of the females were adventuresses from either the Norfolk, Virginia, region, then famous throughout the Eastern seaboard for its levantine barbarities, or the lower tier of Pennsylvania counties, where the Vice Trust, backed by Wall Street, maintained agents in every hamlet.

If there was any among the lady visitors to Sunset who had not lost her honest name long before she ever saw it, the fault was not Julius Olsen's, for he had a ground rule rigidly excluding all others. Every evening at eight o'clock he would take his place at the garish entrance to his pleasure ground, and give his eye to each female who presented herself, whether alone or with an escort. If there was anything in her aspect that raised a suspicion of chastity he would challenge her at once, and hold her up at the gate until she convinced him that her looks were false to her inner nature. Once, as I stood there with him—for I greatly admired his insight into such things and was eager to learn its secrets—a young couple got off the trolley car and made as if to enter. To my unpracticed eye they looked to be the run-of-the-mine yahoos and nothing more: I could detect no stigmata of chemical purity in the lady. But Julius saw deeper than I did, and as the couple came abreast of his sentry post his heavy paw fell upon the shoulder of the young man, and his eyebrows drew together in a fearful frown. "What in hell do you mean," he roared, "to bring a nice young girl to such a goddam dump as this? Ain't you got no goddam sense at *all?*" The young fellow, amazed and abashed, stood speechless, and Julius bellowed on. "Don't you know," he demanded, "where you are at? Ain't you ever heerd tell of Sunset Park? Goddam if I ever seen the like of it in all my born days! Do you want a gang of sailors to bash in your head and make off with your girl? What would you have to say to her mama if that happened? How would you square yourself with her pa? Goddam if I ain't got a mind to bust you one myself. Now you take her home and don't let me see you around here no more. As for *you*"—turning to the silent and trembling girl—"all I got to say is you better get yourself a better beau. Such damn fools as this one is poison to a religious young lady, and don't you go telling me that ain't what you are. *I know, I* do. Now, scat, the goddam bothen of you!"

Whereupon he half bowed and half heaved them onto the waiting trolley car, and stood by muttering until it started back to the city.

From all this the maker of snap judgments may conclude that Julius was a Puritan at heart—perhaps even that there was a Y.M.C.A. secretary hidden in him. Nothing could be more untrue. He simply did not want to clutter up his conscience, such as it was, with gratuitous and unnecessary burdens. Otherwise he was the complete antinomian, and of all the tough and abandoned trolley parks around the periphery of Baltimore, his Sunset was undoubtedly the worst. Every sort of infamy that the vice-crusaders of the time denounced, from crap shooting to hoochie-koochie dancing, and from the smoking of cigarettes by females—then still *contra bonos mores*—to riotous boozing by both sexes, went on within its gates, and there was no dilution of these carnalities by anything of an even remotely respectable nature. If a customer had called for a lemonade the waiters would have fanned him with the billies they carried up their sleeves, and if either of the two comedians in the so-called burlesque show that went on in a big shed had ventured upon a really clean joke, Julius himself would have given him the bum's rush. The strip-tease had not been invented in that remote era, but everything that the fancy of ribald men had yet concocted was offered. The stock company, like most other such organizations, played a loutish version of *Krausmeyer's Alley* every night, but it was given with variations suggested by the worst conceits of whiskey drummers and medical students. The taste of the time being for large and billowy women, there was no girl in the chorus who weighed less than 170 pounds, and the rear elevation of each and every one of them was covered with bruises from head to foot, all made by the slapsticks of the comedians. In the intervals of the performance on the stage, these ladies were expected to fraternize with the customers. This fraternizing consisted mainly in getting them as drunk as possible, and then turning them over to scamps who dragged them out to a dark spot behind the shed and there went through their pockets. When a customer resisted—which happened sometimes in the case of sailors—the scamps gave him a drubbing, and it was not at all unheard of for the harbor cops to find the clay of a jolly jack tar in the adjacent river, especially of a Sunday morning, for Saturday night was the big night at Sunset Park, as it was at all such places.

The land cops, who knew Julius when he was a poor flatfoot like themselves and now took a certain amount of fraternal pride in his success in life, made occasional raids upon him, but only under pressure from reformers, and never with any hope or intent of bringing him to heel. Once I was present when a party of reformers undertook a raid in person, with a

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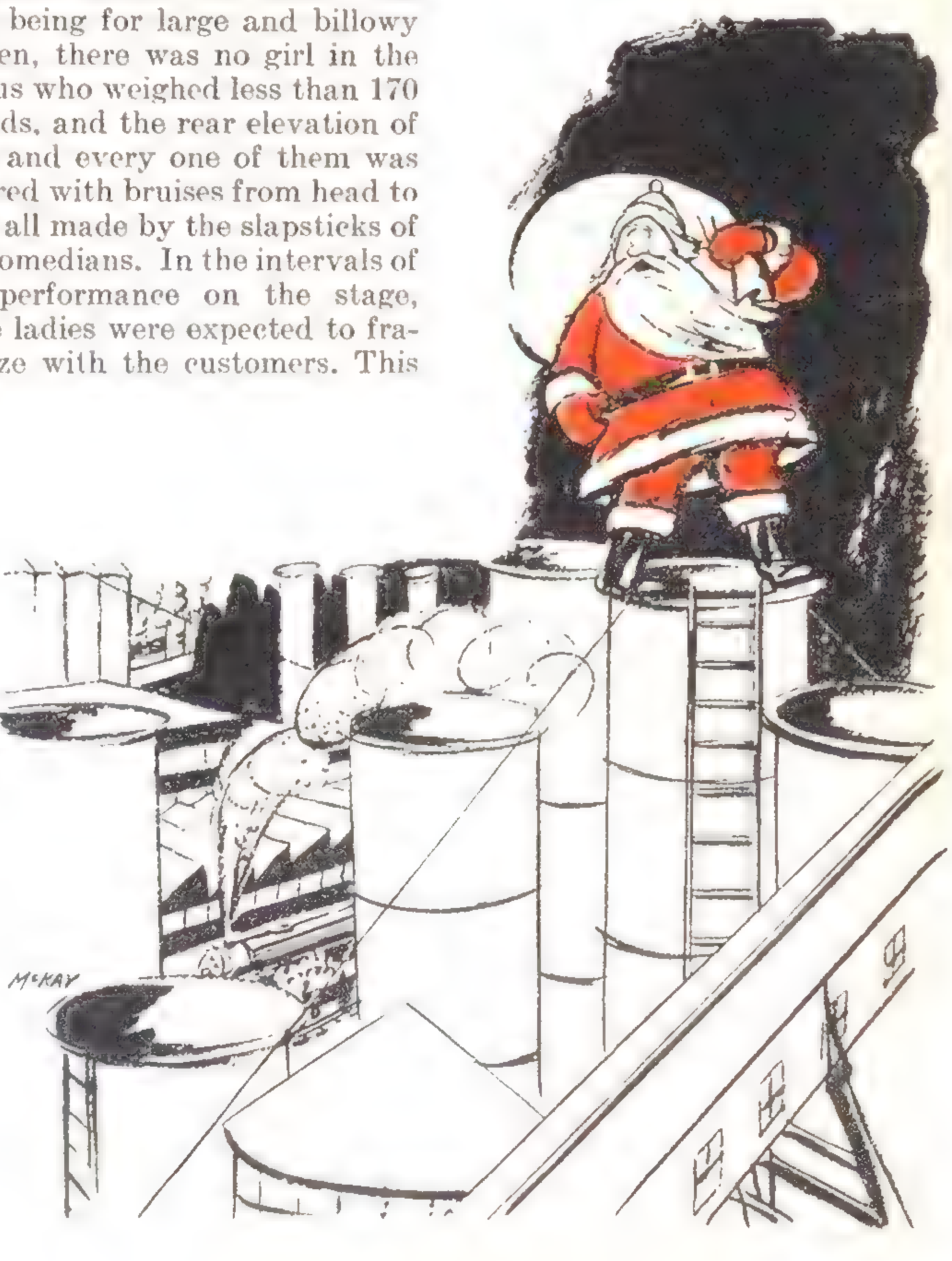

"Looks like overtime this year"

They Come Back Different

It shocked his nurse to observe that a man who had lost a leg could appear so indifferent to his girl's first visit

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

• FICTION •

THE hospital nurse carefully pushed the wheel chair under the shady live oak draped with long elegant wisps of Spanish moss.

"Will that do?" she asked, glancing sideways at the patient.

"Not so far under the tree. I like to look at the open sky."

"Yes, but you mustn't be directly in the sun. The actinic rays are very powerful as far south as this."

He smiled, a curiously untroubled smile the nurse thought, for a man who had gone through such a shock and survived, mutilated, but she said nothing. Fresh but wholly impersonal in her neat, exquisitely clean costume, the nurse busied herself in arranging a thin cover over the man's left leg and the place where a right leg had been. She put the crutches within his reach, and dragged up a wheeled double-decker table which had on it flowers and books, writing things, field glasses, and a hand-bell—everything he wanted.

"Is that everything you need, Lieutenant?"

"Everything I'm likely to get," he said, laughing.

"Ring if there's anything else I can get you," she said, turning away to leave. Then, looking back over her shoulder she asked hesitantly as if embarrassed: "Oh . . . your visitor this morning . . . where . . .?"

"Out here," he said indifferently, turning his face away.

The nurse glanced at him with new curiosity, perhaps a little hostile. It offended her notion of the decorum of sentiment that any male, especially a one-legged male, should appear so calm about the first post-wound visit of his girl. Nurse was certain it was his girl. Miss Rhoda Van Borghem and her mother Mrs. Deventer of New York City and Long Island, it said in the newspaper that morning. An old family, and rich, and pretty—the girl was pretty, nurse meant. Even though he had been so badly wounded the lieutenant hadn't a right to be that uninterested about a beautiful heiress who had come all that way just to see him.

If Harry Morgan was supposed to feel just a slight coolness of feminine disapproval as the nurse stepped briskly away, he failed to live up to the standards expected of him. He seemed to have forgotten all about her before she had taken the first subtly disapproving step towards the silent white hospital building, and was leaning back on his cushions looking up at the sky.

The people who lived under that sky seldom glanced at it except for the practical purpose of guessing whether or how soon a thunder cloud would bring rain, or when a spectacular sunset briefly forced itself on incurious senses. Yet it was a sky well worth getting to know, Harry thought—so deep and lucid a cobalt blue, with such serenity given it by that vast sweeping wing of feathered cloudlets. He seemed to feel an indefinite but generous response from this great expanse, something magnanimous, an outpouring of gaiety and peace. Or maybe, he thought, jeering at himself a little, it's nothing but a kind of self-induced hypnosis. Not that he cared. What mattered was the sensation of deliverance and lightness, aloofness from stress. . . .

Queer mood for me of all people, he thought, smiling to himself, especially after having a leg off. His calm, almost happy face suddenly clouded and grew lined with strain—he was hearing again the heart-shaking roar of the exploding torpedo, seeing the red flash of the burst, the white spout of shattered sea water, feeling the intolerable anguish as he collapsed into merciful oblivion as the implacable beast mangled him. . . .

"Healing up very nicely," the head surgeon had said. "We'll soon be fitting you with a new leg."

He didn't move, but lay looking deep into the cobalt sky, and gradually the serenity returned to his lean face. At last he shifted in his chair, leaned forward and looked about him. After the broad dazzle of the sky it took time for his sight to adjust. He saw the vivid green of the lawns sparkling under the brilliant shower of a dozen sprinklers. The cool gossamer drops drifted in the light wind with a miniature rainbow playing over them. Through the delicate mist he saw the bold colors of flower beds, scarlet and blue and gold. Suddenly at hand he heard the tiny thunder of a hummingbird poised at the hibiscus flowers. It flashed to a flower, hung steady in the mist of its swift wings, flashed again, and then inconsequently darted away in a long straight line, hurling itself out of sight. As his eyes followed it he caught a glimpse of the blue-tiled bathing pool almost concealed in trees.

It made him think of the sea, not the fierce open sea of the great oceans, but the land-fringed sea so close at hand, which he knew must be glittering this sunny morning with thousands of light spangles. Yesterday, on the way down, he had seen for the first time in his life a large tropical butterfly of pure orange, and had been cross with the nurse for calling it "common." There had been two small children playing by the water's edge, and he had watched their brown super-active limbs with a kind of wonder, listening to the high childish voices which are the same from all small children the world over. That had started him thinking again—there must be some way out for them from chaos and slaughter, something better and more effective than the chatter of journalists and politicians . . .

He sighed and lit a cigarette. Two wheel chairs pushed by nurses came down the path. The men in them waved to him, but this morning they did not come over to speak to him on the way to their own special nooks. They had heard about the Visitor. Harry smiled, and then looked serious. He was in no such hurry to have his Visitor arrive. Now that he had got her here, he was not at all sure what he was going to say to her or how he was going to say it.

* * *

The town, if you call it that, was new and rather pretty, quasi-Spanish façades hiding drug stores and groceries and a five and ten and even a Western Union. Legally it

"Well, I did—I threatened to go home to mother and he threatened to stop paying mother's rent!"

was a city and incorporated. Miles away from the mission style city hall, startled explorers came on lonely city limits signs, peacefully decaying among countless acres of scrub pines and palmettos where lumber companies had made a desolation and called it prosperity. There had been great but fallacious hopes of an immense rush of tourists, and meanwhile the "city" lived chiefly on a military school and the hospital. There were several pleasant little hotels, but for some indefinite reason a large rambling place, certainly less comfortable and attractive than the others was "the only place you can possibly stay at!" That explains why Mrs. Deventer and her daughter stayed there.

It is hardly necessary to say that Rhoda was not called Rhoda, but Nan. "Rhoda" had been registered for her by a sentimental practical father much corroded by fiction in middle life. The child's mother had seen the absurdity of Rhoda as a name for any child in decent circumstances, and within three years "Rhoda" had become "Nan," under Grimm's law by which "Rh" becomes "N," "o" becomes "a," and "da" also becomes "n."

The two were sitting after breakfast in Mrs. Deventer's bedroom, "talking things over" for the unnecessary twentieth time in that tense misunderstanding which is one of the chief links between the generations.

"You're being obstinate as well as ridiculous," said Mrs. Deventer, striving loyally to control her irritation. She was a very handsome woman with beautiful white hair which could not be looked on as anything but a majestic triumph of the chemical business. It could not be said that she had failed to make use of her opportunities. True, she had been divorced only twice, yet she had collected over a million in settlements while her present provider often quaintly boasted that he was "worth" several millions. "Never relax" was Mrs. Deventer's motto in the middle years and, by dollars, she never did. But if she was handsome, her daughter was beautiful, in the undistinguished style of our age. Just at the moment she looked less beautiful because she was worried and upset.

"That's not very helpful, Mother," she said with a faint whine in her voice, "You were never in such a quandary."

"I've broken off plenty of engagements, if that's what you mean," Mrs. Deventer retorted with a rather splendid gusto of reminiscence.

"Not under these peculiar circumstances."

"What difference do they make?" It was impossible to imagine Mrs. Deventer committing anything so plebeian as a sniff, but there was a sort of moral sniff in her tone. Nan resented it.

"All the difference," she said stiffly. "You can't treat Harry like he was a dancing partner . . ."

"I don't see it. Any more than I see why we should be dragged down here *as if* we were dependents."

Nan failed to see the grammatical rebuke.

"Harry wanted it."

"Harry wanted it!" Mrs. Deventer mocked her in a gust of exasperation. What next! She could have slapped Nan for being so silly. With the self-control learned from thirty years of social dissimulation Mrs. Deventer hid her annoyance with a bright smile.

"Well," she said encouragingly, "It'll soon be all over, and then you can forget about it. Keep tight hold of yourself, and make it clear to him right from the very beginning that you're through."

"But am I?" Nan asked unhappily. "What has Harry done for me to turn him down? Do you want me to tell him: 'It doesn't suit my plans or mother's for me to marry a one-legged man, so I'm releasing you from your engagement'? That sounds pretty mean to me."

Mrs. Deventer took a moment or two to answer this. Why had the child to go over it all yet again?

"Listen, Darling," she began in a smooth pleading tone which would have been invaluable to a radio salesman: "I do think you're being too sensitive and two scrupulous about this, I really do. Of course I understand your point of view, and I know you were fond of the man, but you must see that Harry Morgan today simply isn't the Harry Morgan you got engaged to . . ."

"That's just it!" Nan interrupted. "If he were the same, and if I'd changed in my feelings about him, I wouldn't care a damn about telling him. But he risked his life for me, for all of us, and he's a cripple, maimed, for life. I cared enough for him to want to marry him, and if I don't stand by him now, who will? Hasn't he every right to ask it? Couldn't looking after him be my share of the common sacrifice?"

"Would you marry him if he

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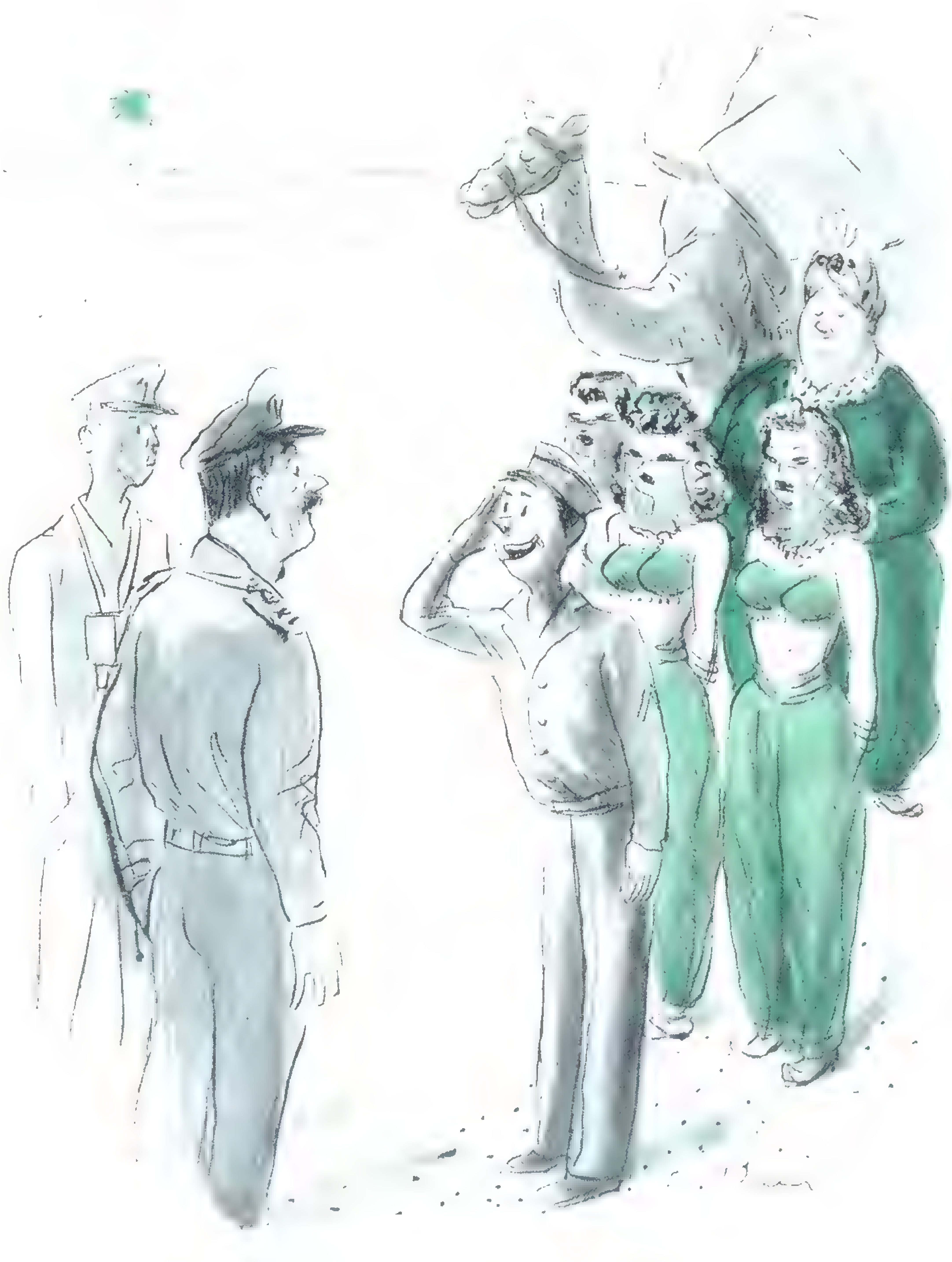

"Sir, I want to report I had a little luck in a crap game"

The Pilot Who Kept on Fighting

A man whose foot has been amputated in midair faints from the shock, or is lost at sea, but not this Marine

by **PAUL GALLICO**

• ARTICLE •

SAM LOGAN is a twenty-two year old Kansas boy who lost a foot in the war. He is a captain in the Marine Corps and a fighter pilot. At this writing he is in a U. S. Naval Hospital and by the time this is published he will have been fitted with an artificial foot. He may even have already tested it out gingerly on the rudder bar and pedal controls of a new fighting ship.

Sam's foot was taken from him under somewhat unique conditions. A Japanese Zero pilot inspired by the high moral code of Bushido cut it off with his prop as Sam was parachuting down to the South Pacific Sea, over the Russell Islands last June. An American fighter plane dove on the Japanese hero, discouraging further attempts to cut Sam in half and drove him away. Thereafter Logan was able to occupy himself strictly with the problem of survival. This problem he solved successfully with the result that he is alive today, full of fight and looking forward to the moment when he will be air-borne and in combat again.

Does that make him a hero for this extraordinary gallery? Many men have lost limbs in action, have fought their flying cannon in the sky. Any man will struggle to survive when death stares him in the face.

But there are as many and varied kinds of heroism as there are heroes. Sam Logan's particular kind of valor was that in a very bad spot he kept his head and saved not only himself, but a valuable property for the Government of the United States. That property was a trained fighter pilot. For sheer control, coolness in the face of deadly peril and icy nerves, his feat has not been matched in this war.

On June 9th, 1941, Sam Logan, an average midwestern American kid, enlisted in the Naval Reserve as a Seaman Second Class. With three years of National Guard training behind him, he rose quickly, was appointed an aviation cadet in the Marine Corps, trained at Miami and Pensacola, was commissioned. Just two days under two years from the date of his enlistment, he found himself in extraordinary peril of his life.

June 7th, 1943, Captain Logan, flying a Vought Corsair, co-operating with Army fighters, was part of a flight sent up to intercept fifty Zeros and bombers over the Russell Islands. It was his second combat mission. On his first he had bagged a Jap over Bougainville. On this one the Jap bagged him.

They were dog-fighting at twenty thousand feet. Logan caught a Zero shooting at an Army P-40, and attacked him. The sturdy Corsair suddenly began to vibrate badly. Sam looked back and saw his tail surfaces, shot to shreds, peeling away from the framework. He climbed out of the cockpit, kicked off and pulled. The chute opened and brought him up with a satisfying lurch. He began to float down through a sky filled with zooming, spitting ships and hissing bullets.

Then began his adventure. The Zero that had shot up his ship dove at him with a snarling whine, machine guns blazing. Sam was learning about war, Japanese style.

Excited by the rare sport of shooting at a helpless parachutist, the Jap missed. And besides Sam wasn't entirely helpless. He was fighting back. He manipulated his chute shrouds and swung to make an oscillating instead of a stationary target.

The Jap turned and climbed to make a second pass. Sam's head was extraordinarily clear. He could see and judge everything, the speed, the flying ability of the enemy, the light-circle of his spinning prop as he came on—the fact that he wasn't shooting any more. His heart lifted. The Jap was out of ammunition. Then what the hell was he still coming on for?

With a roar and a whistle the Zero dove at him. Now Sam understood. He waited, gripping the shroud lines, calculating distance. WHIRRRRRZZOOOOOOM! Sam Logan lifted his feet. The metal propeller blade that was to have been the executioner's sword missed him. He could have kicked the cockpit.

Sam spilled his chute as the Zero peeled into a climbing turn for another death pass. A puff of air trapped a patch of the billowing silk. Sam yanked and wrestled with his lines to accelerate his descent. Suddenly the roar was in his ears again and the Zero was upon him. He felt a shock and a bump and a stab of pain. When he looked down, his right foot was gone. His life's blood was pouring from severed veins and arteries. The Zero returned for the fourth pass.

Sam was still fighting though he probably thought that this was the end. He had lost his foot, but neither his nerve nor his judgment had been knocked out of him. He lifted what was left of his legs, the Zero missed again. He saw that his left foot was bleeding too.

Then an Army P-40 came down blazing vengefully and the Zero turned and fled. Molested no further, Sam Logan floated down to what should have been his end. A man whose foot has been amputated by a whirling propeller blade in midair is no longer among the living. He loses consciousness from shock, or fright, or loss of blood and upon landing, bleeds to death or drowns.

But not Sam.

He was full of fight and anger and a determination to live, to win one more chance at the enemy. There was more than survival involved. And besides he wasn't scared. He was still in complete control of Sam Logan.

He landed in the blue, cool water and dyed it red in his vicinity. And that did not frighten him either. There were things that he had been taught to do and he did them. He slipped his chute harness and turned the valve handle of his rubber boat pack. With a satisfying hiss and crackle, the boat ballooned. He clung to it for a moment, gathering strength. He wasn't bothering about how much blood he had lost or how long he might last. He got on with his job. With a surge, he crawled out of the sea onto his little floating raft and rolled over on his back.

His life was welling darkly in spurts from the stump of his ankle. The dog-fight had drifted away from the canopy overhead. He was quite alone in the sea and the sunlight. Sam found his emergency pack. Moving with deliberation *so as not to upset the rubber boat*, he made himself a tourniquet and applied it to his right leg above the knee. He twisted it tightly. The spurting ceased. Sam grinned a little. He found sulpha and morphine tablets in his kit and took them. Then he lay on his back and waited.

What would you suppose a boy would think about in a plight like that? Rescue, home, mother? Not Sam. Sam was thinking about a man by the name of Major Alexander de Seversky, for it had come into his mind that Major de Seversky had lost a leg while flying for the Russian air force in the last war, and then had gone on, in spite of the handicap to become one of the world's foremost fliers. Why, with an artificial foot, he, Sam Logan, could get back into the air again too. And when he caught the next Zero in his sights . . .

Overhead in the blue, a single plane went—"Rrrrrr Rrrrrr Rrrrrr . . ." Sam looked up. It was circling and searching. Friend or foe?

Sam had an answer for that one too. From his emergency kit he took a metal mirror. Morphine had dulled his pain, but not his mind. With the mirror, he flashed his recognition code. The circling plane came lower. It had sea floats and the white star of the U. S. Army Air Force. A momen later it landed on the water. An hour later he was safe at a base hospital under medical care.

That is the story of one American boy who will live to fight another day, because he willed it so, but more important, who will live to implant his hero's seed, to perpetuate himself in the breed of children that is the life and the salvation of this country.

Some day perhaps, those yet unborn children will read this welcome to Esquire's gallery of greater American war heroes . . .

Beyond the News in Still Hollow

Sheriff Bradley knew the hill people living near Piney Point had no truck with strangers or officers of the law

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

SHERIFF Enic Bradley thought he knew Melton County, deep in the mountains of Kentucky, better than he knew the pages of the old McGuffey Fourth Reader which was his highest scholastic attainment. He was born in Melton County, had lived in it all his life, had seen the WPA roads come to the county, government electricity to the county seat and a WPA stone jailhouse. Before these new improvements came, there wasn't an electric wire, a stone building, or a road a car could be driven over in the county. Not yet was there a telephone, a foot of railroad or a foot of surfaced highway. Now he sat in his car at the end of the WPA road, baffled as he looked over the warrant. The name of the young man he was to arrest was Crooks Cornett. The post office where the young man got his mail was Piney Point. But someone had scribbled a note on the warrant, "You'll find him in Still Hollow." He knew county sheriffs and revenue men, those that returned, had many occasions to remember Still Hollow.

The road beyond the WPA road was a wagon road, filled with deep ruts and chuck holes. It was impossible for him to drive his car, though his car was built as high as cars were built in the late twenties, over rocks, stumps and rutty roads. This wagon road was too much for his old car and he made up his mind to lock the car and walk to the first house to inquire for Piney Point and Still Hollow. He had not walked a mile until he came to a shack beside the road where he decided to inquire. Two children playing in the yard saw him first, dropped their playthings and ran into the shack as fast as they could to warn their parents a stranger was coming. When he reached the shack door, he knocked.

The door opened enough for a man to stick his head out cautiously.

"Sheriff Bradley," the beardy-faced man greeted him, opening the door the rest of the way.

"Ollie Hendrix," Sheriff Bradley said, "I didn't know you lived here. I'm tryin to find Piney Pint and Still Hollow."

"I haint never been thar," Ollie said in his slow way. "Years ago it was a dangerous place. 'Spect, Sheriff, it's twenty-five miles to Still Hollow! Ye haint a-tryin to walk thar, air ye?"

"I planned to," Sheriff Bradley said. "You don't have a good saddle horse I could hire for a couple of days?"

"Nope, but I got a gallopin mule," Ollie said, laughing, showing his yellow discolored tobacco-stained teeth. "He's as easy a saddler as a body ever rid."

"I'd like to hire 'im," the sheriff said. "I'll pay you well for the mule. I'd like to pay you to watch my car, too."

"Where is hit, Sheriff?"

"It's parked at the end of the WPA road."

"I'll do hit, Sheriff," Ollie said happily.

Ollie bridled and saddled his mule for the sheriff and helped him mount, for the mule was as wary of strangers as the mountaineers themselves.

"Follow this road until ye reach Blue Creek," Ollie directed the Sheriff. "Follow Blue Creek until ye reach Rocky Branch. Ye'll haf to ast the rest of the way."

"Many thanks, Ollie," Sheriff Bradley said, riding away.

He galloped the mule where the road was suitable. Soon he and the mule were almost covered with mud. But he followed the road to Blue Creek; then he followed the Blue Creek road, which was impassable for any sort of wagons, until he reached Rocky Branch, where the road simmered down to a mule path. He rode wearily up Rocky Branch until he came to a shack that was crowded between the road and a high wall of cliffs. When he stopped his mule and laid the bridle rein over the gatepost, children playing in the yard dropped their playthings and ran into the house. When he knocked on the door, a beardy-faced man opened the door enough to stick his head out and say, "What do ye want, stranger?"

"How do you get to Still Hollow?"

"Ye haint a revooneer, air ye?"

"I'm goin to visit Cornetts. They're my kinfolks."

"Right good people they air," the man said holding the door. "Ye're 'bout eleven miles from thar. If ye ride fast, ye'll make it by sundown. Follow Rocky Branch road to the ridge. One road turns right; one turns left. Take the road to the left.

"Thank you," Bradley said.

When the Sheriff mounted his mule, he saw the man looking from the door at him and his many children's faces peeping from behind the curtains of the only window in the shack. He rode away thinking these people were strangers to him, though he lived not more than twenty miles away.

Before sundown Sheriff Bradley asked a man walking along the path carrying a pole of stovewood on his shoulder and an ax in his hand, if he could tell him where Cornetts lived.

"What do ye want?" the stranger asked.

"Just want to visit my kinfolks."

"See that shack against that cliff," the man pointed with the handle of his ax.

"Thank you."

He rode to the shack and hitched his mule to the garden palings, walked over rocks laid down for a walk to the front door and knocked. A big man opened the door part of the way; he was barefooted, wore overalls and his face was unshaven.

"Do Cornetts live here?" Sheriff Bradley asked.

"They do," he said. "I'm Jarvis Cornett. What might yer name be?"

"Enic Bradley."

"Haint ye some sort o' law in this county?"

"I'm the sheriff."

"We don't make moonshine anymore."

"I've come to see your son, Crooks!" Jarvis looked worried. "What's he done?" he asked.

"The Melton County Draft Board has sent him three notices."

"Come in Mr. Bradley and explain this thing to me," Jarvis Cornett said.

Sheriff Bradley walked into the shack where there were four girls and four boys who looked at him and didn't speak. They looked at him suspiciously. Then a small wrinkled-faced woman came into the room smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

"What's the Sheriff want, Jarvis?" she asked.

"It's something about Crooks," Jarvis told her.

"What's Crooks done?" she asked Sheriff Bradley.

"He's evaded the draft, Mrs. Cornett," Sheriff Bradley said. "Which one of these boys is Crooks?"

"Crooks is out a-huntin a mess of land turtles," she told Sheriff Bradley.

"What's land turtles?" Sheriff

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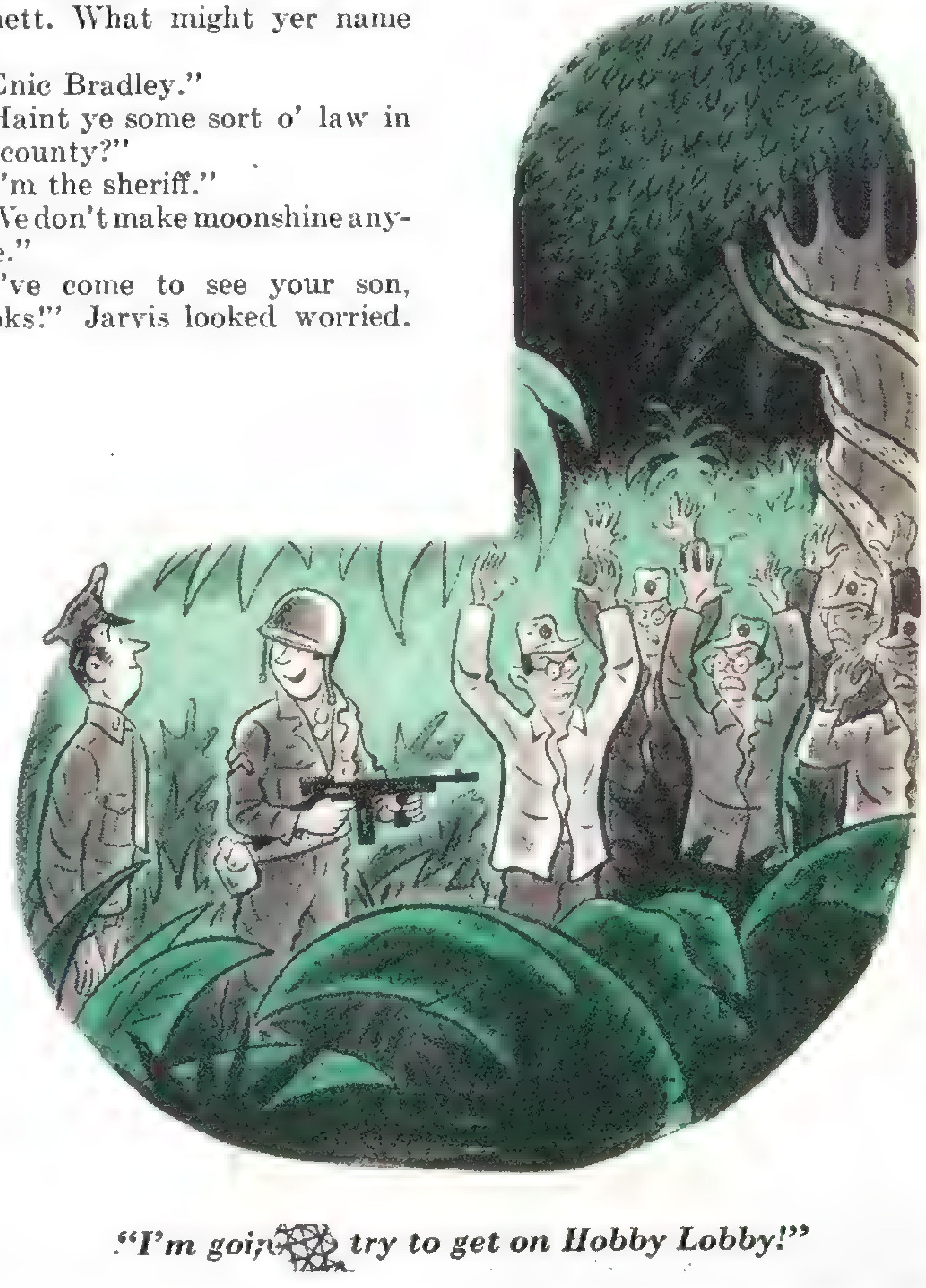

"I'm goi[illegible] try to get on Hobby Lobby!"

Silhouette of the U.S.S. Terrier

This is life on a submarine destroyer where comfort is unknown, battles are frequent and imminent danger is normal

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

• ARTICLE •

To the troops aboard the transport which the U. S. Destroyer *Terrier* escorts across the North Atlantic, she is merely one of eight or nine dingy wallowing little objects, almost hull-down in the choppy seas at the remote outskirts of the convoy.

To the people aboard the *Terrier* (a fictitious name for the purpose of this profile), she is a thing of beauty and power. On her they have faced death, fought the enemy and won. This has made a powerful bond between the men and their ship, given each man a deep sense of participation in her might and cocky grace. Down deep they love her most of all because she's proved she's a lucky ship. Yet they could not love her so much if they did not occasionally hate her when, in bad weather, she bounces and batters them for days on end. For in bad weather she is an unqualified bitch.

While the effect of the *Terrier* on her people is emotional, she is, nevertheless, a machine, an excitingly pure expression of the concept of headlong and relentless attack.

The *Terrier* is a long slender envelope of very thin steel packed with fire power and speed. Her displacement of only 1,630 tons is less than a fifteenth of that of such old battleships as the *New York*. But where the huge reciprocating engines of the *New York* turn up only 35,000 horsepower, the small neat turbines of the *Terrier* generate 50,000. Even so, she could not attain speeds of thirty-five-plus knots were it not for her spectacular length-width ratio. Her 345-foot length is nearly nine times her 39-foot width.

She carries no armor whatever. At any point her skin can be penetrated by a machine gun. Her speed, maneuverability and hitting power are her armor. Even her gun shields or turrets are no thicker than the sole of a workman's shoe. Many of the beams that form her skeleton are thinner; many have oval holes cut in them where the absence of stress will permit this saving of weight. Her catwalk and upper decks are made of light, stainless metal alloys, as are the shields over her boilers which are so well ventilated that they are cool to the touch when going full blast. Yet, despite this husbanding of excess weight of metal, she can endure the most violent punishment from sea and weather. A similar vessel in a North Atlantic hurricane was blown bodily off the crest of a huge wave and dropped forty feet to the trough. But she weathered the storm and made port.

The *Terrier's* two hundred and fifty men sleep in tiers of metal bunks suspended from the ceiling, in hammocks or on the decks. Each man's entire belongings must be kept in a small locker about twice the size of a bread box. Forward, two officers sleep in rooms intended for one. Her pale green wardroom is about the size of a nine-dollar room in a New York midtown hotel.

She makes no pretense of being a comfortable ship. Her linoleum and cork wall-insulation have been ripped out as a fire prevention measure because, while linoleum doesn't flame, it does give off a dense and acrid smoke when lying against hot steel. Even the captain has no door on his cabin, only a fireproof curtain. The *Terrier's* only doors are aluminum—quick-closing. Simply slam the door and spin the wheel in its center, and a watertight compartment has been formed.

If a torpedo strikes her in one of her fire and engine rooms and does not blow her up, she can limp along on the power generated in the other. For each of her two propellers is served by a different set of boilers and turbines housed in a watertight entity.

Much of the rest of her below decks area is taken up by magazines and ammunition handling rooms. On deck she has four double-purpose five-inch guns, good against surface craft or planes. There are also twenty and forty-millimeter anti-aircraft guns and five tubes loaded with twenty-one-inch torpedoes. There are chemical tanks to lay smokescreens. There are Y-guns on either side and slanting racks on her stern for dropping depth charges. That is her armament—enough, if well and fortunately launched, to sink any ship afloat. For her five torpedoes following one upon the other could break the back of any battleship.

Incidentally, every Y-gun is loaded with uncapped depth charges, *not* set on "safe." To explode, they have only to reach their proper depth. If the enemy can get a torpedo into the *Terrier*, the enemy will get the full explosive benefit of these depth charges as the *Terrier* sinks. True, it is less safe for the *Terrier's* crew, but it is much less safe for the subs.

Only a few seconds would be required to set the depth charges from "safe" to "cocked," once an attack started—*if* there were a clear-headed, unruffled man standing in the right spot coolly concentrating on this one task. But, in battle, setting the charge from *safe* to the proper exploding depth might take fifteen seconds, when ten seconds was, for all practical purposes, the rough equivalent of forever.

There are more than a hundred other destroyers of the *Terrier's* class. But her identity is distinct. The principal ingredients of this separate identity are her people and the jobs she has done. During the North African invasion, in the pre-dawn blackness off Safi, it was not some other destroyer of her class between whose funnels the enemy's shells were whining. It was solely and specifically the *Terrier*, and it was her guns that returned the fire.

This was her first trip out of home waters. In July of 1940 she was authorized by Congress. Her keel was laid in November, '41. She was launched the following May and commissioned in June. After an extremely brief shakedown, she set out to invade Africa.

Her skipper, David Willingham, was still something of a stranger to the men. They knew he was an Annapolis man and that he handled his ship with deftness and decision.

When, early in the morning of November 7th, the French land batteries began shelling our troops in their landing boats, Captain

"Gee, whoever thought I'd be going to Paris —the Riviera—!"

Willingham maneuvered his ship among them, trained his guns on the in-shore flashes, and let go with everything he had.

It is one of the peculiarities of a night engagement that each tracer shell looks as if it must certainly strike not only your ship but your own person. Yet the *Terrier's* people were steady at their posts, even though they knew that any of these enemy shells could pass entirely through their ship at any point, exploding, and killing everything in its path.

Inside the ship all lights were shut off except those on the battle circuit: dim blue lights barely strong enough for the men to work by, and dim enough not to show through the shell holes, now thought to be imminent in the *Terrier's* hull.

When the fire of the *Terrier*, plus that of larger vessels standing farther out to sea, silenced the French guns, the battle was, at least for the time being, over. The unscathed *Terrier* stood back to sea. Her people talked about how scared they'd been, what fun it was, and privately enjoyed the astonishing fact that they were heroes.

Since the affair at Safi, the *Terrier* has been almost continually at sea, refueling en route from Navy tankers. Seventy-five heave-hoing seamen, hauling on a messenger line, drag a hose aboard. Oil, under high pressure, passes from ship to ship, and forty-five minutes later the operation is completed. It has to be done quickly, for the two ships, tied together and steaming along, can neither maneuver nor fight if a sub attacks.

The constant threat of enemy torpedoes has long since been assimilated by the crew, which now considers it one of the normal conditions of life at sea. But the weather always holds a whip over the *Terrier*, particularly in winter.

In the most placid harbor a small motorboat can pass near the *Terrier's* anchorage and set her rocking. In slightly choppy weather at sea, she rolls and pitches with violence—and her main decks are usually awash. In a storm she goes berserk. Her bow goes over one sea and through the next. She lunges and pitches with all sorts of eccentric jerks, twists and delayed-action snap rolls.

For this reason each of her lockers and drawers has automatic locks, so that this lunging will not set them flopping and banging. The pyrex pitchers on her coffee tables are secured to the bulkhead with clamps. Pots and pans in the galley have waterproof lids screwed down. Even the towel racks have teeth across the top. In fairly bad weather it is necessary to set up steel stanchions beside each man's place at the table. Only by swinging onto these can the men avoid being hurled out of their lashed-down chairs and benches. As an added safeguard, knife, fork or spoon, while not in use, must be pocketed.

At these times any task, even desk work, becomes triply exhausting. Great expense of energy is required simply to remain in one place when it seems the determined intention of the ship to throw every object aboard her her entire width on each roll. Frequently it is impossible to sleep. Temporary braces keep the men from being thrown out of their bunks. But the wallowing turns and rolls a man continuously. When daylight finally comes, the men can't go outside, since her decks, perhaps even her catwalk, are awash from stem to stern. There may be three or four such days of being shut inside and continually pounded by the sea.

Yet if on the fifth day they wake to find the sun shining, the seas smooth and the *Terrier* skimming through them like a happy little trout, she seems to be the finest and in all ways the most satisfactory ship afloat. Her people gobble their breakfasts and swarm out on her decks. Singing and humming are general. Some of those off duty hammer away at the punching bag, which is now strung up to the home-made rack on the after part of the main deck. Classes in physical training and self defense are held on deck. Some, shirtless, bathe their tattoos in the sun's warm rays. Still others break out colorful linen lines, bring them on deck, and braid them into fancy belts for their sweethearts.

Most of her people are young. The only officer nearing forty, besides the skipper, is her executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Frakes. He is responsible for every detail of the *Terrier's* administration.

Most of the *Terrier's* officers are in their twenties. The principal post-war ambition of single men is to cruise for a year or so in the Caribbean in sailing vessels. Some plan their civilian lives ashore. Others plan to become officers in the American Merchant Marine. They believe the Government will continue to maintain a large fleet of merchant

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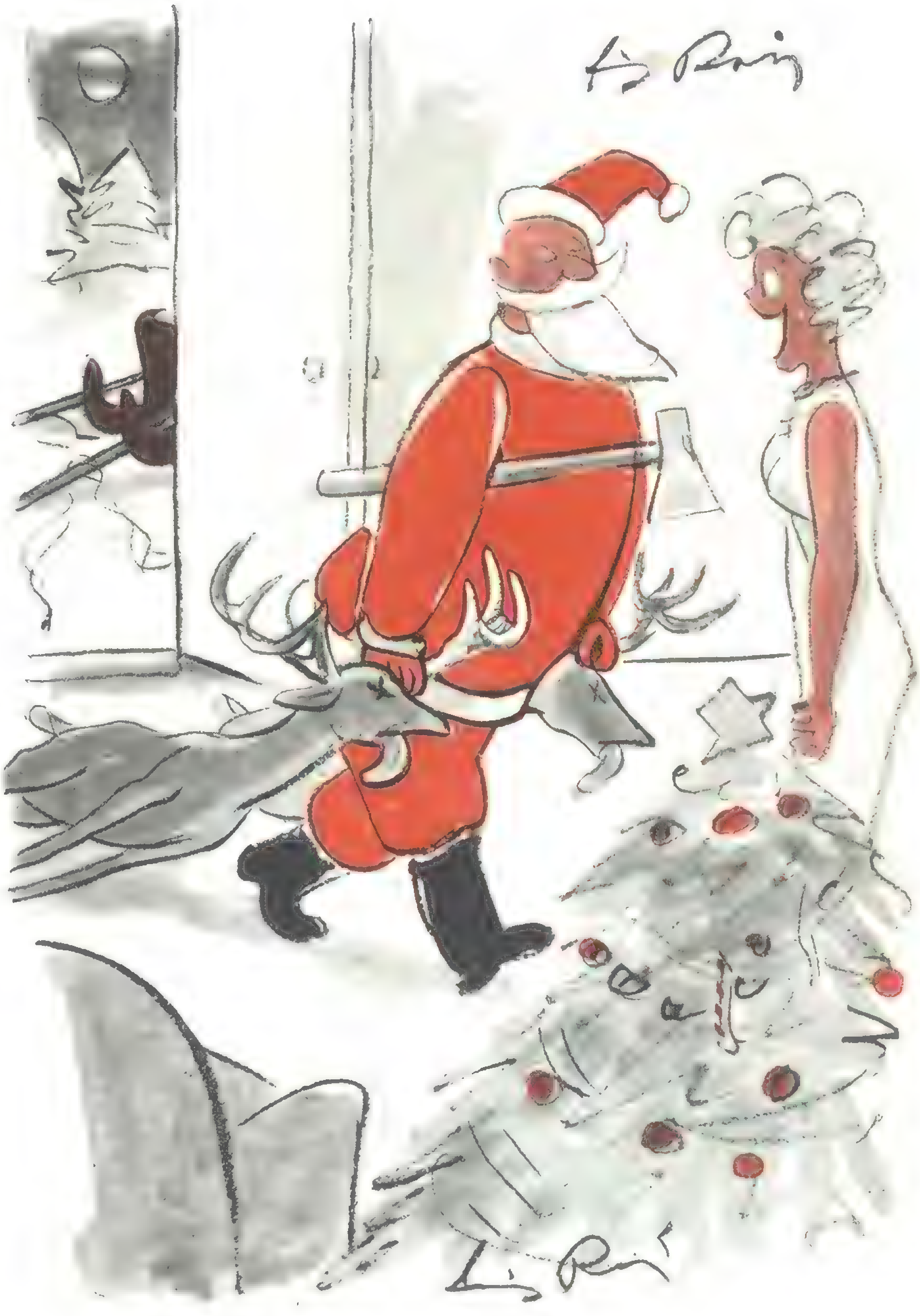

"Why, Santa—you old darling!"

Lesson in Deportment

Obviously there must be some excellent reason why such a man as Private Duffy joined up for the Spanish-American War

by **PETER B. KYNE**

• FICTION •

When the Spanish army surrendered, my regiment captured a one regiment Spanish army post in Malate, suburb of Manila. Each building had room for two companies, divided by a six-foot latticed fence that ran down the middle.

Presently I discovered that in "J" Company the man whose cot abutted against the latticed fence opposite mine was the champion snorer of the world, so I used to push my shelter-tent stick through the lattice and poke him on the crown of his head.

One afternoon while I was taking a nap this jabbee jabbed me on top of my head and when I awakened with a demand to know why the devil he had done that, he replied that I was snoring. I was looking at a ruddy, good-looking face with the merriest blue-black eyes I have ever seen. His black hair was scant at the temples, slightly curly and turning gray, and it seemed to me he must be not less than fifty years old.

In those days we had dozens of old non-coms over forty. The first sergeant of "A" Company was a Civil War veteran, a snowy-crested grandfather of sixty-three. I, myself, was seventeen years old going on eighteen, having sworn when I enlisted that I was twenty-one. Now, noting the age of my neighbor, I looked for chevrons but found none, so I decided he was an elderly twenty-seven-day soldier—i.e., a good soldier until payday, after which he spent three days in the mill sobering up.

This antique smiled and said: "What's your name, Sonny?" I told him, and he introduced himself as Hugh Duffy and invited me to go over to the canteen with him for a pint of beer at his expense.

I was not long discovering that Hugh Duffy was a very nice old man, the soul of kindness and thoughtfulness and generosity. Also that he was, like myself, a war soldier, in, as he expressed it in his Irish brogue "f'r the hell av it." He developed a fondness for me. In the Army young men do not make bunkies of old men, nor can most old men accept kids as pals, but I have always preferred the society of men much older than myself. Frequently on Sundays he would take me to an eight-course dinner at the Hotel de España. He evidently was not dependent on the fifteen dollars and sixty cents a month a private received on foreign service in those days.

One day when I was on duty as orderly the colonel called me and picked up a cabinet size photograph from his desk. He said: "Do you know that man?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied. "Private Hugh Duffy of 'J' Company. He's in civilian clothes and I imagine that photograph was taken about ten years ago. He's practically my bunkie."

"My information is that he's old enough to be your grandfather."

"Well, I think he's past fifty, Sir."

"Do you like this Hugh Duffy?" the colonel continued.

"Yes, Sir, very much, although he preaches a lot to me."

"Is he a good man? I mean, a virtuous man?"

"Yes, Sir, very. He never drinks hard liquor. He goes to church every Sunday and never swears or tells dirty stories."

"Son," said the colonel, "you go over to 'J' Company and tell this Hugh Duffy to report to me."

So I presented Hugh before the colonel and then retired to the bench outside.

"Private Duffy," the colonel began, "is it not a fact that your name is James Patrick Scanlon, fifty-five years old and not forty-five, the age given when you enlisted? And although your descriptive list informs me you are not a married man, I have here a letter from a Mrs. Sabina Scanlon who claims she is your wife."

"All that is very true, Sor," said Hugh Duffy.

"Mrs. Sabina Scanlon writes that you have deserted her and six children and left her without funds."

"It is true that I deserted my wife, but it is not true that I left her without funds, Sor. As for the children, me eldest boy is thirrty an' me youngest girrl made me a grandfather ag'in last January."

The colonel said he'd be damned, and then asked Hugh if the latter minded confiding his reason for deserting his family. Hugh replied that he had wanted to run away twenty years before but on account of the children and their education and all, he had decided to stick and take it standing up. It seems he had been an excavation contractor. For the first few years of his married life he had humored his wife's extravagances until she mortified him by getting stuck up and snubbing their less fortunate friends. Whereupon Hugh had placed her on a reasonable allowance and thereafter had concealed the extent of his profits, otherwise he would always have been in debt. From that time forward she had picked on him unmercifully.

I heard the colonel grunt, "How did she handle the children?"

"She sp'iled them, Sor. When I tried to have some discipline she told the children to pay no attention to me, that I was a fool who worked wit' his hands, the same as his men, like any clod-hopping Irish peasant, an' how she thanked God none of the children took after me. She'd tell them I was too stingy to give my wife and children the decent things of life. Which was not so. My eldest boy is a doctor, the second an engineer, an' the four girrls are all married."

Again the colonel grunted and again Hugh hit the sawdust trail. He said he had been born with a flair for investment in real estate; San Francisco was growing. Hugh's contracting business was expanding and presently he had added building to his activities. His bookkeeper was a young woman of great ability, loyalty and good looks, and Mrs. Scanlon had developed a tremendous hatred for this competent employee and used to come to the office and raise scenes.

The colonel had been listening sympathetically and asking questions. "Did you fire the girl?"

"I did not, Sor. I raised her salary."

"There should be some sort of decoration for fellows like you, Private Duffy. In your place I should have divorced my wife and married the bookkeeper."

"I was plannin' to, but the war come along an' I could not afford the time to argue the p'int. I settled two hundred dollars a month on my wife for life an' give her a deed to our home. Then I told her I'd sold out the business an' would be off, like Paddy Ford's goat, on me own hook."

"I trust, Private Duffy, you did not lie to her when you told her you had sold out your business."

"Divil a lie. I sold it to a corporation I formed for all the stock in the company, elected that fine girrl president, made me ould foreman gineral manager, went down

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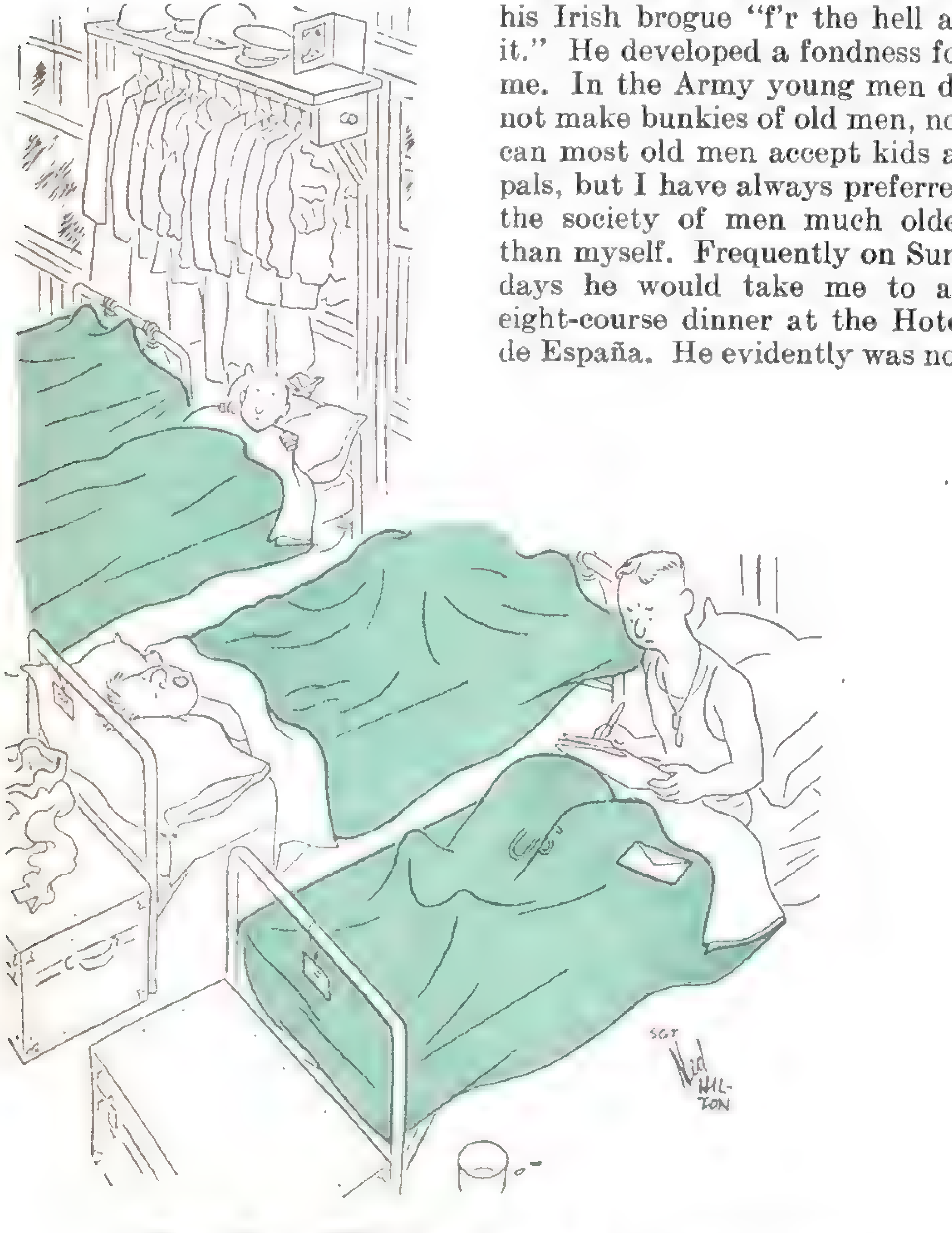
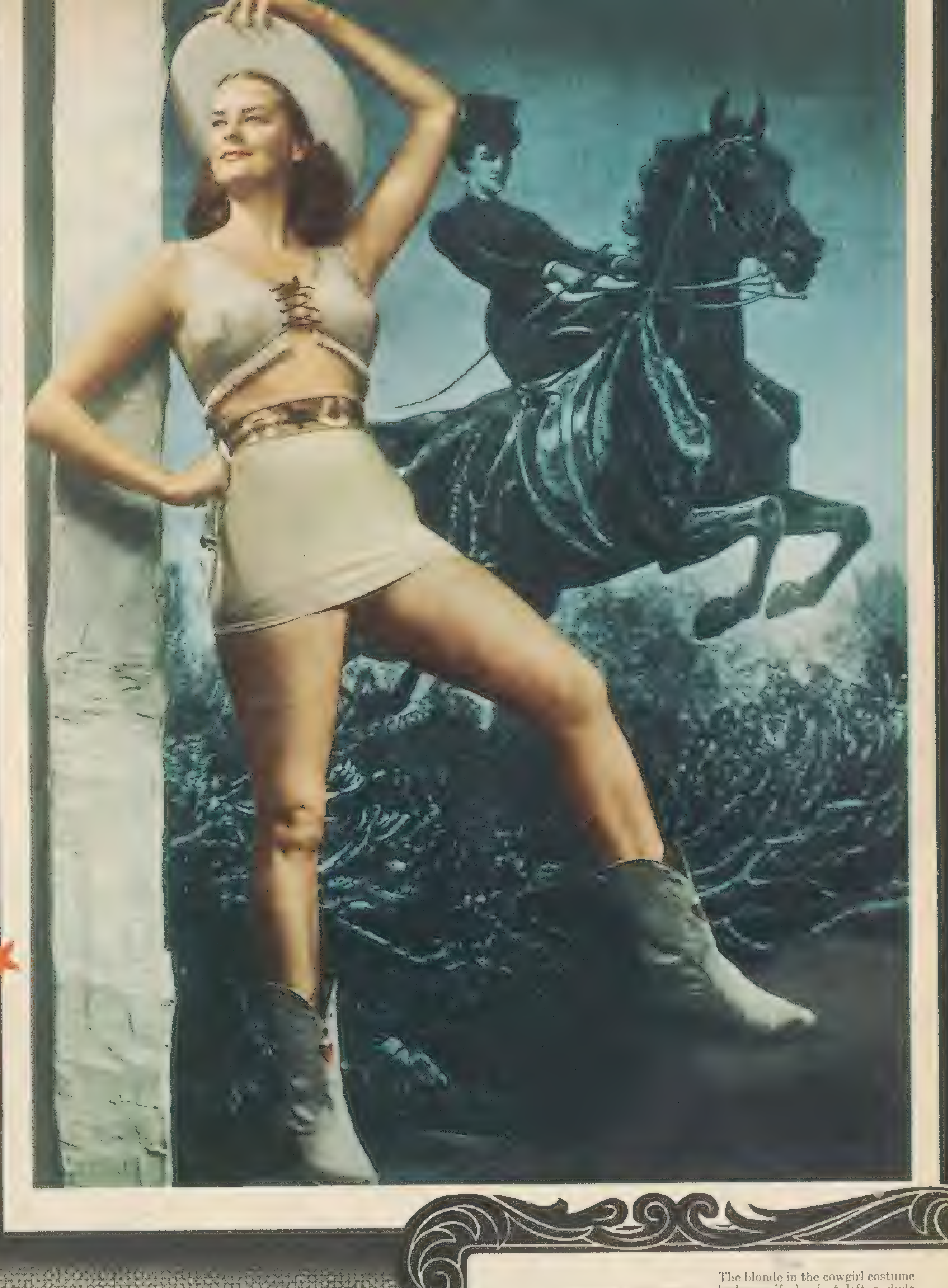


"Dear Mrs. O'Reilly—how do you make your husband stop snoring?"

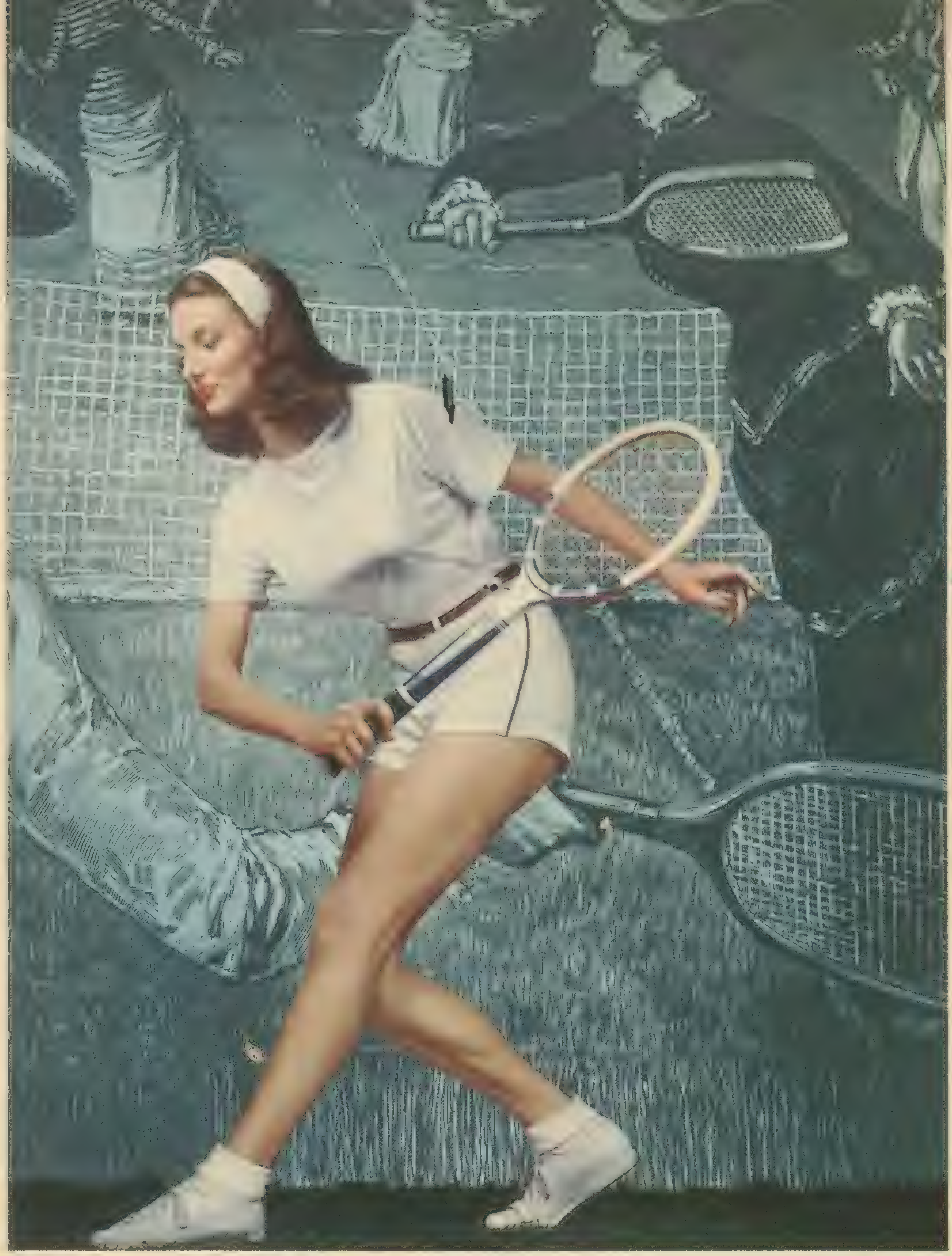
Esquire salutes the
Holiday Season
with a Broadside of
Good Sports

A SENTIMENTAL PORTFOLIO DESIGNED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY Anton Bruehl



PORTRAIT OF A COWGIRL

The blonde in the cowgirl costume looks as if she just left a dude ranch. Or, on second thought, maybe she's waiting for the dude ranch to come to her. The name is June Cox, she has been a model since she was 5, and she really believes in freedom of movement.

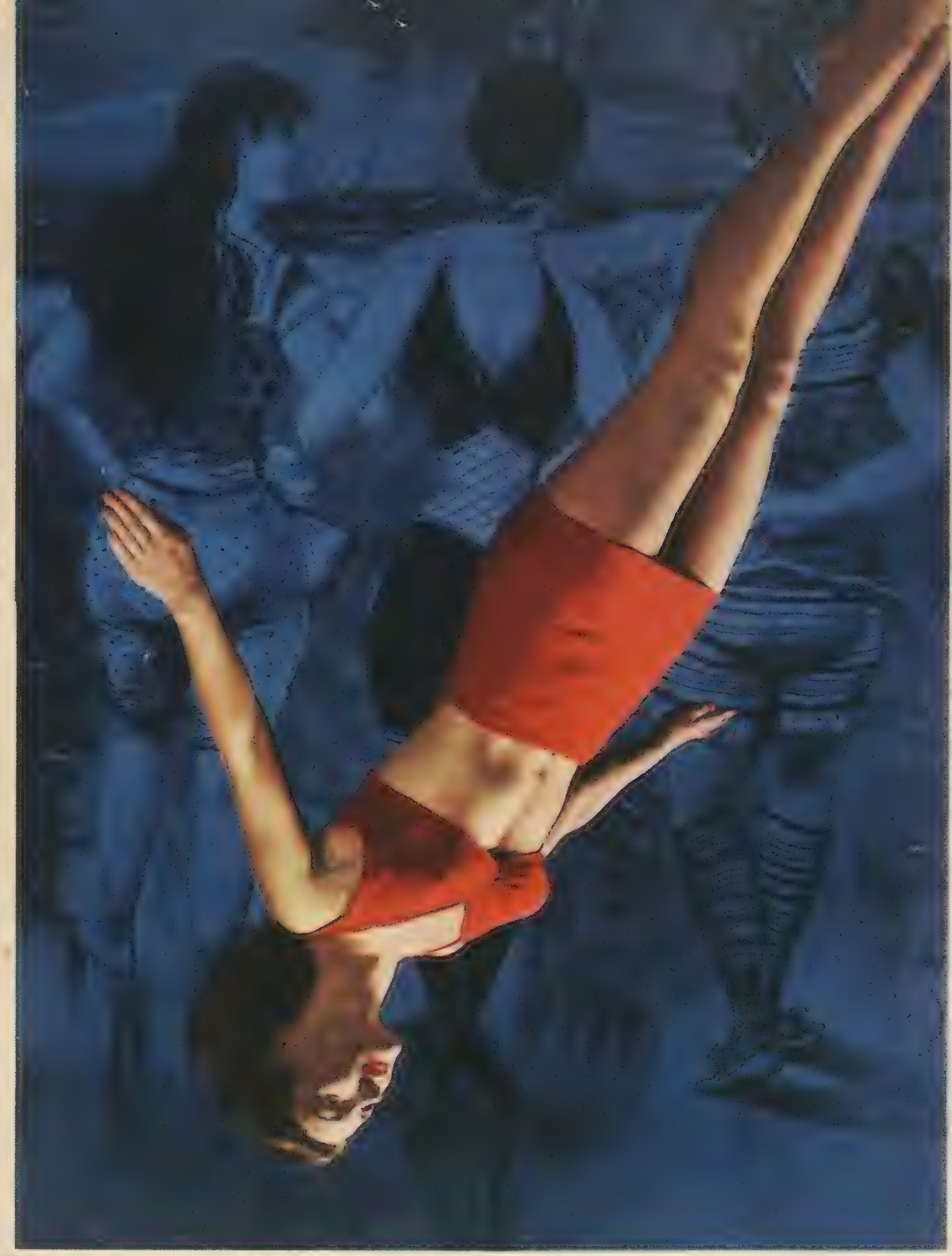


Now that we all know one another, let's have the name, please. Laurie Douglas. Thanks, Laurie. You swing a mean racket, and if anyone thinks the expression is a trifle too far-away for a red-hot tennis champ—well, now, he is a quite a stickler. Just ignore him, Laurie.

LADY INTO A CHAMP AND BACK AGAIN

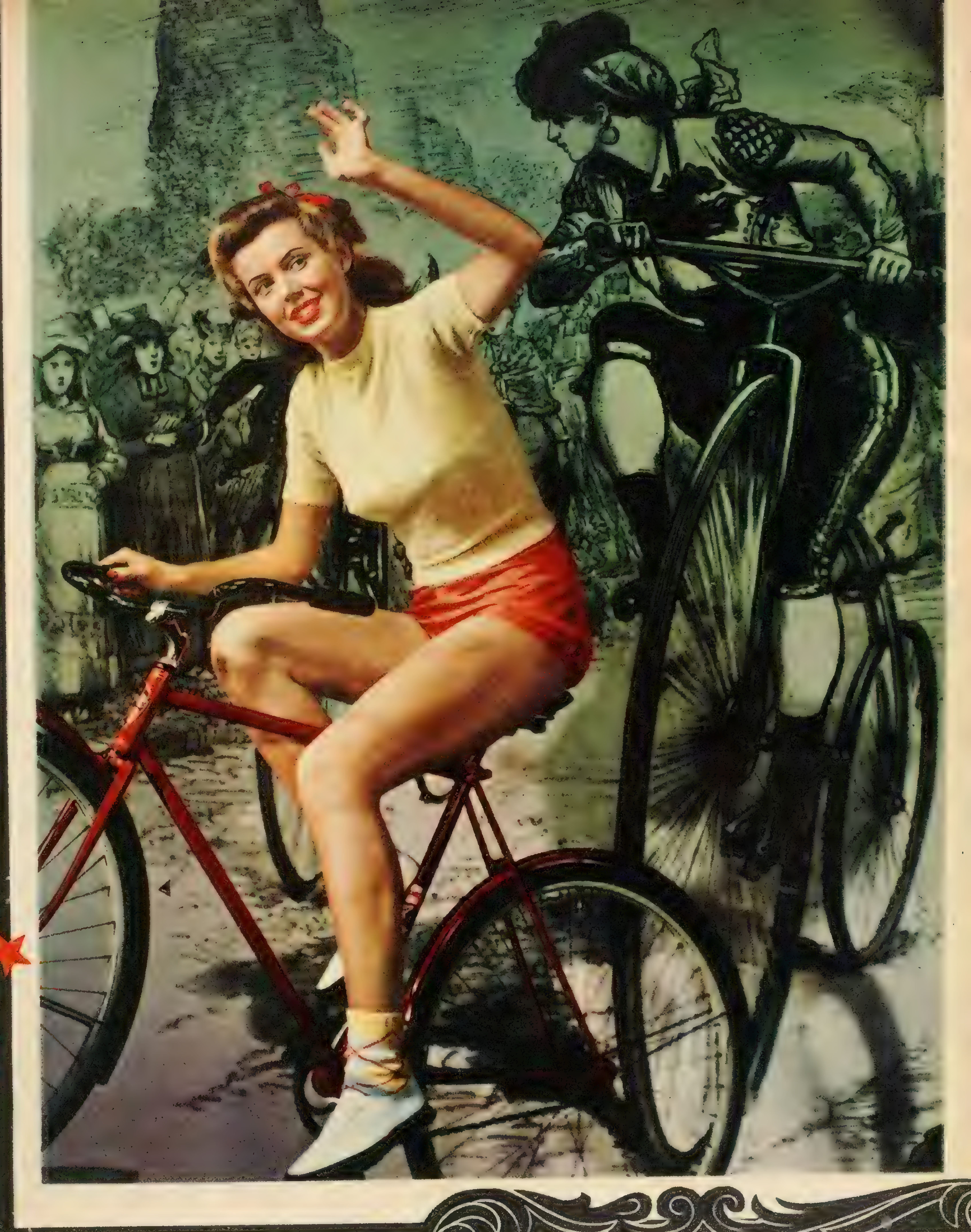
THE SWEATER GIRL'S REVENGE: ON ICE

The name is not Dawn Anything, in spite of the title. The name is Judy O'Brien. Judy left Hollywood for New York and a career in the theatre—but now and again she likes to stop and pause—on ice. All of you will agree that this pause is mighty re . . . . umm!



GRADY, THE BEAUTIFUL SWAN DIVER

Beauteous Blanche Grady is the goddess taking the fancy dive just to give you a simple holiday thrill. Blanche used to be a toe-dancer but she was never so light on her feet as here. The décor is obligingly furnished by three week-enders of another era



A PHOTO FINISH,

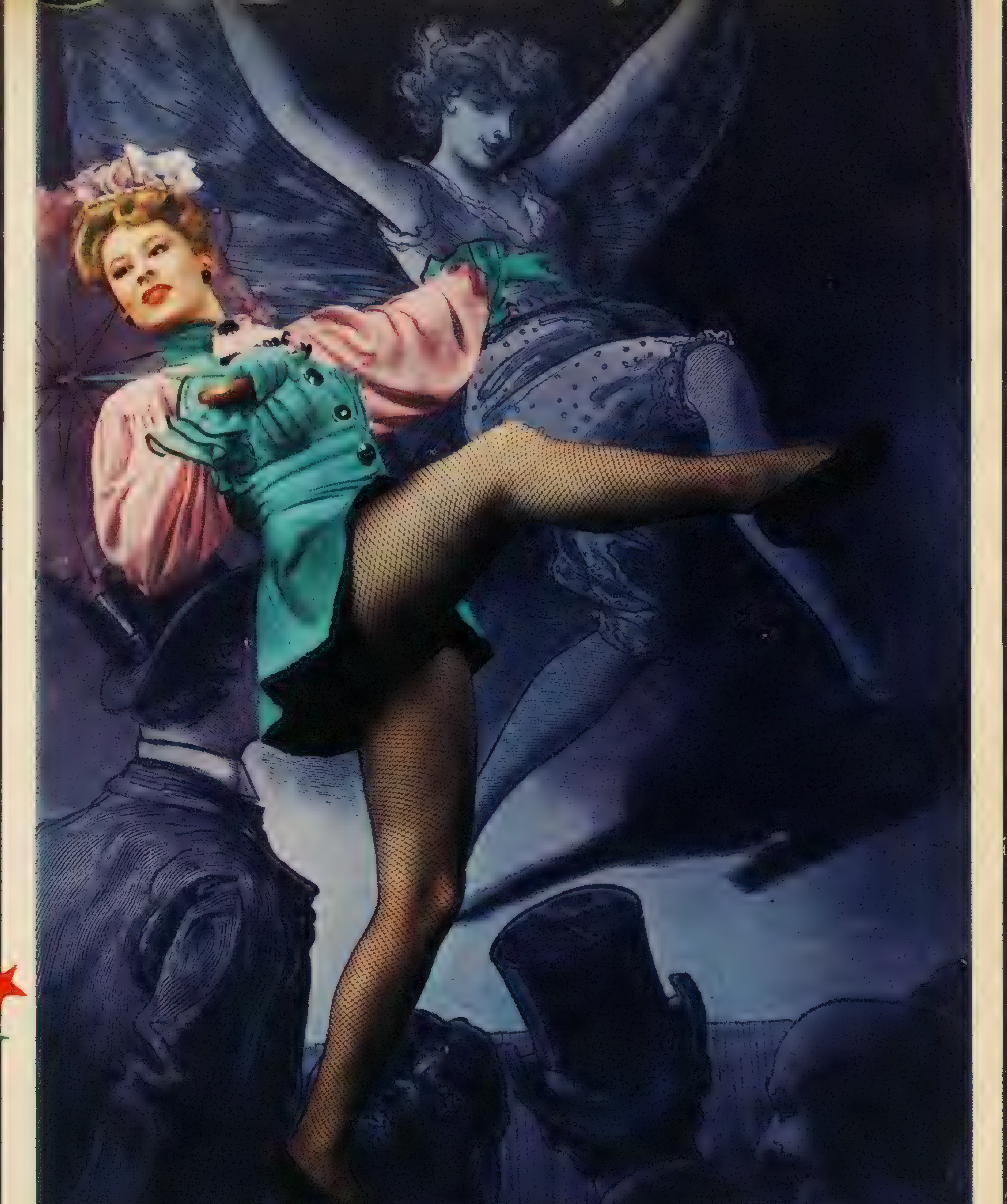
NO LESS

You can all join in the chorus about the girl looking very sweet—with or without your eggnogs. Jo Hildebrandt is the name of the bicycler. Once voted "most beautiful blonde," Jo still manages to keep her balance. But the girl just behind means business. Hurry, Jo!

They tell us that farmers are scarce these days, but Gail Banner wanted to find out for herself. Having wonderful time, no doubt. Under these circumstances, if the farmers don't return to the farm right soon, they must have a very, very good reason for being away

EVERY FARM SHOULD

HAVE ONE



A KICK IN TIME

What's a show without a chorus? And, boys, this time it's straight off the assembly line. She's a Rockette, name of Helene Vinson, and during her four years at the Music Hall she's been everything from an Easter egg to a wooden soldier. But this time she's a she.

Jack Benny Over Berlin

No request from a homesick soldier is too much trouble, for G. I. Radio is just what our fighting men order

by **JOHN REDDY**

• ARTICLE •

THE target was Germany but the crew of the American Flying Fortress was thinking about home. Bill, the tail gunner from Spokane, Washington, was thinking about a Saturday night dance out at the lake. Mike, the bombardier, was thinking of his girl back in Brooklyn. "Blondie," the co-pilot, was thinking that the old Flying Fort used more gas on one of these missions than he used to sell on a good day back home in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. It's funny how men think of home in the face of danger. And these men had a constant reminder of danger in the earphones clamped to their heads connecting them all with the plane's radio system and tying them into a co-ordinated fighting team. Suddenly, though, the whole crew broke into grins. Someone had flipped the radio control from the "intercom" to shortwave. So instead of hearing the urgent "Focke-Wulf at nine o'clock," or any other message of impending danger, the crew heard on their earphones:

"Charlie, you've certainly got a way with dogs."

"Well, Mr. Bergen, I got away with this one."

"How did he happen to follow you home, Charlie?"

"Through a long chain of circumstances and a few links of wienies. It was a case of dog eat dog."

As they carried out their dangerous bombing mission, the crew of the big B-17 was listening to *Command Performance*, one of the more than fifty radio programs which the Army broadcasts each week to our fighting men in every corner of the globe. Because it can be carried by air waves with the speed of light to Guadalcanal, Iceland or Algiers, the Army has found that radio is the one instrument by which virtually every soldier, sailor or marine can be brought a breath of home. Hence, the Army's program of entertainment by air is as carefully planned and executed as its program of destruction by air.

The Army produces twenty-two of its own radio programs each week and makes recordings of twenty-five of the top commercial radio programs such as Jack Benny, *Lux Radio Theater*, and Fred Waring. These are broadcast over an ever growing Army network which is already the largest broadcasting system in the world. The far-flung super-network embraces eleven short-wave stations; one hundred thirty-eight standard-wave stations on United Nations' soil and in the theaters of action, and thirty-seven U. S. Expeditionary Force stations. In addition to the broadcasts, the Army makes 5,000 twelve-inch pressings of each program to be included in portable play-back kits that accompany all troops that go overseas. These machines, known as "B Kits," include a radio which receives both short and long wave broadcasts and a play-back machine on which the transcriptions can be played if radio reception is bad or impossible due to atmospheric conditions or any other reason.

One of these B Kits goes to each unit of two hundred or so. The latest transcriptions reach them no matter where they may be, and in remote areas like tiny Canton Island in mid-Pacific they are dropped by parachute from Ferry Command planes on which they have top priority. Thus, to thousands of troops in remote corners of the earth, it is not only their sole contact with the world of home but an instrument which brings them entertainment even finer than that heard by their families at home.

Producing these programs is the job of an outfit in Hollywood known as the Radio Section, Special Service Division, War Department. Headquarters are in the once gauche administration building of the old Fox studios, now transformed into a giant radio station with military trimmings. The fifty-odd officers and men stationed there are all former top radio actors, writers, producers and technicians. They do drill, fatigue and guard duty and in every way are regular soldiers except that their present assignment is entertaining our own troops instead of fighting the enemy. However, they may see action also because some of the men are being trained to set up radio stations in the theaters of action and several are already in North Africa and on other fighting fronts. One of movieland's strangest sights is to see the little band of khaki-clad soldiers drilling in the studio courtyard where Wallace Reid, Barbara La Marr and many another star of silent screen days once trod.

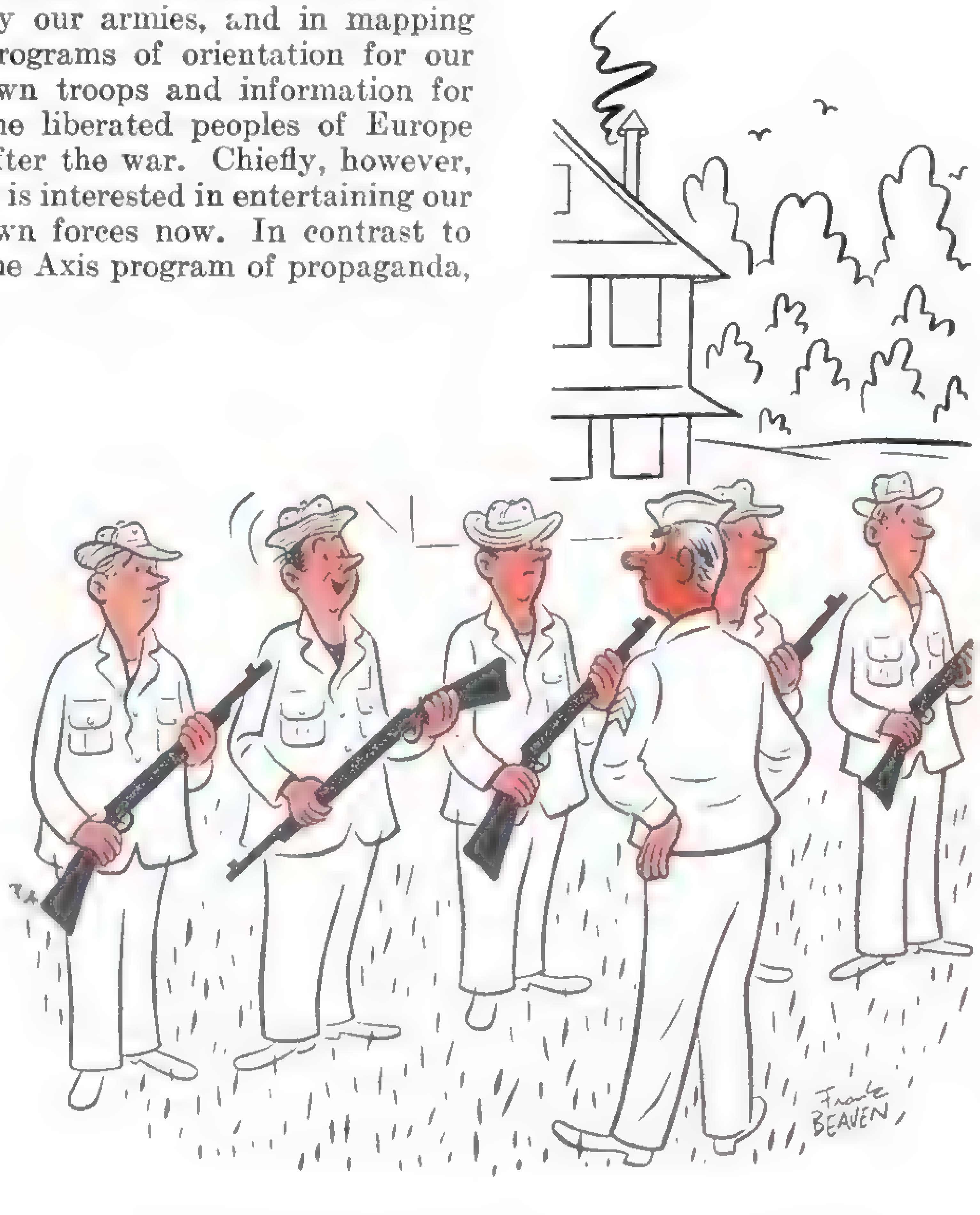
Head of the radio section is Lt. Col. T. H. A. Lewis, who left his job as vice-president and manager of radio for Young and Rubicam to organize the section. Maj. Mann Holiner, former radio chief of Benton and Bowles agency and producer of the Maxwell House show, is program director. Capt. Austin Peterson was an agency script writer before he became script editor for the unit. Music director is Capt. Meredith Willson, popular composer and conductor, who wrote *You and I* and many another hit. However, no glamor, no plaudits, no bright lights mark the Army's radio setup. The work of turning out radio entertainment for Uncle Sam is about as tough and anonymous as K. P. duty. The Army simply has added military precision to the already exacting methods of commercial radio. That half hour of enjoyment brought to a Yankee soldier guarding an oil well at Aruba, Dutch Guiana, requires hours of the most detailed writing, casting, music, production, engineering, transcribing and shipping before it hits the air waves. Besides entertaining the Armed Forces, the radio section is busy training crews to man stations in the field or in countries conquered by our armies, and in mapping programs of orientation for our own troops and information for the liberated peoples of Europe after the war. Chiefly, however, it is interested in entertaining our own forces now. In contrast to the Axis program of propaganda, the American Army aims simply to entertain.

Col. Lewis puts it this way: "When a soldier gets a G. I. haircut or a G. I. pair of shoes he takes it and likes it. But when a buck private gets G. I. radio he gets what he asked for even if it's the Boston Symphony playing *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar*."

A captain may spend an entire day lining up the request of a corporal in India, and no request is too far-fetched. The radio branch has brought homesick soldiers such poignant reminders of home as the sizzle of a sirloin steak frying, the rumble of the Elevated, the lonely call of a foghorn, the clatter of a jackpot spilling from a slot machine, the tinkle of ice and splash of seltzer in a glass and the cry of a new-born baby. All this the Army does because it figures that a cheerful soldier is a better fighting man than a soldier with propaganda running from his ears.

In the first stunned days after

Continued on page 245



"But, Sergeant, we can't all be perfect"

A Sense of Direction

It was an old joke among the tank crew that Kerry, now in command, didn't know the way home, and the dunes were made for ambuscade

by **RICHARD SALE**

• FICTION •

Legend has it that all sergeants are old, immortal, and profane. Kerry McAdams was none of these. His age was tender, his immortality was assumed, and his profanity could not compete with that of the other members of the crew of the General Sherman thirty-two-ton tank. Particularly Harrigan, the driver. Harrigan had been a newspaperman before he began to steer an M4 over Hellangone, so, of course, he had a head start.

At the age of twenty-two, on this particular violent morning, Sergeant Kerry McAdams was hot and worried. It was a lonesome country and to a guy like himself who had been born and bred among the green hills of Connecticut, it was a repugnant place—an eternity of heat, a monotony of sand, and a fecundity of sudden death.

He sagged wearily upright in the opened turret of the rumbling tank as it moved steadily across the arabesqued sands in search of the enemy. The sweat from his body had stained his clothes solidly, and he was not happy. For one thing, that which he had most feared had come upon him. For another, that which the crew had feared even more had come upon them. He was in command. Sergeant Kerry McAdams who didn't know North from the Tropic of Cancer. He to whom direction, so the stories said, was one of the major mysteries of life.

Only that dawn, when zero hour sent the armor advancing against the Germans, Lieutenant Gaines had remarked, "If anything happens to me, McAdams, I feel sorry for the rest of the crew. You'll probably wind them up either in the Red Sea or the Atlantic Ocean."

"Have a heart, Sir," Kerry replied. "Don't go believing that stuff about me always getting lost. That's just malicious gossip. I got a sense of direction a gyroscope'd love to own."

Now, four hours later, Lieutenant Gaines lay dead where they had left him, on the sands, with three machine-gun bullets in his head, sprayed at him by a Messy 109 which had caught him napping with the hatch open during the advance. That which he had prophesied was being fulfilled. Kerry had been in command only ten minutes when he broke his wrist compass. The Hull compass by the driver had shattered a few minutes later when an 88mm. shell rocked them. Swede Jensen, the gunner, had dropped and broken his compass, while passing it to Kerry. So the *Annie Oakley*, though still sound and fighting fit had only the sun to navigate by, on the endless desert. Nobody could break the sun, although Harrigan had some doubts that Kerry would fix that great star sooner or later.

"Hey, Sarge," Harrigan called up from the driver's seat via the interphone, "were you lost at El Alamein, too?"

"Listen, dogface," Kerry replied, "I've never been lost. That gag is getting stale. It's a dirty trick, blackening a guy's rep with stuff like that, about him always getting lost. You babies don't know what fighting is. El Alamein was a tough show—much tougher than this one. At El Alamein, the Jerries didn't retreat like they are now. They stood, and you had to kill 'em. Besides, we were using General Grants and they had rivets. Rivets are hell."

"Hey, Sarge," Radioman Harris called in from below, "that's what I never figured. All the time you vets who did a stint with the British at Alamein are wailing about rivets in the old M3. What was so bad about rivets?"

"When you got hit with HE in an M3," Kerry replied, "the blast knocked those rivets loose and they bounced around inside the blitz can like bullets. For the hell of it, we once painted the guts of a Grant white, and then fired a rifle bullet in the top hatch and slammed it shut. That bullet went round and round for a long time before it stopped pinging. You know how many black marks it made on the paint?"

"How many?" Harris said.

"Two hundred and fifty-two. Now, if all you guys had been in the tank, and a blast knocked rivets loose and started them hopping inside like that slug, how many survivors do you think there would be?"

Talking would have been nearly impossible without the interphone, for they would have had to shout above the roar of the thunderous engine astern, which rolled their bogie wheels. As it was, communication was elegant, for each had his own headphones plugged into the system, and each had his own throat microphones. The setup was rigged so that when the commander wanted to transmit back to base, he would call Radio and ask to transmit. Radio would switch the transmitter on, and all you had to do was talk, and you were transmitting. With the transmitter off, you were just chewing the rag again with your guys.

"Harrigan, throw out your clutch," Kerry said suddenly.

The *Annie Oakley* rumbled to a halt, spilling sand from her rubber treads. Ahead, a sloping dune rose, cutting off any vision of the land beyond. Such slopes were marvelous for ambuscades, and many a baby had had her belly hit with high explosive from poking up over a slope like that.

But what interested Kerry was the Stuka. The old black dive bomber with the maltese crosses on its wings was giving the business to a target on the other side of the dune. Obviously, the Stuka had no bomb load left for it was in a perfect position to lay an egg. But instead it dove, strafing with its machine guns, and after its dive, the rear gunner would open up. Kerry could see the tracer arcing down.

"On your toes," he said. "Trouble ahead."

"Boy," Jensen said, "I'd sure like to lay one from the big squirter on him."

"You don't hunt ducks with a rifle," Kerry said. "Look, Harrigan, ahead slow. Poke up that dune so I can take a look over the crest. It's a cinch if the Stuka don't like the other side, we ought to."

"Okay," Harrigan said. "Here we go."

The General Sherman moved forward, sand spilling heavily from

"The chief said for you to cook one that wouldn't spoil the act"

her treads as they moved on the track. Kerry kept a wary eye on the Stuka, which had now caught sight of them. As the tank rumbled up the dune the Stuka peeled and gave them a shower. Kerry saw the tracer coming his way. He ducked down, slamming the hatch shut, and the next moment, [illegible] off the turret.

"Harris!" Kerry shouted. "There isn't anything in the rules of war that says you can't work that Heinie over. How's about it?"

But Harris had already opened fire with the thirty caliber machine gun, getting as much elevation as he could, as the tank pointed her snout skyward up the dune. His aim was bad, but the Nazi plane sheered off eastward, climbing fast for altitude, the rear gunner wetting them down as he went.

On the other side of the dune, through the observation slits, Kerry finally saw an aeroplane. It was a B-24 Liberator and it was well ventilated from Stuka bullets, but otherwise it seemed to be all right. There were some men in the plane still, for when the Stuka roared back, they opened fire from the top turret guns.

"Harrigan," Kerry said, "ahead full speed, there's a ruptured duck down on the sands with a full crew, and the Jerry is giving them trouble!"

"Anchors away," Harrigan shouted, and gunned the tank. They cleared the crest of the dune, spouting smoke, sand and fire, and careened down at the four-engined plane like a frightened hippopotamus. Jensen, at the machine gun, roared, "Hits! I got hits!" And he told the truth, partially at least. Some one had got hits on the Stuka. She limped to the west with smoke on her tail.

Kerry eased the hatch open and came up for air. The tank closed with the Liberator. She was 8th Air Force, and she looked healthy, with the big white star on her side. They rode in close to the fuselage and stopped, both treads halting in their tracks abruptly.

Faces looked out.

Kerry waved. "Come out, come out wherever you are!"

Some one opened the door in the fuselage, and a man jumped out. He was obviously the pilot, a captain with golden wings and he looked like something out of a Caniff comic strip, tall, dark and handsome. "Mind your guns!" he told his crew sharply. Then he climbed up on the tank, wincing at the bite of the hot metal. Kerry sat on the rim of the open hatch and warily accepted the guy's hand. "Captain, Sir," Kerry began hesitantly.

"Hell with that," said Captain Sir. "My name is Wallingford and I'm in a sweet jam. We caught a bellyful of flak passing over the lines at Wadi Karara. Knocked out one engine, and played hell with the gas tank. What the sweet hell are you men doing here?"

Kerry said rather hesitantly, "We are looking for the enemy, Sir."

Wallingford said, "God bless your soul, Sergeant, but you're smack inside the enemy! Not half a mile due east there's a tank ambush of five 88's, all ready and waiting for some poor damn soul to show his armor on the ridge opposite. They've got it all ranged. You're a good four miles inside the Jerry lines. Divisional HQ can't be more than spitting distance northeast. Can't you get a radio bearing?"

"Radio ain't working so good," Kerry said.

Some one in the plane called, "Armored car approaching fast from the south, Captain!"

"Hell!" said Wallingford. "Sergeant—how much room have you got?"

"Not much," Kerry said. "How many of you?"

"Three including me. The rest are dead. Jerries'll grab the plane before we ever get help. But most important—one of my passengers. We've got to get him out of here—through the lines—at any cost. Tell you in a moment! Lieutenant Smith! General LeClerc! Into the tank!"

The plane's navigator climbed into the tank and squatted on the hot floor. Next General LeClerc climbed into the tank and hugged the supports of the driver's seat. He wore the Cross of Lorraine. Then Wallingford said, "There's the armored car. Maltese cross. Jerries didn't waste much time. Okay, Sergeant, we're in your hands. For the love of heaven get us back to the nearest advanced flying field as quickly as possible, but blow the plane first. Or second. You may want that armored car first."

"Stations!" Kerry said. "Harrigan, swing us around by the tail. Jensen, lay it on that Dusseldorf Lizzie the minute you get a bearing. Check?"

"Sure, Sarge," said Jensen, who had ice water instead of blood in his veins. "But if I gotta make the first one good, tell Harrigan to give me a standing shot."

"There you are, Swede," Harri-

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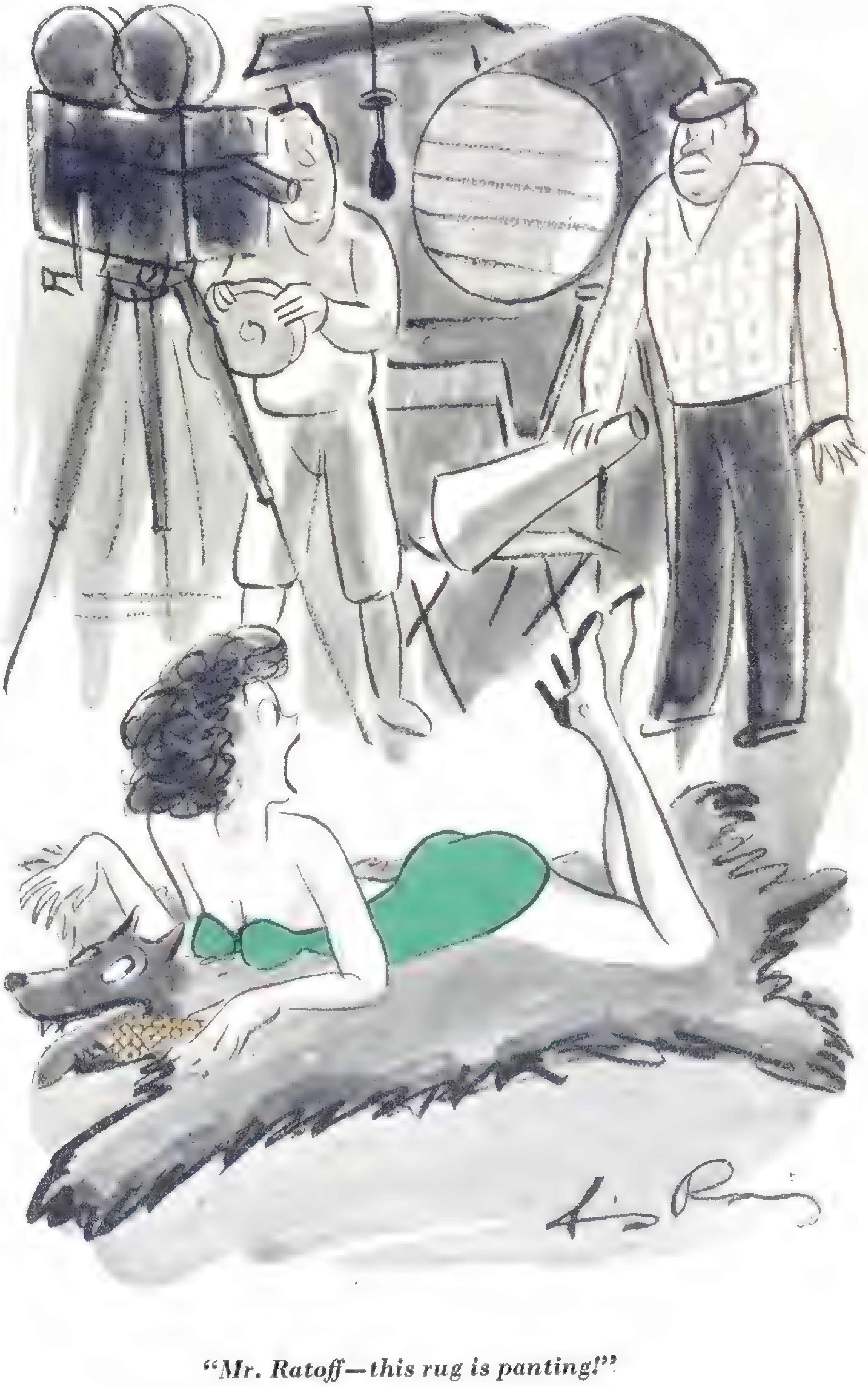

"Mr. Ratoff—this rug is panting!"

The Navy's Air Arm Gets Tough

On the theory, "the unfit fighter dies," George Halas makes tough scrappers of the bluejackets at Norman, Oklahoma

by HAL MIDDLESWORTH

• ARTICLE •

Fifteen hundred young sailors come swinging down a gravelled street of the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Norman, Oklahoma. Under their arms they carry books, notepads, and papers. One group is singing as it marches; another keeps step to a drummer's roll. The dust drifts up from their marching feet like a Frederic Remington desert scene.

They turn into a rolling expanse of some 200 acres of Oklahoma red clay, stand formation and are checked off the muster. They're in athletic trunks, bare to the waist and shod in rubber-soled sneakers.

An ensign mounts a six-foot platform, directs the mass of well-tanned youths through some warming-up calisthenics, then the whole 1,500 of them tear off to a string of soccer fields—or perhaps it is the football area, the tumbling pits or a boxing arena.

These are some of the several thousand mechanics and gunners of the Navy's air arm (including about 1,000 WAVES) who spend an hour a day every day getting toughened up for the fight ahead—getting as tough as the toughest of Uncle Sam's pilots, so that every man in a combat team can have the same fighting chance for his life.

The trainee's hour at physical training is as much a part of his life in the Navy as his classroom or laboratory work on how to fire the latest machine gun or patch up a disabled torpedo plane's motors.

Skipper of the crew which puts the sailors through a carefully-planned, rigorously-executed get-tough program is the man who made the Chicago Bears the most-feared football team of the nation, Lieutenant Commander George S. Halas, U.S.N.R.

Geared to the slogan: "It's the unfit fighter who dies," it is a sort of assembly line of body building and combat training that Commander Halas and his staff direct. There's nothing extra-curricular about it. Every student marches from classroom to the 200-acre outdoor gym every day to spend an hour "getting tough" and learning how to put up a fight.

Halas, always a natural-born organizer, disclaims any credit for the training. "This is a Navy program," Halas insists, "and it's most efficient and worth while."

One of the Navy's greatest undertakings involves just such schools as the Norman Center—the program of training Navy airplane mechanics as well as radio men, metalsmiths, and ordnancemen.

A sizable percentage of the Navy's air arm trainees are stationed at these technical training centers, where they learn to keep in operation during combat all the highly technical naval air equipment.

To these men the Navy's planes are merely their gun platforms and bomb carriers; the pilot their chauffeur and member of a fighting team. To the spirited enlisted man there are just two objects of war: to keep his fighting craft operating and armed and to keep himself fit for any kind of engagement.

Such a fighting spirit, of course, can only emanate from the top command of Naval Air Technical Training where Rear Admiral A. C. Read directs technical and physical training of the entire mass of aviation personnel.

One of the model schools of this whole command is the center at Norman, where Captain Virgil C. Griffin, U.S.N., has the bluejackets hustling on day and night shifts, getting ready to join the fleet air arm.

"My boys will be in there fighting eighteen hours a day and they must be in top physical condition to hold up under the strain," says Captain Griffin, who should know, being a seasoned pilot himself.

The lieutenants and ensigns on Halas' staff give him a lot of credit for success of their work.

"He's tremendous," they tell you when he isn't around.

The rough and tumble training carries out two Halas theories.

One is that the men who man the guns and repair the engines of Uncle Sam's fighting planes are just as entitled to a chance for their lives as the glamorized pilots.

The other proposition is that you needn't wait until a Jap sticks a bayonet into the man next to you to learn how to fight to save your own skin.

And the graduates of the Norman school are tough enough and smart enough to handle the nastiest Nips they'll encounter. The young sailors may report with flabby bodies and not much zest for rough-and-tumble, but by the time they leave, they have become hard-as-nails scrappers with a decided penchant for punching.

Each metalsmith and mechanic is in school twenty-one weeks, so he gets twenty-one weeks of toughening, divided into three phases, all designed to harden his body gradually while at the same time breaking down his inborn spirit of fair play and sportsmanship. That is one factor of American sports that has to be put aside.

The first four weeks are a muscle-hardening prelude to the next seventeen. Each student is tested for muscular development and skill in swimming (now a vital accomplishment in the Navy although it wasn't so long ago that old salts were proud of not being able to paddle a lick).

During that warm-up period, the young gob learns the intricacies of the Commando and obstacle courses, indulges in such mass exercise games as tug-of-war and relay races, and begins rope climbing.

Most of the games have a certain utility value.

You see several hundred boys dragging around large blocks.

"Get going with those dollies," shouts the instructor. Sure enough, they are shaped to simulate the dollies which convey bombs around the deck of an aircraft carrier.

The second period of eight weeks training is the real toughening time. Says Halas: "That's when we slam the boy's body down on the deck—or up against the bulkhead—and make him want to come back fighting."

There is some football—the rough-and-ready kind; a little soccer—the no-holds-barred kind; a couple of weeks of tumbling—the "take-those-falls-on-your-neck" kind; more heavy dragging and pulling games; then three solid weeks of swimming. One day each week goes for military drill, plain old marching up and down again, which the sailors still don't relish but take.

The final nine weeks are for more rock-and-sock sports, such as soccer, football, boxing, wrestling and military track; then plenty of hand-to-hand combat fighting that is rougher and tougher and dirtier than anything any Jap could figure is in store for him.

"Mass mayhem" the sailors call their hand-to-hand training. Some of the best wrestling instructors in the country teach the boys how to disable the Jap in the shortest time.

"Kill and keep from being killed," the instructors warn repeatedly as they hammer home their grappling tricks, practically every one of which ends with:

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THREE CHRISTMAS ALLEGORIES

***Designed and Painted for Esquire by* Salvador Dali**

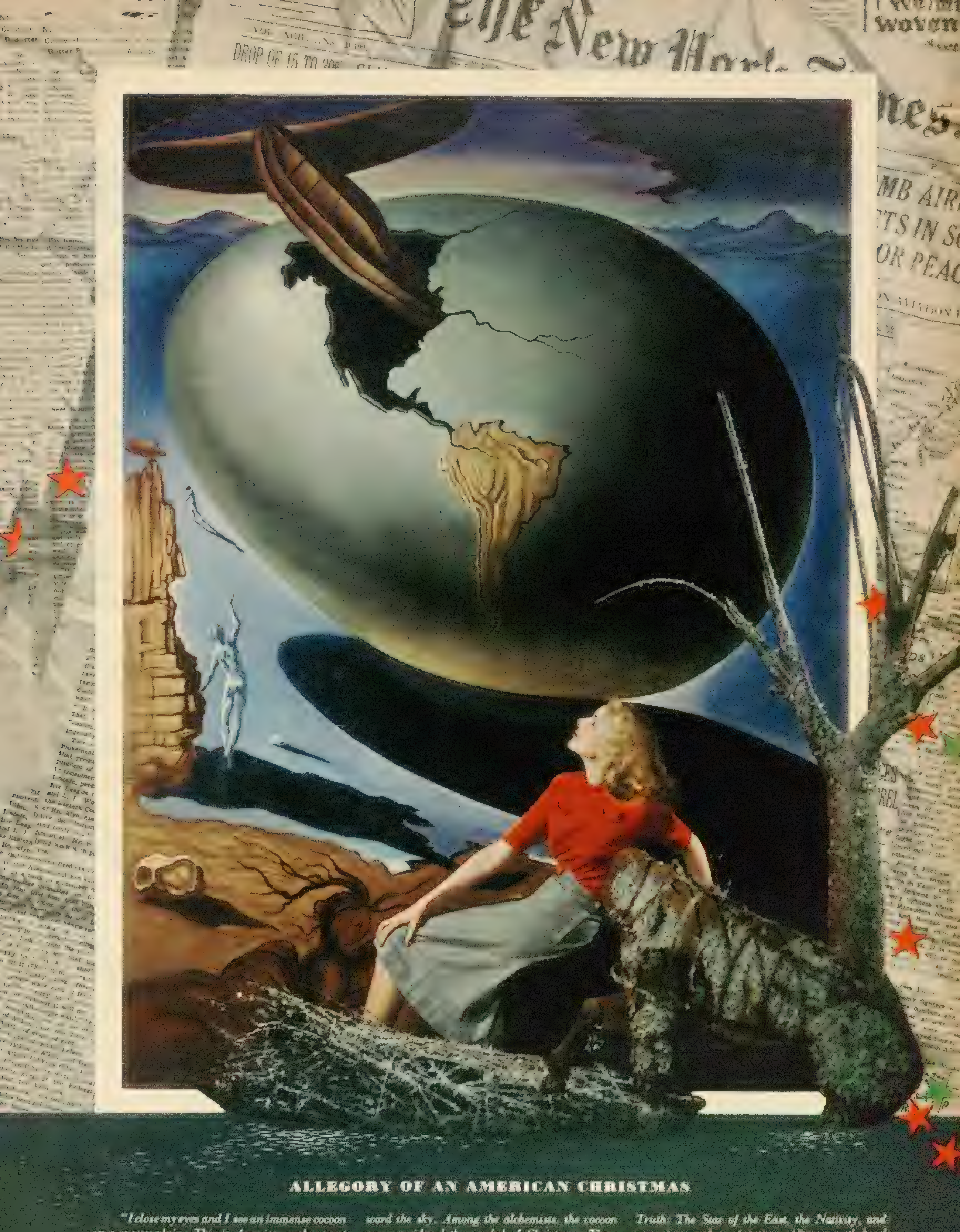
If men merely desired to know what they look like, there would be no more portraits—only photographs, for photographs are more accurate and realistic. But the talented painter can see what the camera can not and he can teach us what the camera does not know. There have been photographs without number of the three great free countries—America, England and Russia. But Esquire sought an *unrealistic* view—a deliberate provocation of the imagination with interrupting thoughts—and commissioned the great surrealist, Salvador Dali, to represent his image of Christmas in America, in England, and in Russia.

The artist is in close contact with images of the subconscious which are real to us in childhood but which adults forget. These images return to us in dreams, but we distrust our imaginations and dismiss these guideposts to true understanding. It remains for the artist to show us the way. Dali himself says: "Why do I express myself allegorically? Allegory is an old, old word. It comes from the Greek word *allegoria* which means 'the description of one thing under the image of another.' Without allegory, the artist would be without an intellectually deep and thorough form of expression. It permits him to project himself across limitless space, releasing his imagination so that he will arrive at a more satisfactory and concrete solution.

"In order to achieve my three Christmas allegories, I have used the method of the Middle Ages: that is, to plunge the spirit into the profundity of the subconscious. This, indeed, was the method employed by Nostradamus, the great prophet who saw the future through the scientific use of the subconscious. And there are a few who will be able to see what only this method of narration can tell them."

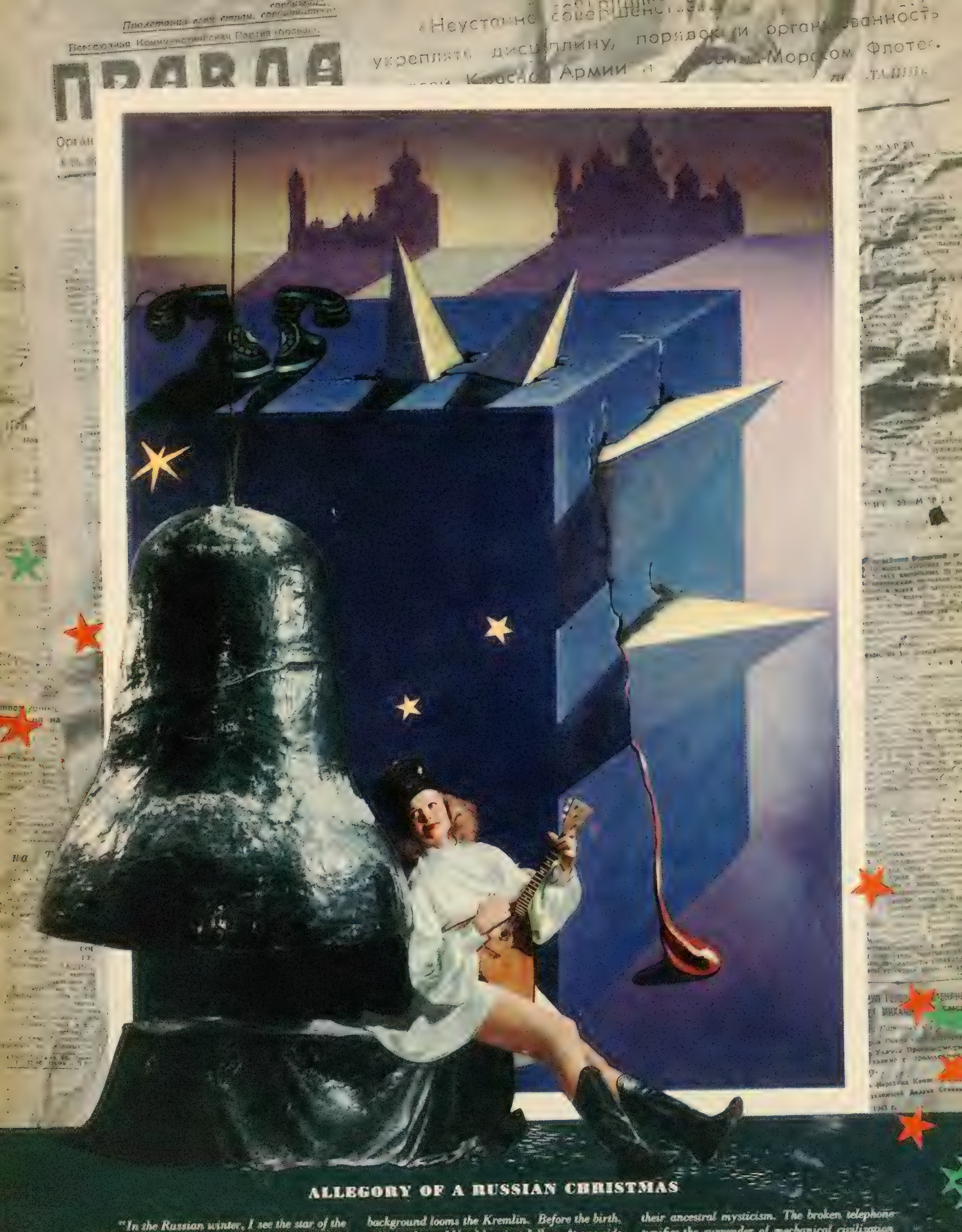
On the following pages, Dali explains the symbolism of each of the allegories. His model for the American allegory is Miss Bette Ribble. Miss Celia Babcock poses for the English and Miss Stefanie Allen for the Russian allegory.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIP HALSMAN



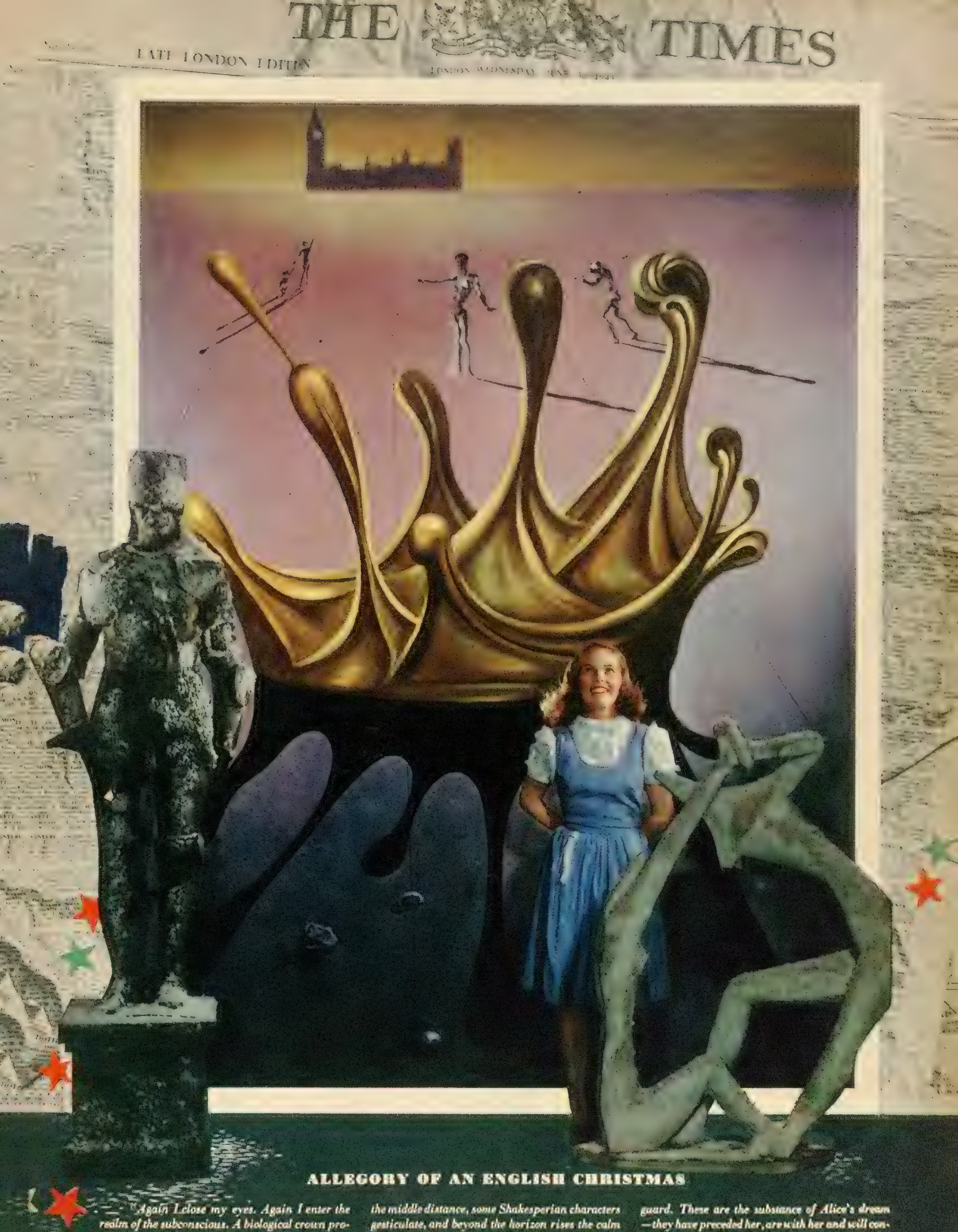
ALLEGORY OF AN AMERICAN CHRISTMAS

"I close my eyes and I see an immense cocoon on a snowy plain. This is America, and a great mystery is being enacted. A gargantuan airplane has just burst from the cocoon and is winging toward the sky. Among the alchemists, the cocoon was considered the symbol of Christmas. These wise old men thought of Winter as a gigantic chrysalis in whose depths was concealed a Great Truth: The Star of the East, the Nativity, and now, in our day, Aviation. All are symbols of hope and redemption. All are miracles, for they all interpret man to man." —SALVADOR DALI


Пролетарии всех стран, соединяйтесь!
Всесоюзная Коммунистическая Партия (больш.)
ПРАВДА
«Неустанно совершенствовать
укреплять дисциплину, порядок и организованность
Красной Армии
Военно-Морском Флоте».
СТАЛИН

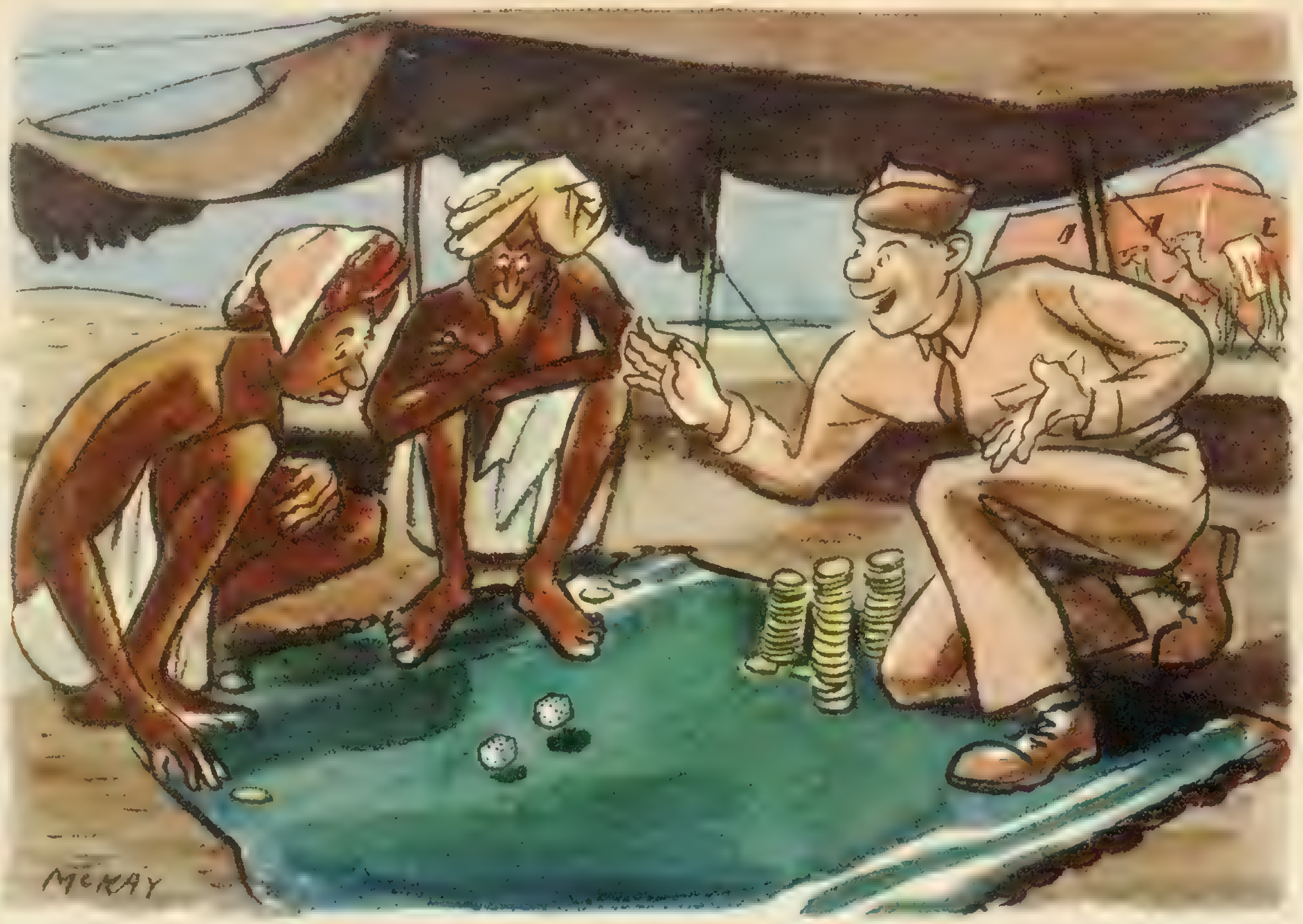
ALLEGORY OF A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

"In the Russian winter, I see the star of the East which guided the Three Kings to the Birth of Christ. This scene comes surging to me out of the magic cube of the strange boreal night. In the background looms the Kremlin. Before the birth, a heavy drop of blood has just fallen. At one side the bell, symbolizing the voice of the population, bespeaks the identity of the Slavic people with their ancestral mysticism. The broken telephone typifies the surrender of mechanical civilization under the irresistible annealing heat of high spiritual temperatures." —SALVADOR DALI

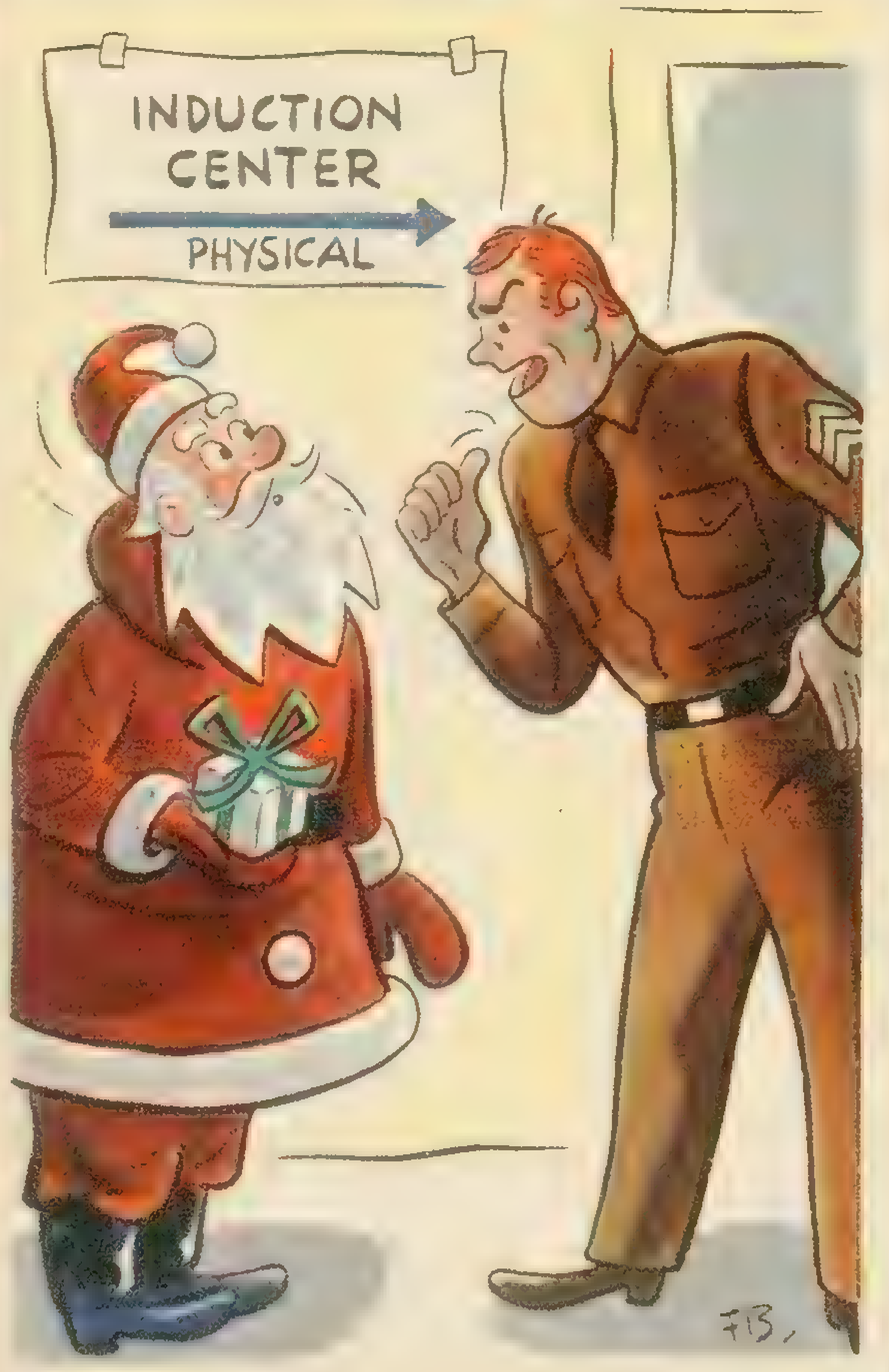


ALLEGORY OF AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS

"Again I close my eyes. Again I enter the realm of the subconscious. A biological crown projects its tentacles towards the menacing sky. Here is Alice in Wonderland's Dream of Christmas. In the middle distance, some Shakesperian characters gesticulate, and beyond the horizon rises the calm silhouette of the House of Parliament, symbol of tradition. A knight in shining armor stands guard. These are the substance of Alice's dream —they have preceded her, are with her and will continue after her. Thus the English tradition is a part of her and she a part of it." —SALVADOR DALI



"Twelve is a pretty tough point, but I think I can make it"



"Take off your clothes and get in line!"

TALKING DOLLS AND SILENT SCREENS ◆

In a reflective mood, Esky turns back the pages of time to the early days of the cinema. It was an era of sharp distinctions—all black and white and no technicolor. All leading men were clear-eyed, clean-limbed Galahads, villains were monsters of cruelty and lust, while leading women were purer than castile soap.

You could spot the "other woman" in a flash because she seldom stirred off her chaise longue or stopped smoking cigarettes. Virtue was utter and unqualified, and with never a backward look, a lady would leap from a cliff to preserve it. Love scenes were saved for the fadeout and were subtle indeed. When the tender emotion stirred in a good woman's heart, it was not uncommon for her to embrace a tree or a bedpost.

Oh time too swift! Oh swiftness never ceasing! How different the manners of our day and how changed the talkies.

Believing the past is but a prologue to the present, Esky, the ever-curious, decided to compare and contrast some of today's stars and starlets, many of them still in the ascendency, with yesterday's loveliest stars.

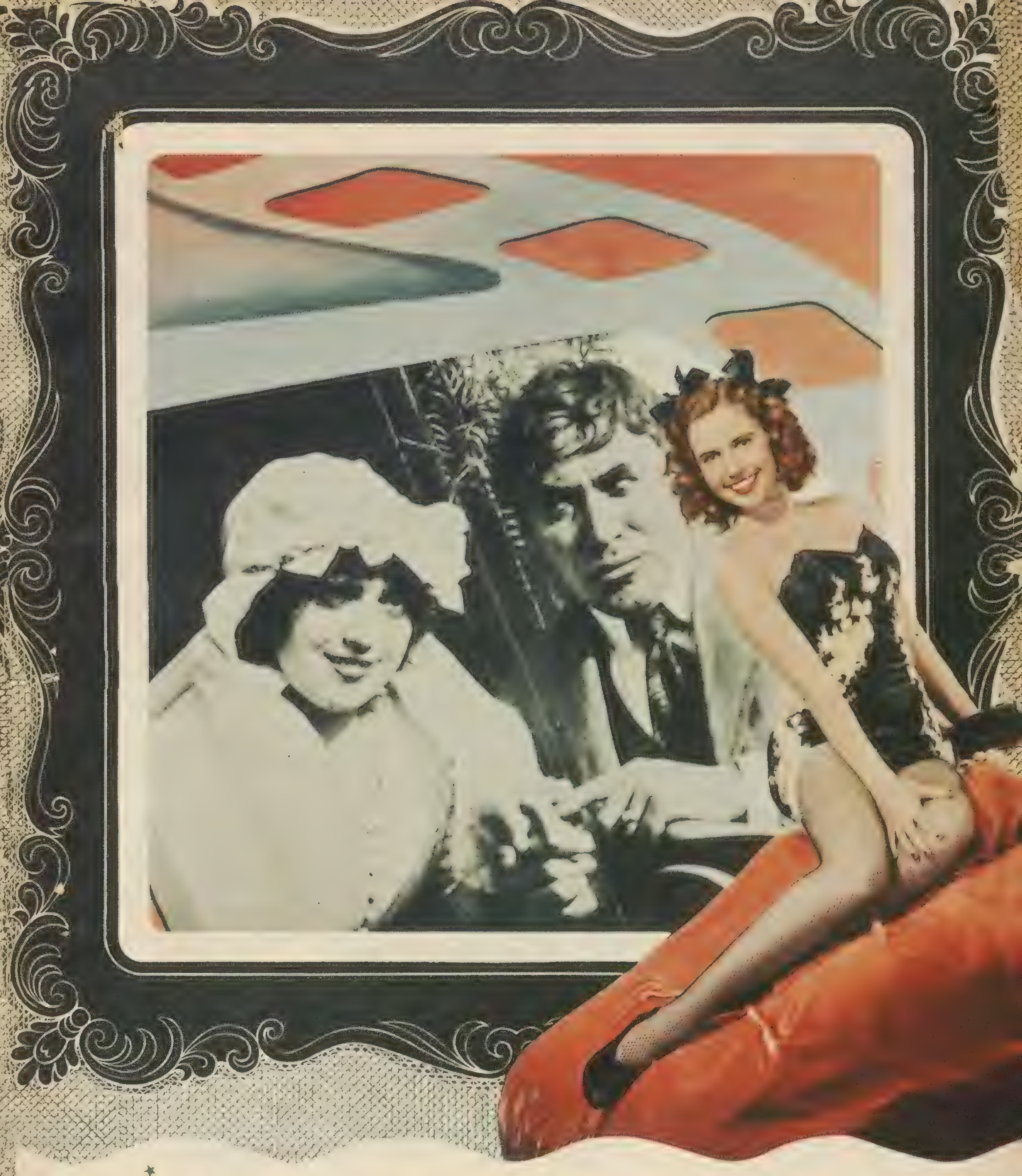
Through the kindly offices of Warners frères he is able to reproduce remembered scenes from the silent screen, and in juxtaposition with these, the photographs of promising newcomers.

In order of their appearance, Esky presents:

Cast of Characters

Sweetness of Silence	Music of Speech
Mabel Normand	Joyce Reynolds
Barbara LaMarr	Lynn Baggett
Edna Purviance	Eleanor Parker
Norma Talmadge	Alexis Smith
Mae Murray	Jane Wyman
Betty Blythe	Julie Bishop
Lillian Gish	Ida Lupino
Theda Bara	Dolores Moran
Gloria Swanson	Irene Manning
Alla Nazimova	Nancy Coleman
Mary Pickford	Joan Leslie
Dorothy Dalton	Faye Emerson

Photography by HENRY WAXMAN
Gowns designed by MILO ANDERSON
Make-up by PERC WESTMORE
Personnel and Matériel, Courtesy of WARNER BROTHERS



THE LADY WHO LAUGHS

Hey, Pop, who was your favorite comedienne? *Who?* Mable Normand! You and everybody else, Pop. Say that again, Pop—say they don't make 'em like Mabel any more. A gal with eyes as big as popovers, with what they call a roguish sm[illegible] (She's smiling here with Mack [illegible]ennett himself.) A gal who played ring-around-the-rosie with Keystone Kops and wasn't afraid to take a pratt-fall if it was good for a laugh. A bloomer girl on a bender. You said a mouthful, Pop—she was also a tasty dish. They called her the High Priestess of Slapstick and the Queen of Comedy. But she was more than that. You laughed when she laughed. You cried furtively when those eyes dimmed down.

Say that again, Pop—say they don't make 'em like that any . . .

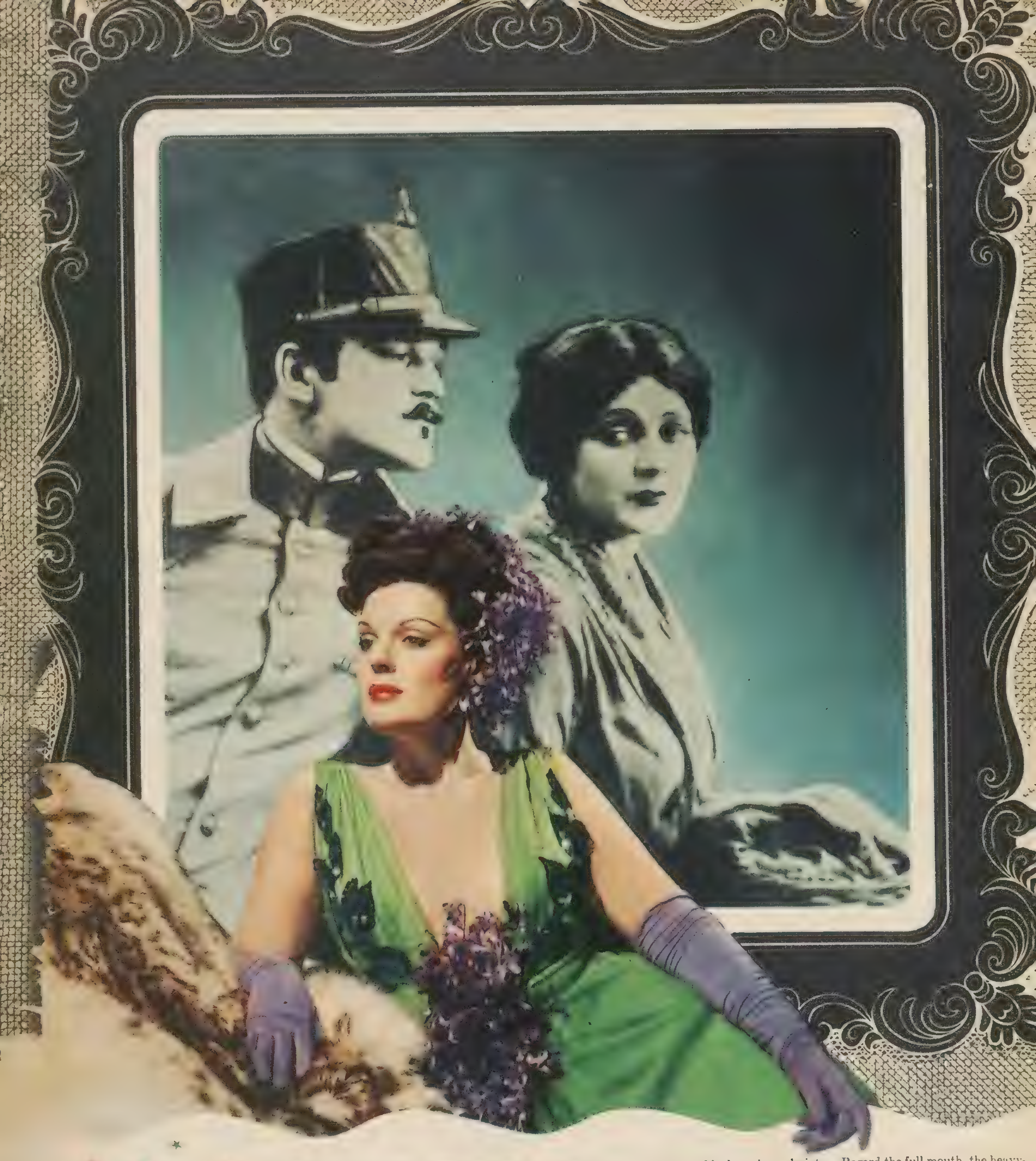
Hold on, Pop.

Take a good look at the rest of that picture up there. Look hard. Notice anything? The lady on the right? Notice those outsize orbs, big as pinwheels? Notice the smile —rich and roguish? Notice any other notable features on the young lady? She's a tasty dish.

Her name? Joyce Reynolds. She's a comer, Pop. Looks like Mabel Normand. Acts like her.

In the days when Mabel ruled the roost, comedy was simple. Hit the bald-headed guy with a bladder and run like hell. Let the cops chase you. Walk right into a custard pie. That was funny. That was slapstick. It's a little different now, Pop. This Joyce Reynolds, for instance. She's the new spirit. The youngster with a yen for mischief. She won't do the things Mable used to do. They went out with 23-skiddoo. But she'll make you laugh—when she laughs. And cry—when those eyes dim down.

They still make 'em like Mabel, Pop. Say, come out of that dream!



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

*The first LaMarr to sock the silent buskin around was named Barbara.

In Hollywood they called her the most beautiful woman in the world.

She was long and dark and womanly. Her hair, black as a villain's intentions, was always parted in the middle—the better to frame her eyes. They called them the most beautiful eyes in the world.

She was always, and inevitably, thrown by screen writers into the clutches of some dastardly fellow, some foul fiend in human form.

Down front, accented in mauve and lavender like a *pousse café*, is a lady cast in the LaMarr mould. Name of Lynn Baggett. Hair not raven black, perhaps, but close enough. She's long, dark and womanly. Press agents call her the most beautiful starlet in Hollywood.

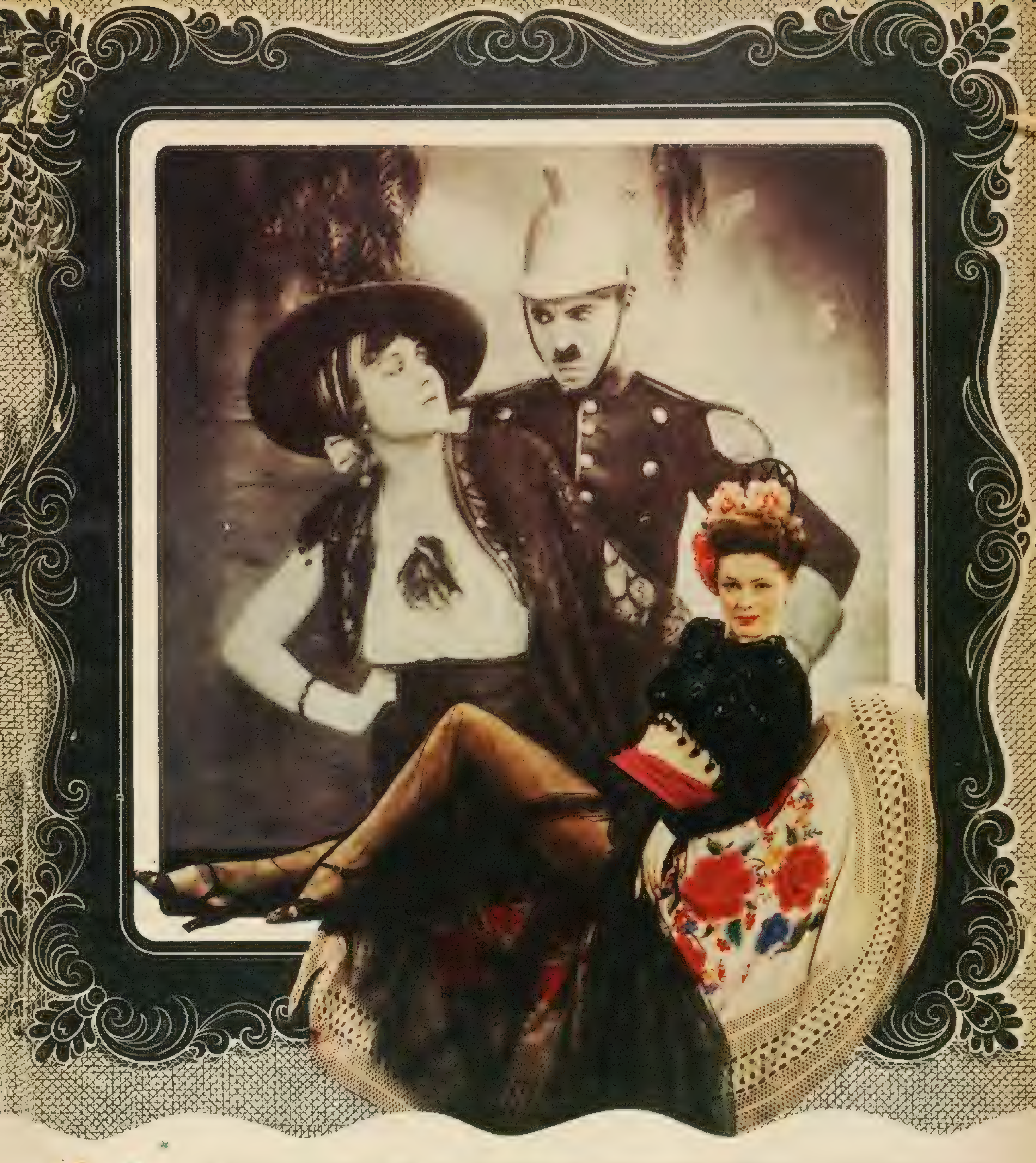
Lynn comes from Texas, where they raise 'em rangy. She was walking down the streets of Dallas one memorable day when a lariat-swinging talent scout saw her, roped her, gave her the Warner Brothers brand, sent her to the Hollywood corral. She sings. She dances. And she is, of course, very beautiful.

The day approaches when the beauteous Lynn Baggett will emulate the beauteous Barbara LaMarr. That's because hers is the kind of face and frame that acts like catnip on the male animal. Regard the full mouth, the heavy-lidded eyes, the languor, the sophistication. Barbara LaMarr spent a lifetime keeping the wolves from her cinematic door. Lynn Baggett faces a like fate in the flickers.

The officer giving Barbara the business is Wallace McDonald. When his classic profile appeared, the nickelodeon pianist gave her all to the playing of *Hearts and Flowers*.

The rug supporting Baggett, need we say, used to be a wolf!

magic cube of the strange boreal night. In the



SPIC AND SPANISH

Mr. Waxman, in this chapter of his illustrated Encyclopedia of the Cinema, lets his imagination soar. He takes Eleanor Parker, a rising and shining newcomer to the Warner Brothers lot, decks her out in Spanish raiment, and asks her to conjure up Castles in Spain.

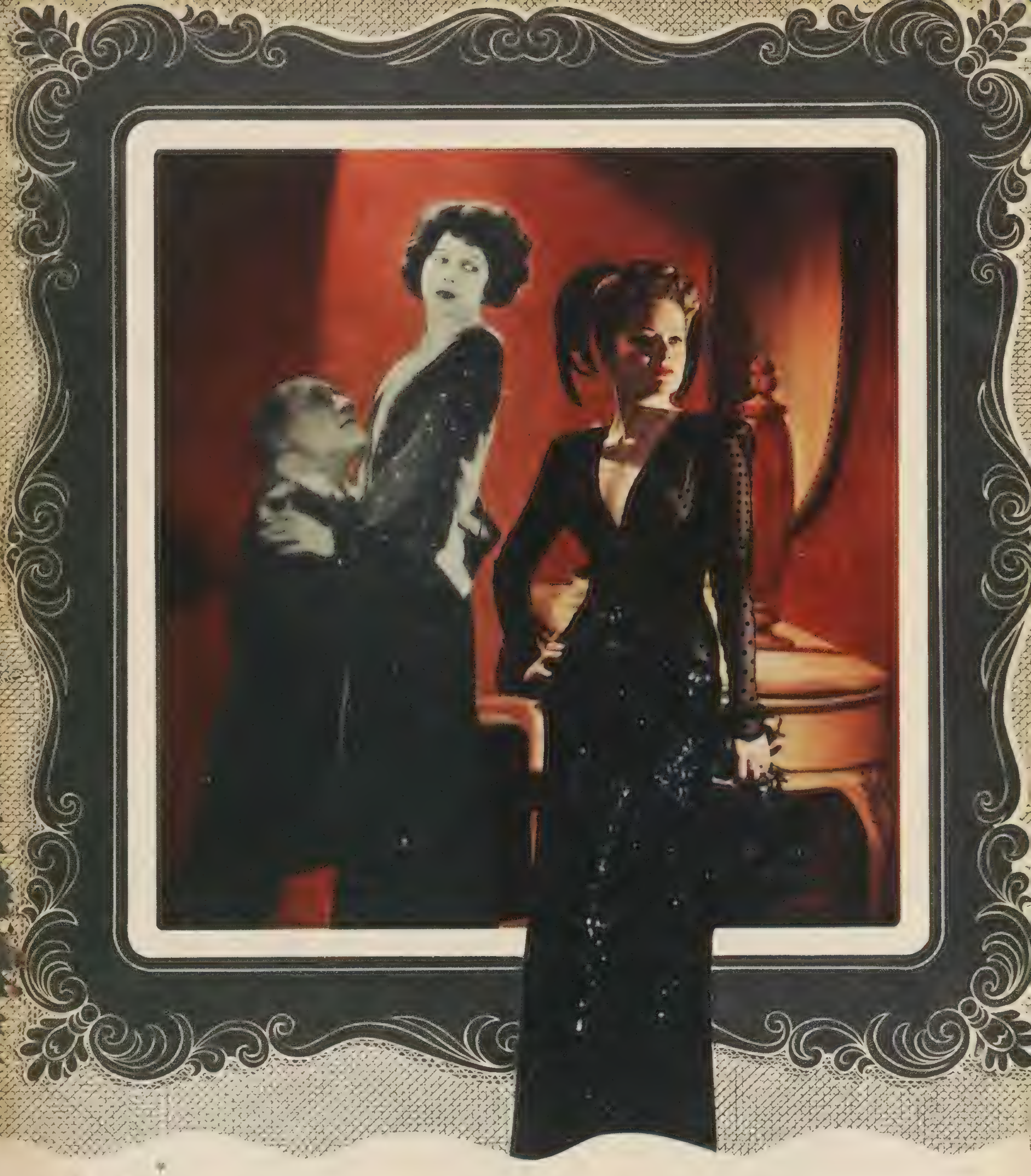
Miss Parker obliges for the cameraman. She muses upon *Carmen*, starring Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance.

Edna Purviance was the greatest of the Chaplin straight women, the most perfect foil the great comedian ever had. He was a tramp—she was a lady. He was frantic—she was always calm. He always had some larceny up his sleeve—she set him on the straight and narrow.

For ten years the movie companies of Hollywood tried to lure the lovely Edna Purviance away from the Chaplin company, to make her a star in her own right. For ten years Miss Purviance graciously refused, preferring to trail after the baggy pants, to be the hobo's heroine in superb comedy.

After ten years of such phenomenal loyalty, the great man rewarded her. Chaplin directed her in *A Woman of Paris*. The world knew then that for ten years a great artiste had been playing Columbine to Chaplin's Harlequin.

Eleanor Parker, who here revives the Purviance dream for you, is new at the game of movie-making. She brings to it, besides the obvious physical perfections, a voice which is half-hoarse enough to place her in the Leslie Carter-Tallulah Bankhead tradition. On the Warner lot she is known as The Voice. Crystal gazers may notice that in one respect Eleanor Parker bears a resemblance to Edna Purviance which may or not put them on the same astral plane. Their initials are the same.



THE LADY IN BLACK

On the silent screen, telling the umpchay to go home to the wife and kiddies, is Norma Talmadge.

In the foreground, in the flesh, is Alexis Smith.

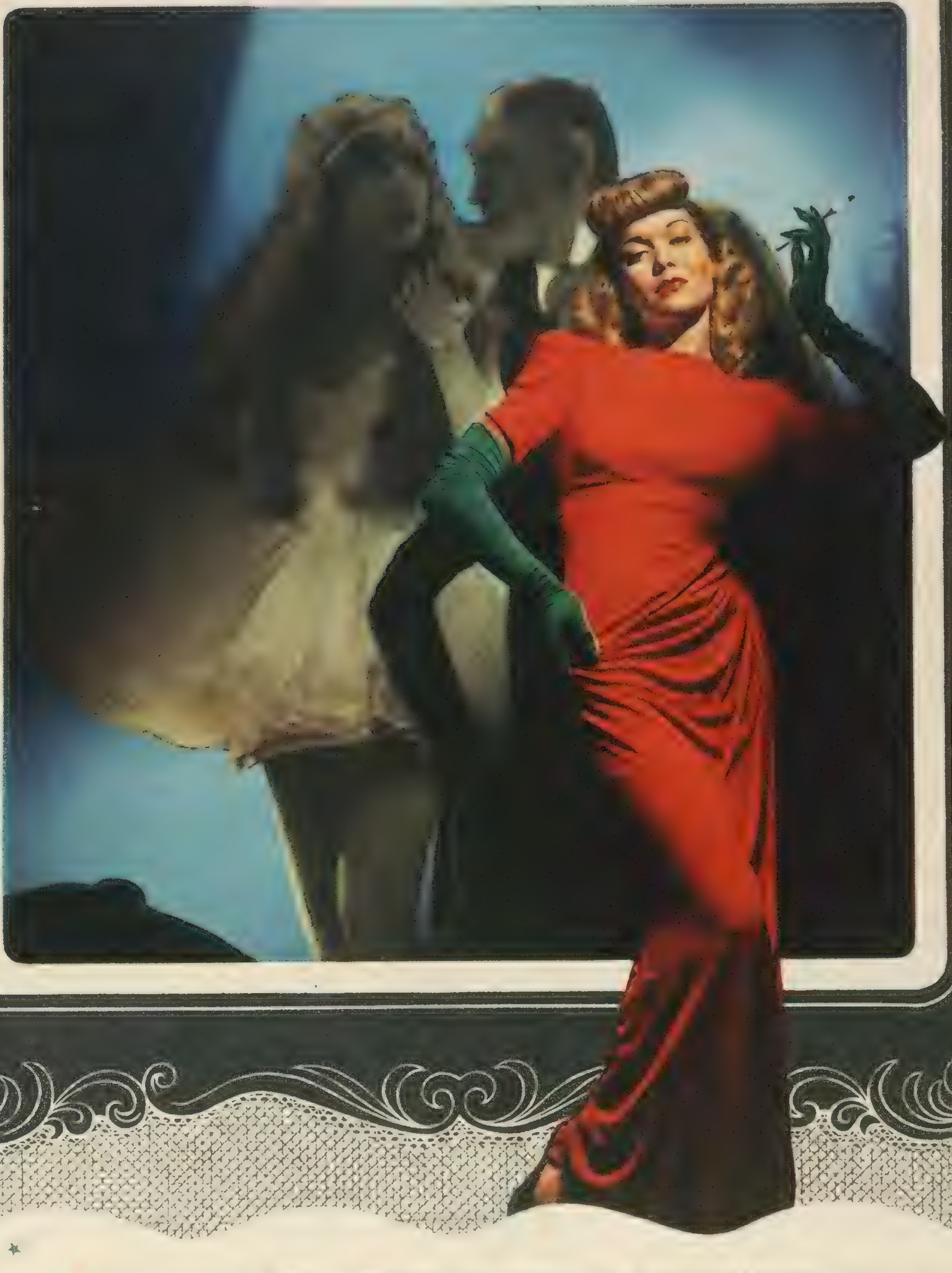
That was Norma—a short, dark impetuous pixie from Brooklyn who came to Vitagraph in 1914 and was told to go home because she couldn't act. She became one of the abiding glories of the galloping tintypes.

This is Alexis—a tall, blonde sprite from Pinticton, British Columbia. When she first showed up in Hollywood they said that she couldn't be a movie star because she was gawky, skinny and freckle-faced. But now that she is a movie star, the fan magazines say that she is willowy, slim, and has a complexion just like Myrna Loy's.

Moral: Short, dark people from Brooklyn and tall, blonde people from British Columbia should never take "no" for an answer.

Alexis has thus far played refined young ladies from finishing school. But her natural equipment is too good to be wasted on good behavior. Slowly, surely, she moves into the sort of role first made famous by Talmadge the Tempestuous in *The Branded Woman*, *The Woman Gives*, and *The Passion Flower*. Slowly, she becomes the *femme fatale*, the lady in black. Soon the umpchays will swoon at her feet, because that's the first thing the public wants from femmes who look so fatale.

And Alexis's public grows and grows. Forty Army camps have named her "Sweetheart of the Regiment." The Hollywood Fire Department has named her "Flame Girl." The National Association of Letter Carriers has elected her "Post Office Girl." She has been named the "Perfect Posture Girl" by the College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons. She is also on her way to abiding glory.



THE ETERNAL BLONDE

The blonde of blondes was Mae Murray. When she moved in mercurial fashion through Franz Lehár's *The Merry Widow*, she waltzed her way into Moviedom's Hall of Immortals. She, more than anyone else, created the Blonde Tradition. And one of her current successors in the gentlemen-preferred sisterhood is Jane Wyman, a blonde in the modern mood, a blonde in the groove. A cute, a cheerful, withal a congenial kind of blonde.

Mae the Magnificent was a cool, remote beauty, a Snow Queen as intransigent as ice. Jane Wyman is the kid next door with honey-colored hair, with a smile as warm and wide as a welcome mat.

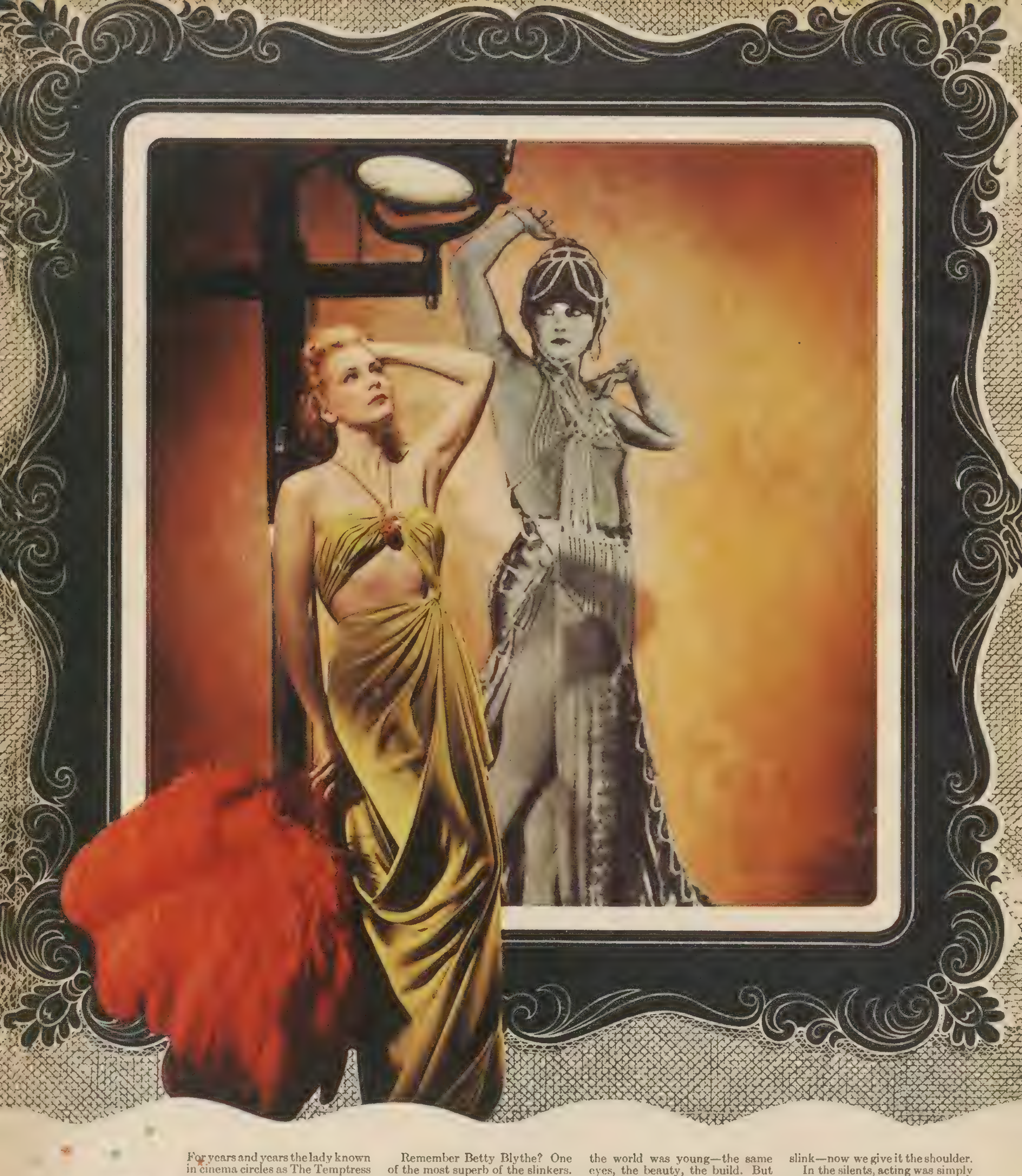
Murray danced with tears in her eyes for the silent screen. And the hearts of her audience thumped sympathetically in three-quarter time as she gracefully waltzed through *The Merry Widow* with that great screen lover, John Gilbert. Wyman arouses a sympathy of a different sort among her fans. She's the giddy girl friend, the clinging co-ed. She's as democratic as Coney Island. And the roles she plays for the talkies are joyous froth and fizz.

If Mae Murray was a Queen in a coach and four, Jane Wyman is a kid on roller skates.

Off the screen, Mae Murray lived in regal splendor. She married a Prince of the Georgian dynasties. Ermine became her very well. Off the screen, Jane Wyman typifies the average wife and mother. She is married to Lieutenant Ronald Reagan of the United States Armed Forces.

And so the differences between the two pile up.

But in these niveous nymphs of the flaxen locks, the silent and the talking screens meet and melt in a word that conjures up a thousand pleasurable images. . . . Blonde!



THE TEMPTRESS

For years and years the lady known in cinema circles as The Temptress had to have one qualification above all others. She had to slink. There was the one-way slink and the two-way slink. On the screen, the one-way was into a married man's heart. The two-way was in and out of a boudoir. The Temptress had to have beauty. She had to have almond eyes. She had to be built like Hebe the cupbearer. But above all—she had to slink.

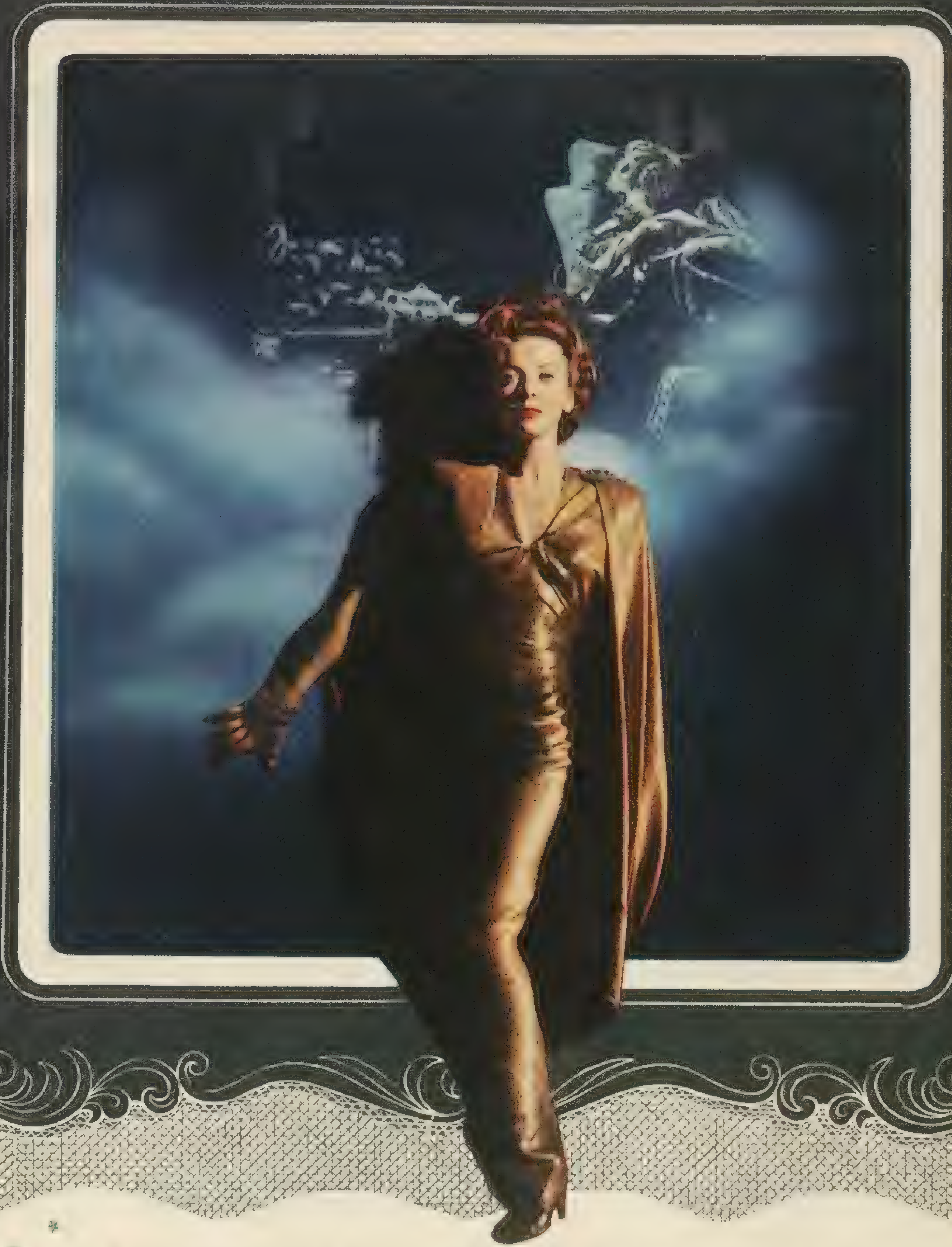
Remember Betty Blythe? One of the most superb of the slinkers. When she slunk her way in and out of *The Queen of Sheba*, she rewrote History just as it should be writ—which is to say, on the bias.

The Temptress of today has not entirely eliminated the maneuver. It was too good to lose. Like Julie Bishop in the juxtaposition above, she shows that the physical requirements of the modern Medusa are the same as they were when the world was young—the same eyes, the beauty, the build. But the slink?

Ah, the poetry of motion! How strange that so much of it has gone out of life and hence out of motion pictures. Can it be that the race has grown effete with too much civilization? We used to turkey-trot and later we toddled—now we rumba. We used to sing fortissimo and tremuloso—now we are content to croon. We used to slink—now we give it the shoulder.

In the silents, acting was simply a matter of pantomime, and a lady had to be sinuous. Every little movement had to have two or three meanings all its own. In the talkies, acting is a cinch. A lady can relax. With one sigh, duly registered on the sound track, she can get a maximum of meaning out of a minimum of movement.

Miss Bishop, besides giving you the warm shoulder, is also sighing.



THE TRAGIC MUSE

Floating there, a disembodied China doll, the face of Lillian Gish. Facing her, Richard Barthelmess. A still from the film that raised them both to the heights, *Broken Blossoms*. Standing there, rapt in gold and reverie, Ida Lupino.

There was ingenuousness and wonder in the face of Lillian Gish. The awe-stricken eyes, the upturned nose, the small round mouth were hallmarks of the silent screen's most tragic muse. That was the paradox upon which the great David Wark Griffith played when he starred Miss Gish in *Way Down East, Orphans of the Storm, Hearts of the World* and *Birth of a Nation*—that such sweet innocence could engender such tragedy.

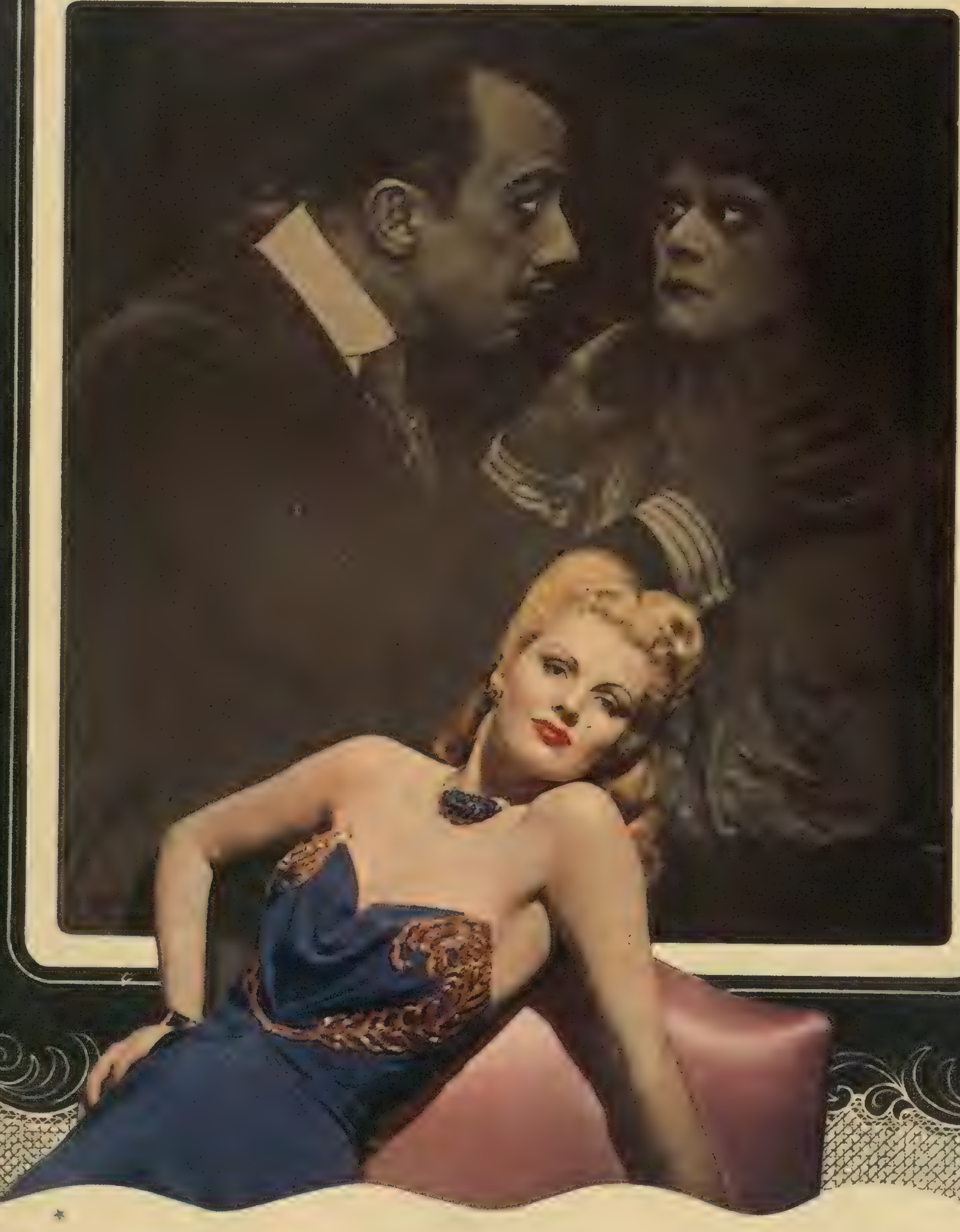
The face of Ida Lupino is also a child's face. The awe-stricken eyes, the upturned nose, the small round mouth—a child's face. And of the current crop of actresses who traffic in tragedy, plain or fancy, Ida Lupino rates among the very best.

In silent or talking film, the paradox persists. It's the sweet young thing who breaks your heart.

Ida Lupino has fought hard to overcome the impression her features give. Hollywood originally brought her here from England to play *Alice in Wonderland*. That idea never materialized, but she was cast in a series of roles that carried no more weight than so many cream puffs in a row. She rebelled. A descendant of generations of acting Lupinos deserved something better. She insisted on playing something on the more neurotic side.

Now she has come into her own—an actress with the delicate features and tiny, sculptured form of a Dresden figurine, and the excitable temper of a tigress.

Like Gish, she proved the deadlier sex is made of sugar—adding that other ingredient: spice.



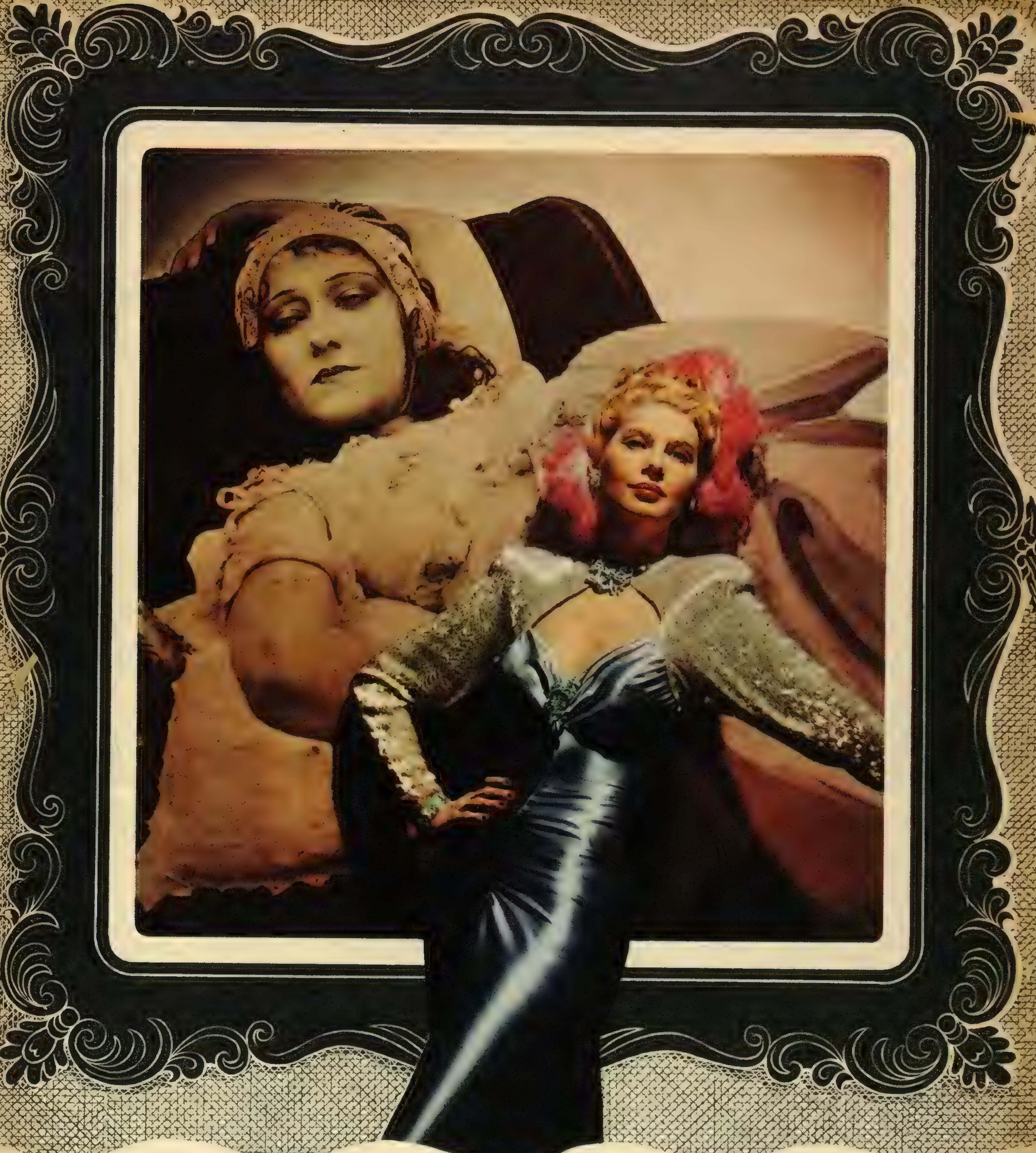
FASHIONS IN PASSION

Theda Bara was the first of the screen vamps. When she cast sparks from those fiery orbs at a man, he collapsed at her feet. See the hypnotic glance she is throwing at Stuart Holmes in *The Galley Slave*. Just three seconds after that glance, Mr. Holmes was a quivering mass of jelly at the lady's feet. When she sniffed those infinitely noble nostrils at his homicidal intentions, he went in hock up to the ears to buy her expensive baubles. She was arch and angular. Her hair was black as a raven's wing, her skin as white as the lilies of the field. She adopted for the screen the pose and the social outlook of a hooded cobra.

Dolores Moran is also the kind they buy expensive baubles for—but what a difference in the two techniques. No hypnosis for Moran. She merely smiles and lets Nature take its Course. No angles for her. She has more curves than an Immelman turn. And where La Bara was a striking study in black and white, Moran with her blonde locks and golden skin is like a heart warming drink of Sauterne.

When the world's favorite poem was *A Fool There Was*, the movies made believe that the sexes were always in pitched battle. Theda was a vengeful Theodora, casting her men to the lions and snickering at their yelps for help. In *Salomé*, *Cleopatra*, and *Carmen*, she was the beautiful dame without mercy.

Moran is the symbol of another idea in movie making. Sociologists could certainly make something of it, because movies are usually a pretty fair indication of the mores of the moment. One glance at her pose in the picture above tells the whole story. Summing it up, the new theme is this: an Armistice has been declared in the battle between the sexes.



THE GLAMOR GIRLS

Glamor? Webster said it was "a magical or fictitious glory or beauty." But a hundred million fans of the silent screen had another definition for it. They made glamor synonymous with Gloria—glamor to them was simply Gloria Swanson. Magical she certainly was—but never, never fictitious.

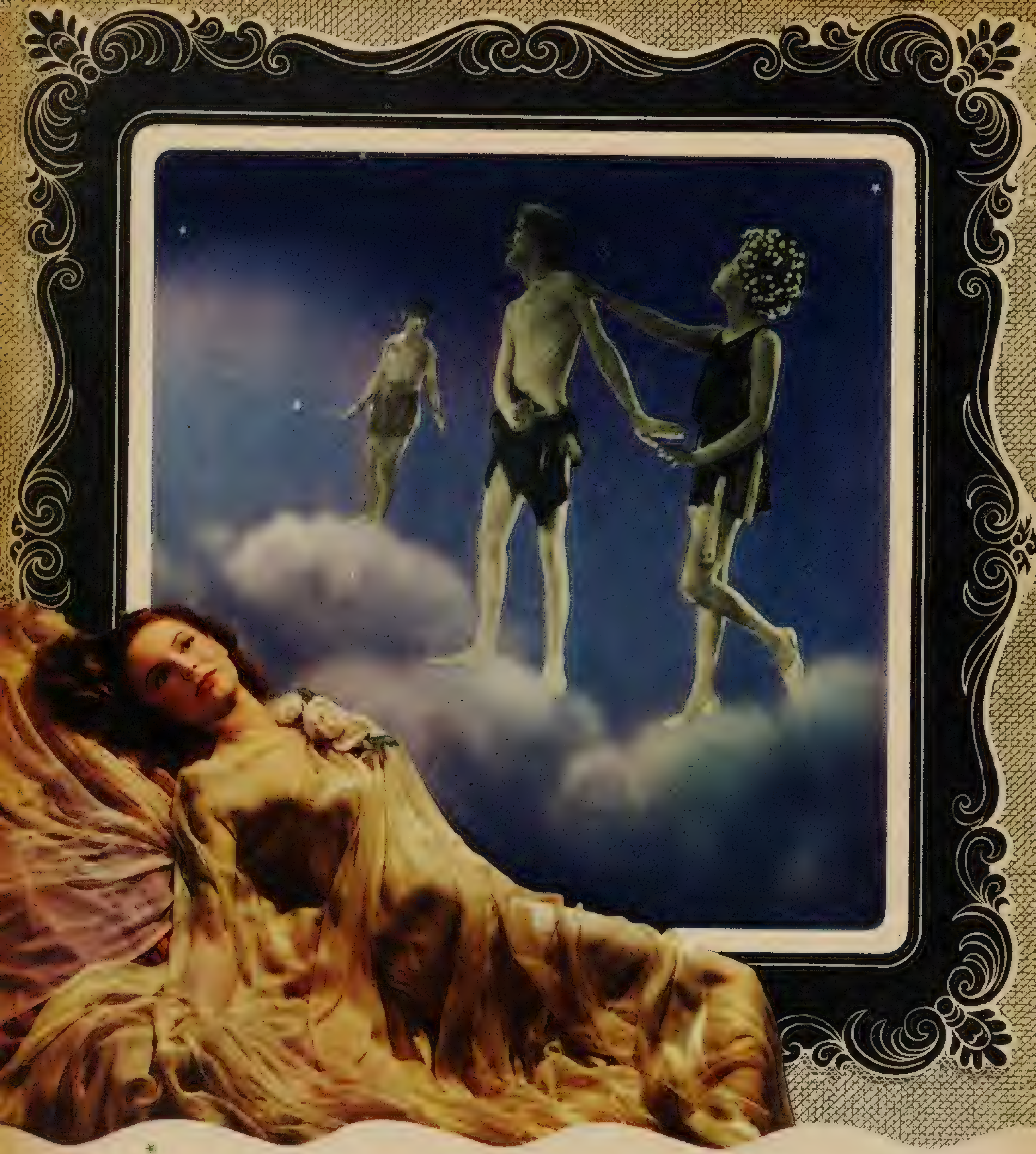
There was nothing fictitious about the piquant profile that had the aesthetes swooning in the aisles. There was nothing fictitious about her early Bathing Beauty roles in the hearty comedies of Mack Sennett or about the way she went around kicking precedent in the pants—the first screen actress to get married at the height of her career, the first to have a baby at the height of her career, the first to keep on having babies, the first to adopt a baby, the first to marry into nobility. There was nothing fictitious about her lush gowns, her 25,000 dollars a week, her carefree gift for squandering the profits, or her comeback in the Talkies, her singing of *Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere.* Fiction? Hell, no. That was glamor.

Glamor? Never a lexicographer to rest after one synonym, Webster had another try at it. He said it was a "a deceptive or alluring charm."

Alluring, maybe, like a lean blonde in silver-colored silks? Like Irene Manning, the newest edition of the Swanson school? Sure. But—deceptive? Scepticism is an escape for scholars but there's nothing deceptive about *that* kind of allure. It's strictly the McCoy.

Glamor? Messrs. Funk and Wagnall came a little closer.

They said it was fascination. They also called it sorcery. If the latter is true we can only say this: we wish more of our women, both in and out of pictures, knew the same kind of witchcraft.



PRAISE BE TO ALLA

The lady trailing at least one cloud of glory up above is one of the immortal actresses of our time. Alla Nazimova is her name. For years she covered the stages of Moscow, Berlin, London, New York, with a warm Northern light. From the Crimea she came, bringing gifts that made her the great Ibsen heroine of the day.

Besides being great drama, such plays as *Ghosts* and *The Doll's House* roused a lot of controversy because they dared to suggest a measure considered extremely shocking in those days: Divorce!

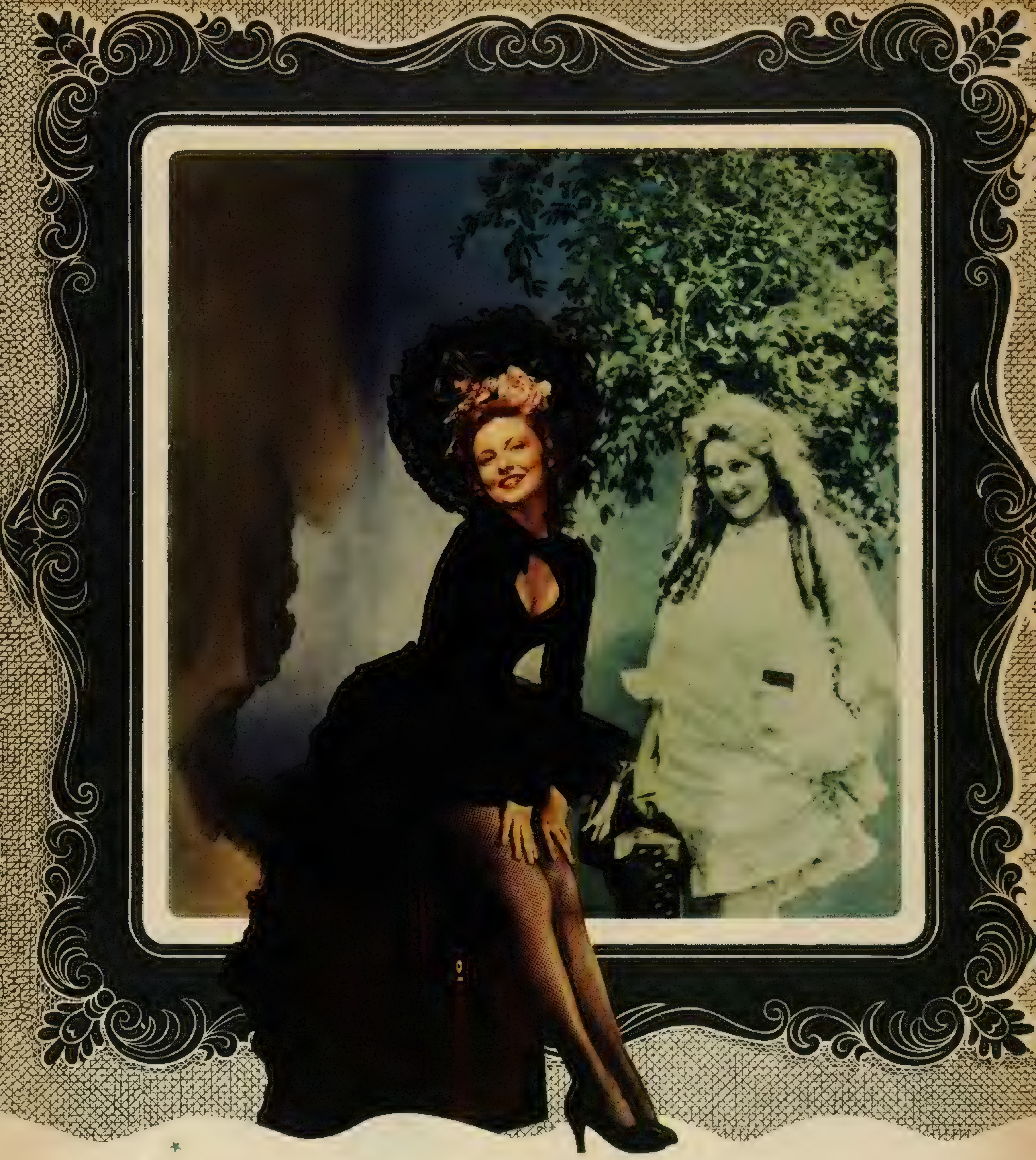
In the middle twenties she was persuaded to appear on what was then known as the cinema stage. She made, among many others, the film version of *Salomé*, a fragment of which you see here. When they made *Salomé*, the movie-makers were feeling their way through the mists. The movies and the movie-makers were young. Even the enduring artistry of Nazimova barely shines through it today. Though her success in the cinema was enormous, she left it to go back to a stronger love—the legitimate stage. In those years, Ibsen and O'Neill were embellished by her magic.

Now she is back in Hollywood, showing a new generation a fiery, passionate, intense brand of acting.

Prostrate there among the diaphanous folds is one of the fine young actresses of the cinema stage. Nancy Coleman is her name. She has what is rare among young actresses being broken to the cinematic halter—she has intensity, fire, passion.

In the film *In This Our Time*, the already immortal Nazimova and the up-and-coming Coleman appear together.

Which is simple evidence that the movie-makers are growing up. They are no longer in the mists.



YOUTH, YOUTH

Ah, Mary—as ever was! Crowned here in the curls that captivated the world—Mary Pickford of the shy smile, the toe making circles in the dust, the white dress spun of starch and gossamer. Small and silver, she was the first sweetheart of the silent screen. She was the winsome orphan of *Daddy Long Legs*, she was *Pollyanna*, *Tess of the Storm Country*, the *Poor Little Rich Girl*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. And there she stands in that well-remembered role—*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm!*

Ah there, Joan—Joan Leslie!

Like Pickford the Incomparable, you came out of Canada. Like Pickford you were on the stage, confidently smiling across the footlights, when you were cutting your first teeth. Like Pickford you trouped across countless stages before the movies captured you. Like Pickford, you look like a babe in the Hollywoods, so that thousands of male admirers long to protect you. Your manner is also shy. Your toes can also cut intricate patterns—not in the dust but on the dance floor. You have the same dairy-fresh face, the same artless simplicity.

Joan, when you were born Our Mary's star was the most luminous in the land of the magic lanterns. When you were two she was still the nation's number one crush. Now you are eighteen, and looking eagerly ahead, like any ambitious young actress. But turn your head slightly to the left, Joan, and look carefully at America's Sweetheart of the silent screen.

The halo of curls.

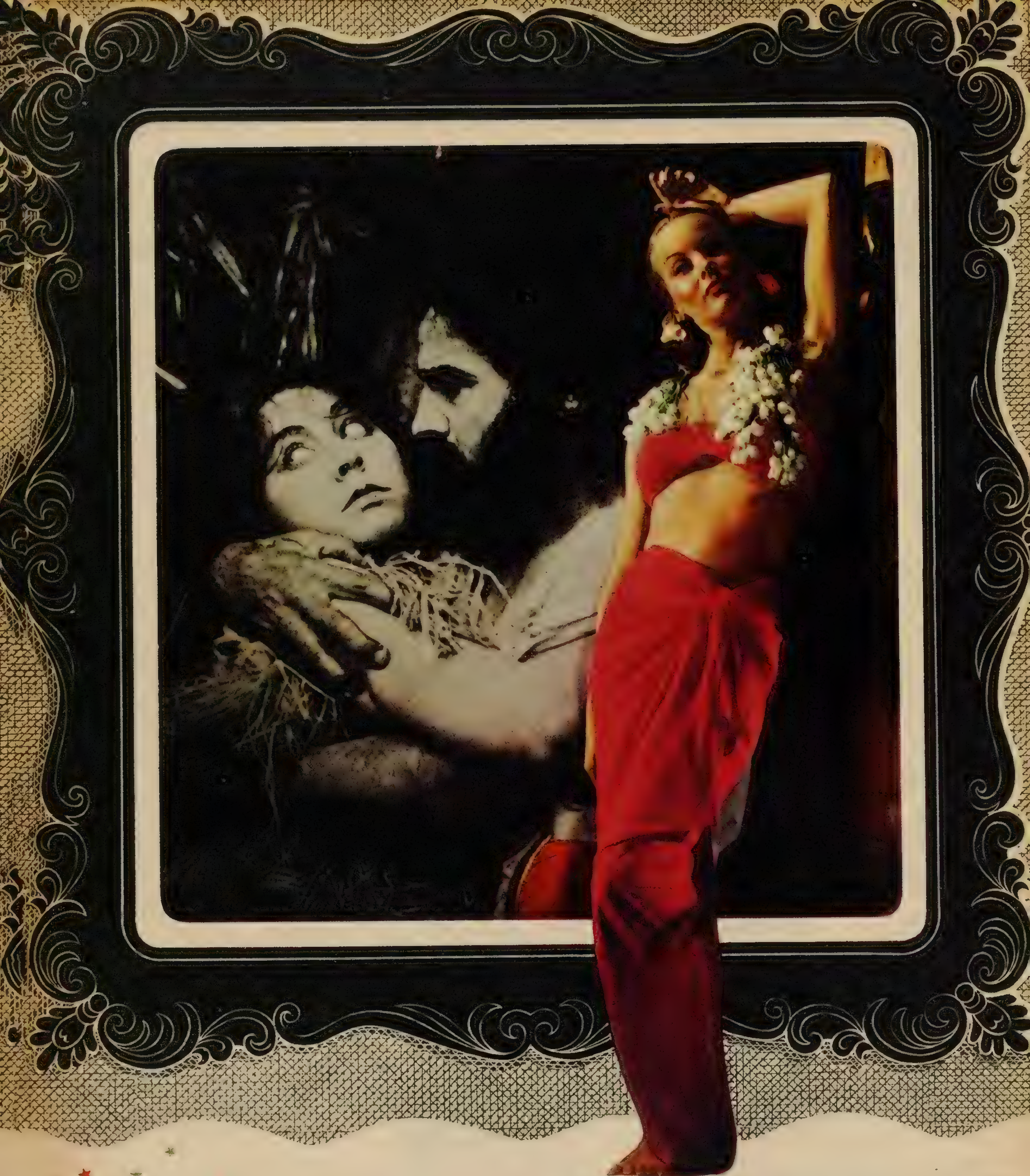
The candid brown eyes.

The guileless smile.

The wholesome charm.

The impertinent innocence of the all-time Sweetheart of the World.

Look to the star of stars, Joan, and make a wish. You are cut of Mary's cloth. Now try to fill her shoes.



LOVE IN A JUNGLE

Time marches onward and upward. The old cinematic orders change. The silent screen gives way to the tintypes that talk. The preference for plain Peroxide gives way to the international passion for Platinum. Flux and change. Come and go. The public hollers for change. The medium itself is restless—variety is the spice of its life.

And still, in all the fuss of transformation, there are constants. In all the tides of transmogrification, Sex still reigns supreme. And one of the forms of same which will always knock the cash customers cockeyed is Love in a Jungle.

The costumes change. Back there, wrapped in straw and the arms of William Desmond, is Dorothy Dalton. *A Gamble in Souls* was the film which cast these two on a desert isle and sent Miss Dalton off to the bush to cloak herself in shredded wheat.

But out front, with the latest in sarongs pasted to a fabulous frame, is Faye Emerson. Fate, in the form of the Warner Brothers, threw Miss Emerson to the mercies of a tropical paradise. But that doesn't crimp her style. First thing she did was copy that serape from an issue of *Vogue* that floated in with last night's driftwood.

Today the modern Minerva is made of sterner stuff. Miss Dalton was afraid of the jungle. Mr. Desmond had to protect her. Miss Emerson, with six weeks of Red Cross work behind her, needs no protection. She could give lessons in woodcraft to Tarzan.

But the *leitmotif* is the same. It's Sex—torrid and terrific—on a tropical isle. It's the escapist's paradise. It's Love in the Everglades. It's Jiu-Jitsu in a Jungle. Ah, conventions. Where are they now? Papa liked it, you love it, and Sonny Boy will go for it too.

Commodore, Show Us Some Rats

Hawse Pipe McCloud was restive as the fleet of subchasers crawled toward its secret goal in the South Pacific

by RAY MILLHOLLAND

• FICTION •

THE last man in the world to claim that any given number of wooden submarine chasers can outfight a light cruiser would be Commander (Hawse Pipe) McCloud. He should know, for as far back as World War I, as a young skipper under Juggy Nelson of the Adriatic Splinter Fleet, his naval experience has been confined to keeping wooden subchasers off the bottom of the ocean.

As may be suspected, Hawse Pipe does not fight by the book, such as catching the enemy while he is under helm and battering him to junk with sixteen-inch guns. Chasers are not gunned to fight anything larger than a submarine, anyway. But in case you get into a jam the idea is to let go with everything you've got, including the red-hot lids of the galley stove, and then get out of there before the big guy wakes up and knocks your brains out with his main batteries.

There were the makings of some such incident as the U.S.S. *Leonidas* and the slowest tanker on the Navy Registry, the U.S.S. *Chestnut Hill*, and twenty-four submarine chasers crawled along at seven knots toward a secret destination in the South Pacific. Time, storm, and just plain neglect had made a derelict of the officer's cap, cock-billed over one unwinking eye, as Commander McCloud scanned the long oily swells around the full circle of the horizon. Every now and then [illegible] would thrust forward his jaw with a jerk of his thick neck and emit a truculent grunt.

It must be admitted there was some justification for Hawse Pipe's restiveness. At dawn that very morning, a submarine—presumably a Jap—had fired a pair of torpedoes at the convoy's fuel supply ship. The attack had been made from well outside the flanking screen of submarine chasers; and, since the sea was dead calm, the target had had plenty of time to lumber about in a wide circle and let the two hissing streaks miss her stern by a good fifty yards. For an hour after that, six chasers on the port flank had plunked a dozen depth charges apiece into the area. But all the squadron leader, Red Wilson in command of the *Dog Robert*, could show for it was a piece of wooden deck grating, which may or may not have been blasted from the submarine's forward deck. When Red came alongside and offered to send aboard the shattered deck grating as evidence of a "probable," Hawse Pipe suggested, somewhat sarcastically, that it might be good kindling for the *Dog Robert's* galley stove.

Red Wilcox shouted back up from the bridge of his tiny command to ask what did Hawse Pipe expect—the pants off the sub's skipper? The grating went over the side in disgust and the *Dog Robert* raced back to position.

Since then, nothing of any significance had happened, except that the barometer had begun easing off from an abnormal high for the past four hours. A light cat's paw of breeze swept the bridge and played disrespectfully with the tails of Hawse Pipe's khaki shirt hanging out over the slackened waistband of his trousers.

This passed without notice as far as Hawse Pipe was concerned. With both elbows resting on the weather screen rail and thick, hairy fingers interlaced, the commander of the convoy was squinting abeam at the *Dog Robert*. The crew's bedding was being aired on the fo'c'sle life lines of this particular chaser. From her clothes whip flapped dungarees and underwear. A good part of her crew was sprawled on deck, white hats over their faces, in various postures of complete immobility. The *Dog Robert* looked about as ready for sudden battle as a fishing-charter launch returning to port with every beer keg empty.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Childers, the communication officer, suddenly appeared from the radio shack with a decoded flimsy which he passed without comment to Hawse Pipe:

PATROLLING OVER STORM FRONT 6 DEGREES 31 MINUTES SOUTH, 179 DEGREES 9 MINUTES WEST, APPROXIMATE BY DEAD RECKONING. VISIBILITY ZERO. THROUGH MOMENTARY BREAK IN CLOUDS GUNNER REPORTS SIGHTING MAIN TRUCK OF POSSIBLE ENEMY DESTROYER LEADER, BEARING UNDETERMINED. MAINTAINING PATROL TO OBTAIN CONFIRMATION. P.B.Y.—5—37.

"Clap on radio silence for the whole convoy at once," ordered Hawse Pipe, cramming the message flimsy into his shirt pocket.

Childers disappeared, and returned in a few minutes bearing a second flimsy message.

"Another message from the P.B.Y., Captain," he remarked.

Hawse Pipe read: CONTINUING EFFORT TO CONFIRM POSSIBLE SIGHTING OF ENEMY DESTROYER LEADER. PATROLLING EDGE OF STORM FRONT MOVING EASTERLY. VISIBILITY MINUS ZERO. GAS LOW. WHICH WAY IS HOME? WOULD APPRECIATE RADIO BEARING CHECK. IS ANYBODY GETTING THIS?

Childers looked toward the approaching storm front and said, "Those chaps upstairs could use right now about a thousand gallons of 100 octane gas we've got aboard the Chestnut Hill. Shall I call them in?"

"They'll have to sweat it out," said Hawse Pipe. His eyes snapped to his communications officer. "One little chirp out of our radio, and that Jap would run down our bearing and knock the bottom out from under all hands before you could say Davy Jones."

Childers kept his lips clamped shut as long as he could stand it, then burst out: "Pat Stevenson played tackle right alongside of me for three years at the Academy. He is upstairs in that flying tub. You mean to say I've got to stand by and let him smash her like an egg against a stone wall when his gas runs out and he has to come down blind through that muck?"

"That's the picture." Hawse Pipe rested his arms on the weather screen rail and studied the approaching storm front for a long moment of heavy silence, broken only by the rumble of the throbbing engine below. "Makes me pretty much of a heel, doesn't it?"

"Since you ask me, it does," snapped Childers.

Hawse Pipe hunched his heavy shoulders a little closer to the storm front.

"Maybe you've noticed, Mister, that I don't handle a knife and fork the way they teach table manners at the Academy. The fo'c'sle of a dinky torpedo boat is where I learned my trade."

Eyes blazing, young Childers stared ahead, visibly trembling in his effort to hold his tongue.

Hawse Pipe nodded hard-eyed approval.

"You'd give your right arm for a chance to say what you're thinking, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly would, Sir!"

Hawse Pipe turned slowly, then leaned back to rest his elbows on the bridge rail.

"Then say it, Mister," he said

Continued on page 281

"—and see that my brother Mike brings me a few Jap helmets for my den!"

When Conestogas Carried the Freight

To dispose of the sinful surplus from their fertile farms the Pennsylvania Dutch built a wagon that made history

by **HARRY BOTSFORD**

• ARTICLE •

ABOUT two centuries before the advent of the motor truck, the farm-born and farm-made Conestoga wagon made a slow but stately entrance into the American transportation picture. The Conestoga wagon contributed as much toward the economic advancement of the nation and the expansion of its frontiers as the motor truck has accomplished under the most favorable conditions. For almost thirteen decades the Conestoga wagon dominated American transportation during the era of this country's greatest territorial development.

The sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch settlers in the bountiful Conestoga Valley, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, had a serious problem—a stern and inflexible religious belief that a surplus was a downright sin, therefore to be avoided at all costs.

They lived on a rich soil, in an area where enterprise, farming skill and long hours of labor were rewarded by bumper crops far beyond their capacity to consume. They ate—and they continue this pleasing and interesting practice to this day—voraciously and well. They simply couldn't eat up the surplus. They were a valiant and a determined people; they tried with energy and robust vigor. It could not be done. They are still the greatest trenchermen of all rural America.

Sixty-five miles away was Philadelphia, a rich, hungry, growing metropolis, the most important city of colonial America. Connection between the Valley and the city was by what early court records called "trodden paths"—and these could not be called passable roads by any flattery. The local authorities having jurisdiction over these "trodden paths" were called "pathmasters," an office abolished only a few years ago in these communities.

It was impossible, with the farm wagons, to haul the Valley produce to the city. The wagons were too few. They were not built for this type of service and could not carry what we call a pay load.

The solution must come from the Valley folk themselves. They were patient, pious, stubborn and thoughtful. To construct a smooth and wide highway to the city of Philadelphia was beyond their means. There remained only one other answer: to build a wagon capable of traversing the distance with a heavy load.

At dozens of crossroads and in the small villages and in their churches they met to study this economic and moral problem. Local iron was available in many small smelters. Among the farmers were carpenters, wheelwrights and blacksmiths. They had the men and the materials for building a proper wagon.

No one man planned the Conestoga wagon. It was a group effort. These farmers knew what they wanted: a wagon that could withstand the punishment of the long and rough trail to the city—one that would stand up against the impact of stumps and stones; a wagon that would roll through sticky mud, across swamps; a vehicle that must be so constructed that the load would not shift when the wagon bed tilted. Necessary was a boat-like bed that could be floated across rivers and streams with its cargo dry. And it must be capable of carrying six tons of freight, a load heavier than ever before carried by wheeled transport on this continent.

It was a big order, accepted by simple men of imagination driven by necessity and a rigid theology. Out of it came the Conestoga wagon, destined to exercise a greater influence in the standards and progress of American life than any other single factor between 1698 and 1830.

Many seasoned woods went into the construction of the wagons: swamp oak, hickory, white oak, locust, sour gum, poplar and black walnut—each wood had a specific and individual use. Each piece was accurately fashioned. There must be no compromise with quality. Failure of the project would leave them under the sin of a surplus; but success would make them sinless, make it possible to dispose of their crops and produce at a profit. There was no sin in a fair profit. So they built well.

The wagons, fashioned in this conscientious artisanship, were painted in the style the Dutch farmers loved. The six-foot wheels were vermilion—the lazy board and the body a brilliant blue. Topping the boat-shaped body were hickory hoops over which was stretched a dazzling white homespun cover. Each wagon was equipped with a repair box stocked with a wagon jack and other tools as necessary as the tool box on a modern motor truck.

It was an impressive conveyance, huge, bulky, awkwardly graceful in appearance. Recently, a truck engineer informed me that the Conestoga wagon incorporated sound engineering principles. He said that the men who designed this wagon correctly planned its weight distribution and axle loading, which are figured with precise mathematics in the design of the modern motor truck.

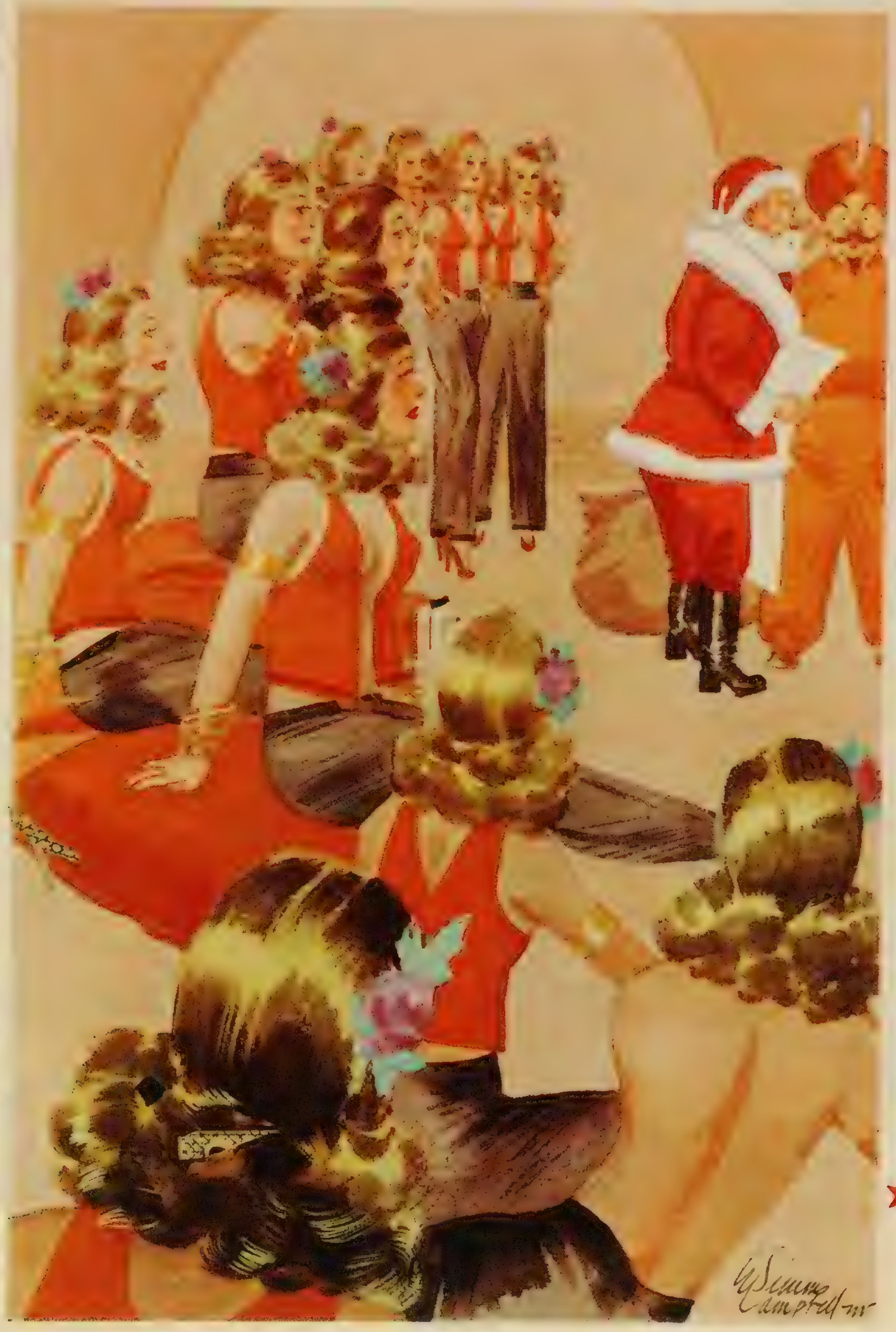
The first Conestoga wagons were loaded to full capacity for the test trip to Philadelphia. They carried corn and wheat, potatoes, fresh and cured meats, cabbages, butter, maple sugar, onions, beans, skins and furs. The colorful caravan with its six-horse teams created a sensation as it rumbled over the cobbled streets of Philadelphia. The Quakers gathered in crowds. They bought and paid liberally for the contents of the wagons.

On the return trip the wagons, according to the old records, were loaded with "coffey, tee, mault, molasses, rum, shugar, sope, cags of nails, cloths, cole and sault."

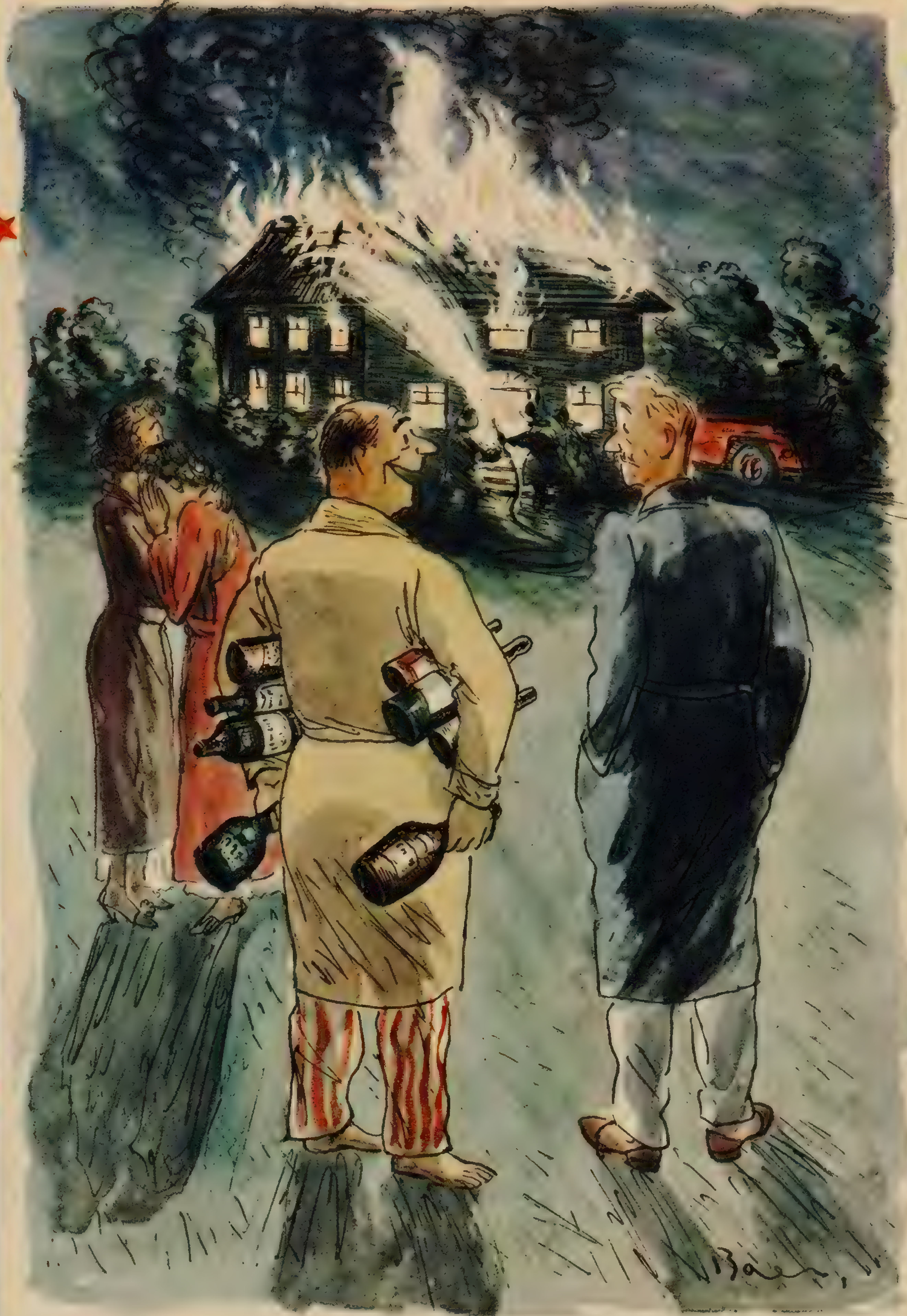
When the wagons safely returned, the elders felt that the experimental stage had been passed. They at once issued an authorization for more wagons of identical construction.

Influence of this new type of transportation was soon felt. In the Valley the effect is in positive evidence to this day. Farming became a more profitable enterprise. Farmers were encouraged to increase their acreage, to enlarge the crop yield from their rich land, to improve the breeding of their farm

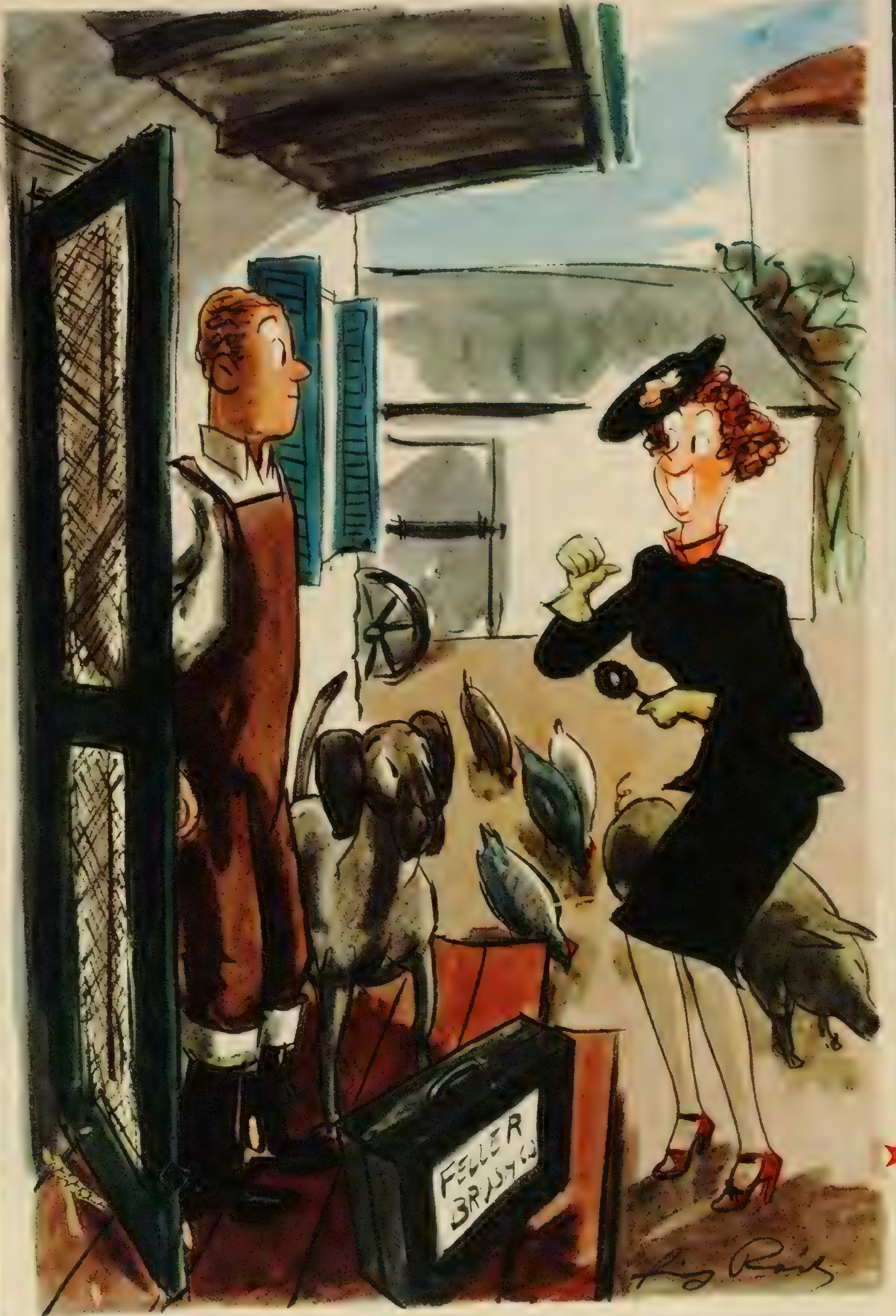
"I feel like I'm aiding China when I eat chop suey"


E. Simms Campbell

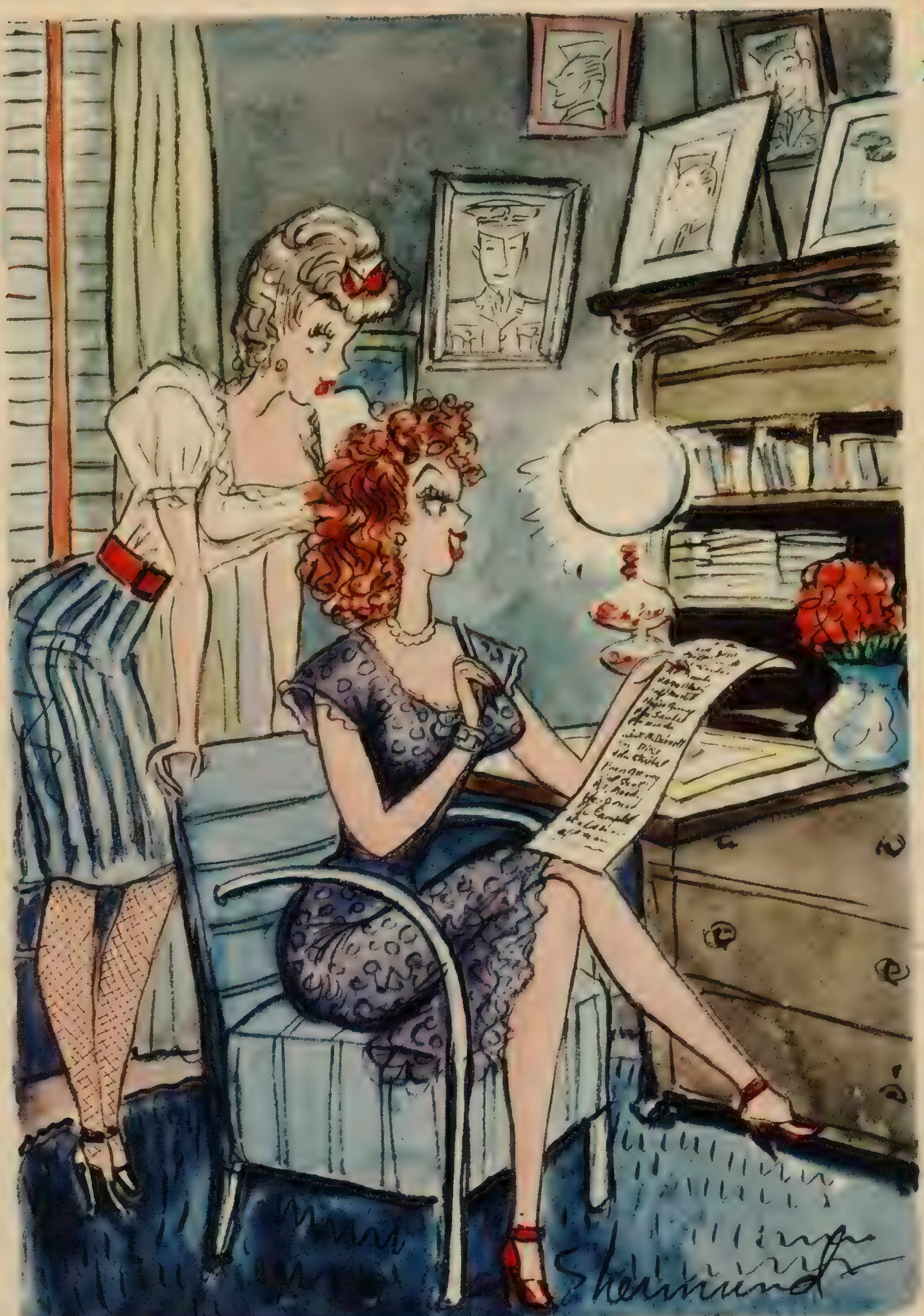
"They all want American sailors"



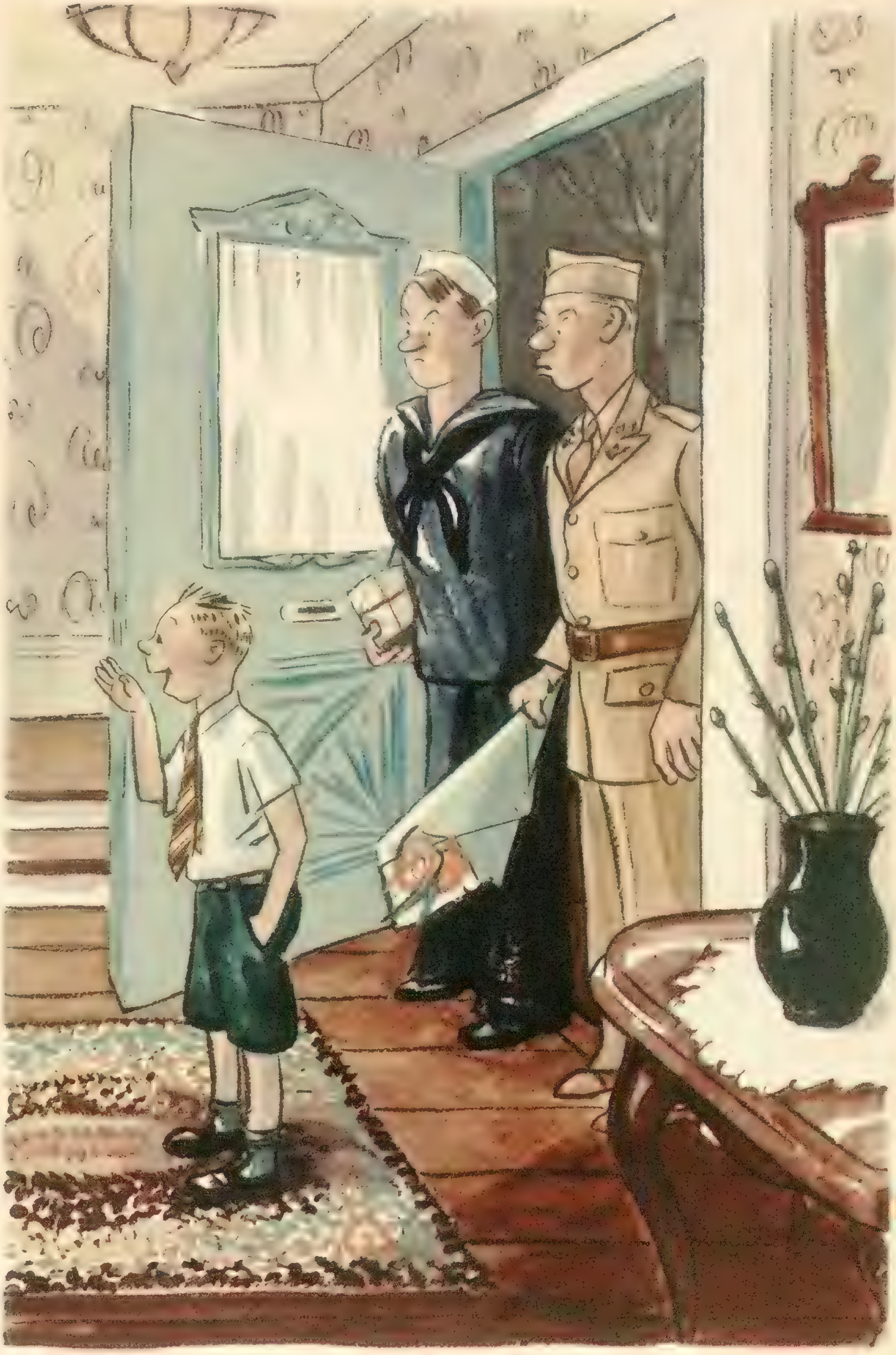
"Oh, it could have been worse—at least I had the presence of mind to save a few valuables"


FELLER BRUSH CO.

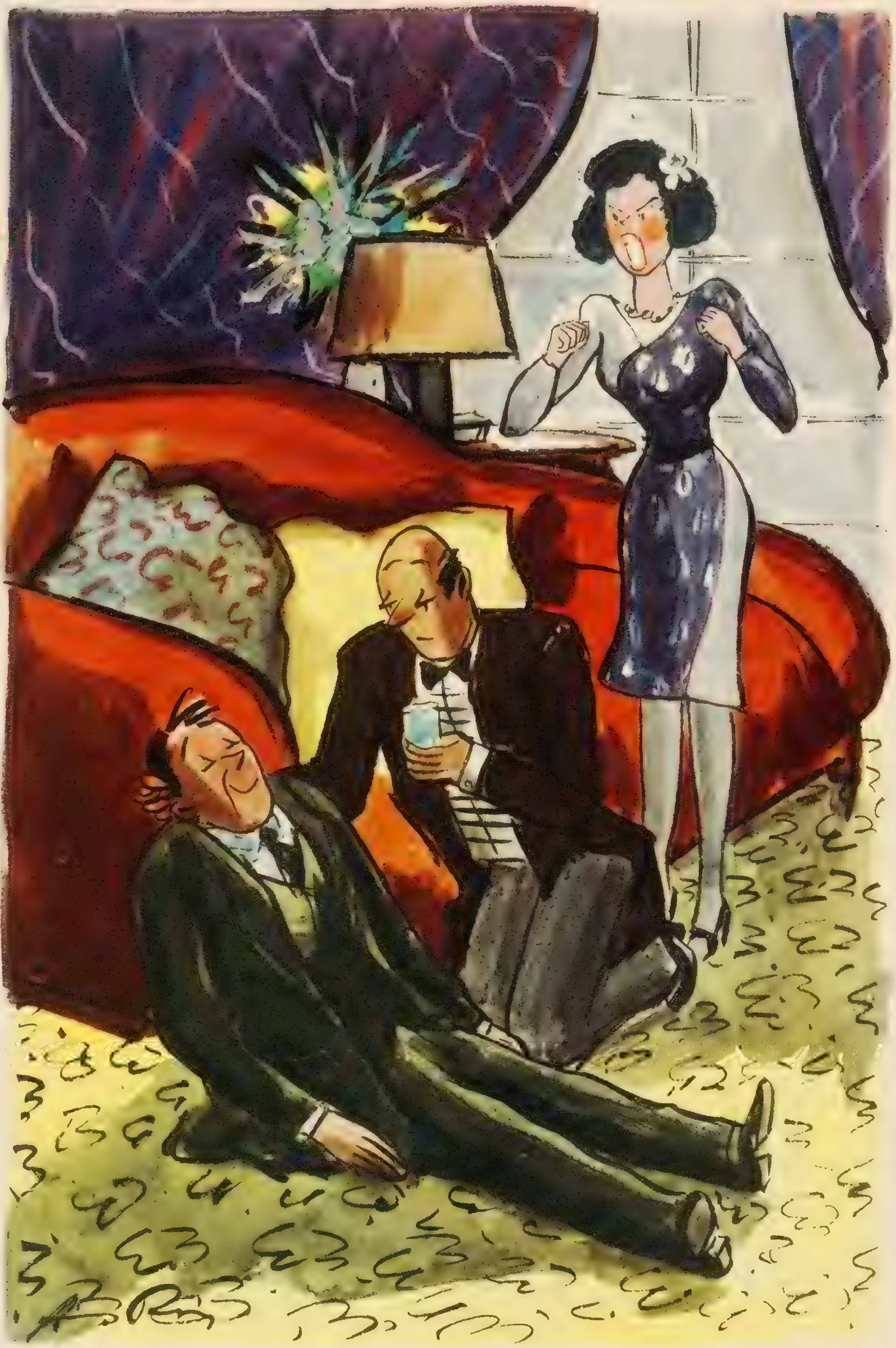
"Wait till the gagwriters hear about us—the travelling saleswoman and the farmer's son"



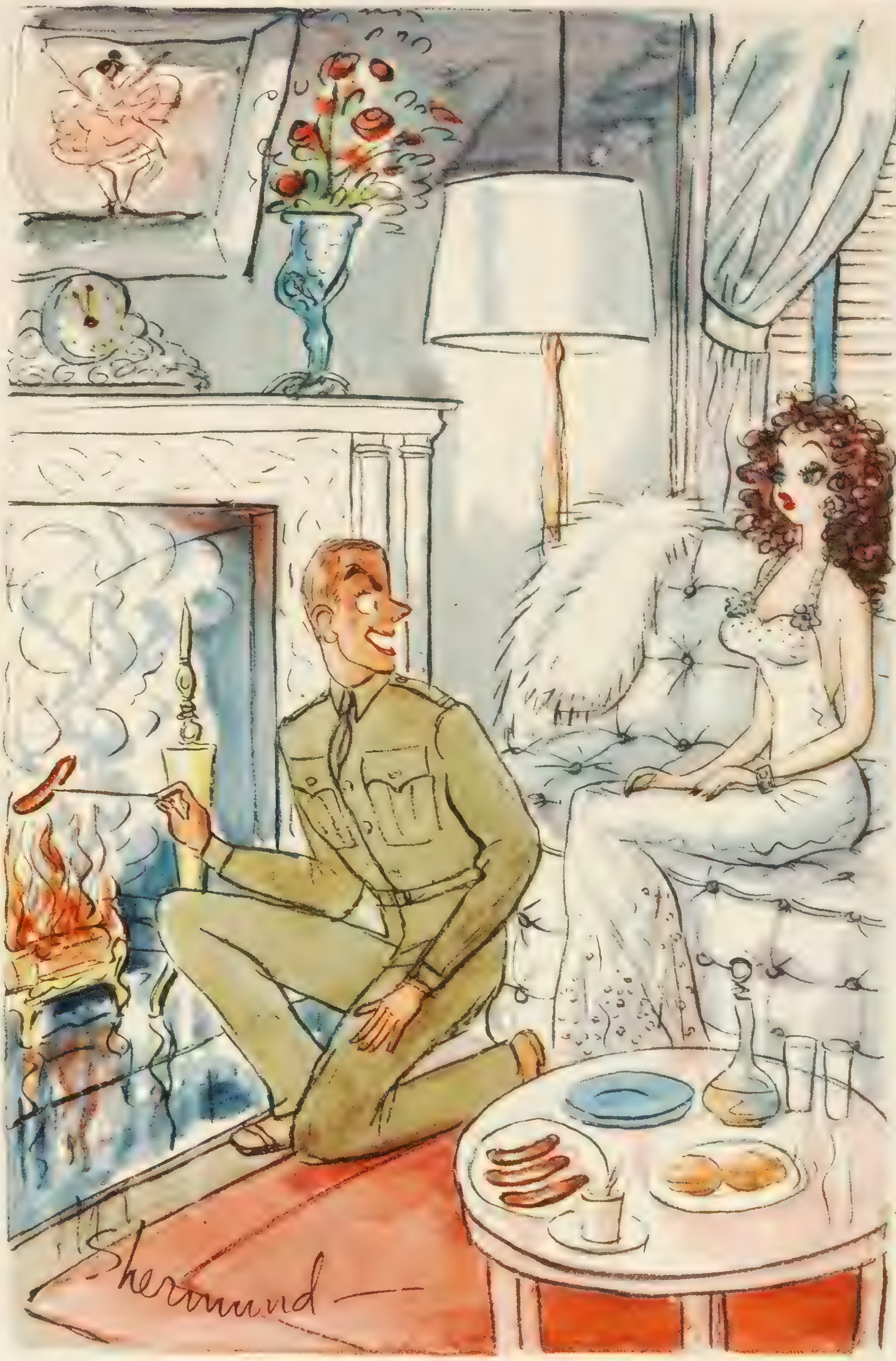
"Now if the Army will just follow this list in granting Christmas furloughs, it'll save me a lot of embarrassment"



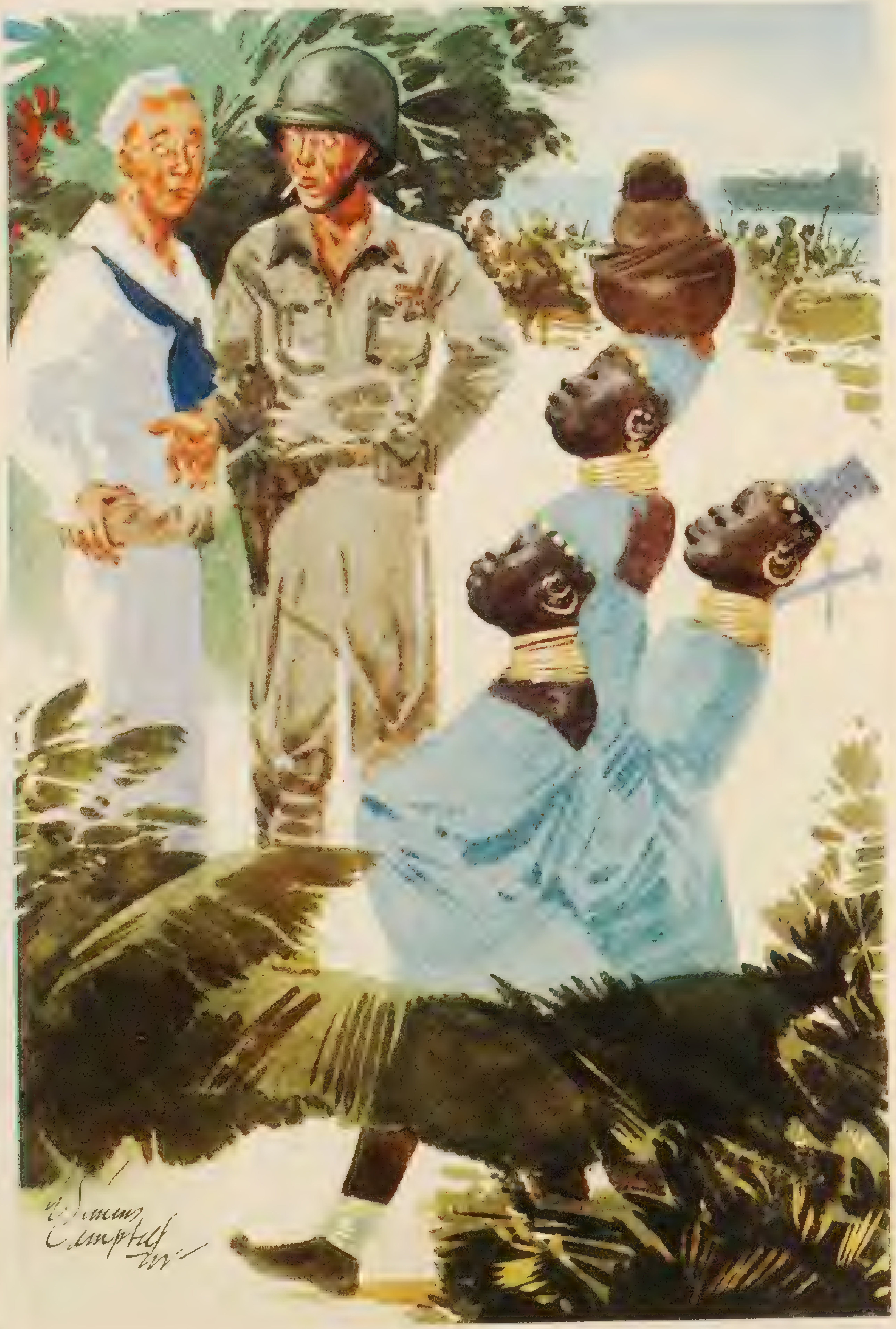
"Hey, Sis! The jeep or the deep?"



"This happens every time I kiss him—gosh I'll be glad when the physically able men come home"



"Now isn't this more fun than eating in some stuffy night club?"



"The hell of it is my wife thinks I'm having a good time"

Marines in the Garden of Eden

Confession of a Leatherneck familiar with Melville's romance of the South Seas and that nice dish, Miss Fayaway

by RICHARD C. HUBLER

• ARTICLE •

In *Typee*, Herman Melville described his South Seas mistress, Fayaway, for the delectation of generations of romantics. In his most melting prose, he said "her free, pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive . . . the face . . . a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness . . . Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom . . . The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess . . . Her feet . . . were . . . diminutive and fairly shaped . . . The skin of this young creature . . . was inconceivably soft and smooth . . . Fayaway for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden."

Melville was one of the pioneers in the romantic To the South Seas movement. Since before the beginning of this century, in song and story the South Seas have been the home of beauty, free and uninhibited in its primal innocence. The Garden of Eden awaited the happy traveller, according to virtually every voyager's report. Nothing was more lovely, according to them, than the oscillation of statuesque charms to the rhythm of a swaying grass skirt. Unless, perhaps it was osculation beneath a moon of incredible size.

Naturally, back in the early months of 1943, I received with a whoop the news that I was going to the South Seas. Like my friends in the Corps, I sailed with a good deal of poetic anticipation. Some of my friends went so far as to break off relations with their back-home sweethearts in order to be conscience-free for romances beyond the seas.

For my part, I leaned on the rail and dreamed of a moment that Melville described: "As I turned the canoe, Fayaway . . . seemed all at once to be struck with some happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder . . . and, spreading it out like a sail of the canoe. We American sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars but a prettier little mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft."

And Melville adds a diffident postscript: "If the reader have not observed ere this that I was the declared admirer of Miss Fayaway, all I can say is that he is little conversant with affairs of the heart . . ."

"Amen, Herman," I said under my breath and watched for the palms to rise above the sea.

I have now been in the South Seas for six months. My duties as a public relations officer for the First Marine Aircraft Wing have taken me to virtually every island in the neighborhood.

I have made a specialty of snooping for evidence of the sensuous, languorous charm of the South Seas. I have also, in my spare moments, made an unofficial poll of *affaires d'amour* in this combat area.

All the votes are in. Every precinct thus reporting has the same totals. Realism, 100. Romance, 0.

The Marines have landed in the South Seas but the situation, for the first time in the history of the Corps, is out of hand. The military situation, if you like, is under control but the legend of the South Seas has been a casualty.

In the first place the maidens hereabouts at these advanced air bases in the South Pacific are flatfooted and flatnosed, resembling a poor grade of anthracite in color and wearing gingham from Sears, Roebuck over shapes like wet sacks of oatmeal. They leave the Marines with nothing but blasted illusions.

To revise Melville, according to one typical specimen: Her dumpy, sodden figure was the very nadir of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was the hue of used carbon paper . . . her face a misshapen and misused but genial affair. Her full, purplish lips, parted in a smile, revealed brown and jagged snags. Her hair, as tough and tensile as copper wire, stood straight up from her head, black at the base and blondined atop with lime to keep insects away. It could never by any miracle hide her pendulous breasts . . . her hands were swollen and spatulate. Her feet were splayed and calloused. The skin of this creature could only be compared to grade three sandpaper.

The single point of which Melville and reality agree concerns the garb of this native product. She, too, prefers the "primitive and summer" dress of Eden.

The free and easy manners of the South Seas, as observed by Melville in the middle of the 19th century, are still in existence. The native damsel may be made happy and cooing with a package of cigarettes. Alas, she is likely to be decorated with the local disease known as "yaws," persistent skin ulcers which are a feature of life in the locale once popularly described as "paradise on earth."

The carefree and enchanting Polynesians have largely vanished, their race wiped out by smallpox and other white man's diseases against which they had no hereditary resistance. In their place are the sturdier but infinitely less attractive Melanesians and Micronesians.

The environment is far from conducive to romance. Both the climate and the animal and insect life combine to chase poetry. Not even a Marine can lose himself in dreams when a mosquito is jabbing him in the neck, probably with a dose of malaria, or when a lizard is making an earnest endeavor to catch a fly on his head.

On one of the islands I met a French farmer named Douyère who had settled there in 1919. He had picked up 200 acres of land and married a native wife.

"Twenty years here?" I asked incredulously. He nodded sadly.

"What does it seem like?"

He spread his fingers. "Like twenty years," he said simply.

The only bright spot in my research is that, although the WAVES cannot go abroad, the WACs and the WAAFs (from New Zealand), as well as the Army and Navy nurses, are appearing in growing numbers in the South Seas. Women, as we understand women were created, are beginning to appear once more.

It is like being home again.

They carry with them the same old inhibitions as they had back in the United States. There are not enough to go around. Right now, the bottleneck in American womanhood is so severe that it takes a captain or better to get a date. I am a lieutenant.

Nevertheless, we understand that the production of American women for service is going on at a great rate back in the States. With the war promised to last until 1949 by the Navy, we can confidently await the future. ##

"—and this is all you learned from the Marines—just Patty Cake—Patty Cake?"

The Ten Best Jazz Tunes

As chosen by Benny Goodman, John Kirby, Charley Shavers, Teddy Wilson, Sidney Catlett, Bobby Hackett and ever yours

by ROBERT GOFFIN

• ARTICLE •

Around 1890 the last tom-tom dances in America, organized by freed Negroes who remembered the rituals of their native Congo, were held in an old corner of Dumaine Street in New Orleans. The rhythm was powerful and the music bewitching. Little by little rhythm which was pure Congo became intertwined with the music of our own folk lore, and it has never become disentangled since.

At that particular time the last Quadroon Balls were popular in New Orleans, balls where rich planters bowed to choose their mistresses and danced to the routine tra-la-la of French orchestras playing mazurkas and polkas. Of all the quadrille figures then popular in Europe, only one had really swept the continent—that was the skipping line during which the dancing couples threw their arms around each other and embraced. Long after the tune for the figure had died out in France, it lived in New Orleans. The site of the old Quadroon Balls was finally bought by a Negro religious community, and the balls ceased, but still the song stayed on.

It moved to Dumaine Street, the old slave quarter. But it was transformed. It had been kneaded all out of shape and mangled by tom-tom rhythm and Congo syncopation. It was called *Praline*, the French name for a popular confection. From Dumaine Street, *Praline* moved into the genteel houses of Basin Street; it made Mahogany Hall famous and boosted business for Pete Lala; it burst in a cloud of drum beats over faro games at the home of Tom Anderson, King of Vice.

In 1917, every house in the quarter was closed by police order, and the musicians were scattered all over the United States. But *Praline* lived on. It made a fortune for the Dreamland Cafe and the many small establishments near Chicago's Loop.

By this time the strange ex-Congo rhythm had been baptized *Jazz; Praline* had received its first papers and had changed its name to *Tiger Rag*. One year later, I heard it blared from the brasses of the American military band which accompanied the triumphant reentry of King Albert into Brussels. And in 1919, the Prince of Wales applauded *Tiger Rag* furiously and gave jazz a boost in prestige by passing an evening with the celebrated drummer Mitchell who had brought jazz to Europe.

Inside a quarter of a century, the old slaves' tune had licked the beautiful dances of European courts in a fair and open fight. It used to be a favorite of Europe's underworld because it was considered the music of a democracy.

That's how a famous tune is born. Twenty to fifty other songs have similarly conquered the world and served as classic themes for many a composer. After wondering for some time what the favorite tunes of top musicians might be, I took up the pilgrim's burden and descended on Broadway, where, in twenty-five years, this new jazz music has bestowed upon its devotees trumpets of gold and brides from Hollywood.

First I visited Benny Goodman. He was draped in an elegant dressing gown, and practicing his clarinet. With that continual smile of friendly mockery on his lips, he listened to my question. First he laughed, and then he talked about how necessary it was for a musician to refine his tones. Finally I pushed a piece of paper under his hand and between a speech about the European situation and a eulogy of his child, he managed to list what he considers the ten best jazz tunes:

Honeysuckle Rose
The Man I Love
Lady Be Good
After You've Gone
Melancholy Baby
Embraceable You
Stompin' at the Savoy
King Porter Stomp
Blue Skies
I Cried for You

TATTOOING
AT REASONABLE
PRICES
Frank BEAVEN

"Something appropriate—I'm going to drop in on the Navy tonight"

I found my next victim at a rehearsal of the Platterbrains program of WMCA—John Kirby, the famous top leader of an excellent small orchestra. While he was chewing over the question I put it to his trumpet man, Charlie Shavers, who was featured in the last list of The All-American Band. After much thought, the men produced these lists:

John Kirby
Lady Be Good
Yesterdays
Tea for Two
All the Things You Are
As Time Goes By
Schubert's Serenade
St. Louis Blues
Sugar
Memories of You
Humoresque

Charley Shavers
Easy to Love
Rhapsody in Blue
Talk of the Town
Tea for Two
Lady Be Good
Mood Indigo
All the Things You Are
St. Louis Blues
I've Got You Under My Skin
Sugar

I needed some new slant on the question. I would have interviewed Harry James if I hadn't been afraid he would burst out with Ciribiribin. Instead I went behind-scenes of Café Society.

The excellent pianist, Teddy Wilson, smiled at my question and while Hazel Scott practiced her tiny but exquisite affectations, he wrote down the ten top pieces to which he would be willing to dedicate every chord and trill on his piano:

All the Things You Are
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Don't Be That Way
Body and Soul
Lady Be Good
How High the Moon
Honeysuckle Rose
Halleluyah
In Peaceful Valley
Don't Blame Me

Then I interviewed Sidney Catlett, the best drummer in the world, who hammered a drum head while he searched his mind for whatever musical theories might be lurking there. From time to time he lifted his eyes to the ceiling and, after a deafening solo, came up with the following

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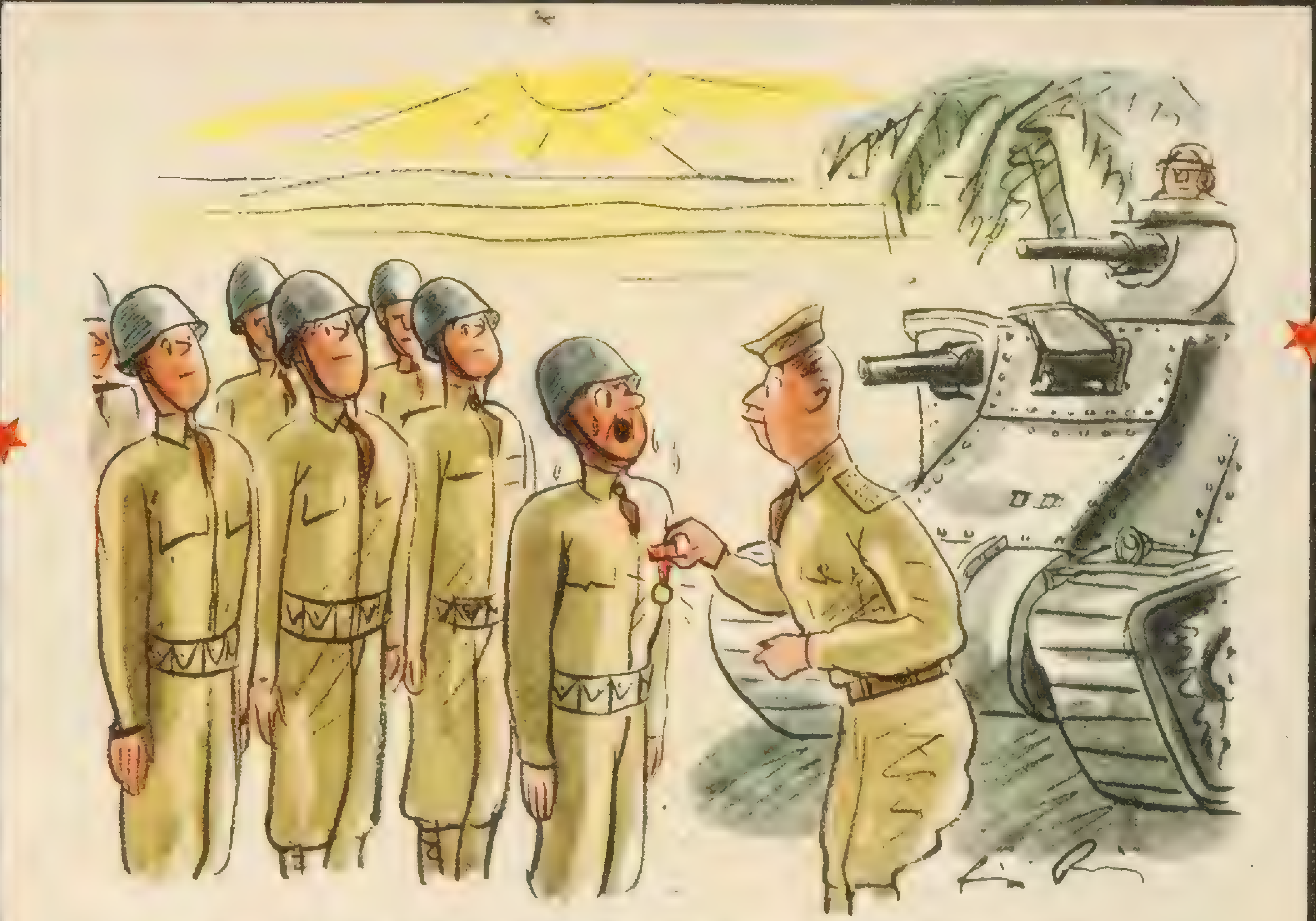


"Couldn't I have a nice, tall, black and white soda instead, General?"

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Lynn Bari

SHE landed her first part in pictures as a dancing girl in *Dancing Lady*, but she couldn't dance . . . she was born in Roanoke, Vuhginya, but she doesn't call you "honey" . . . she's a minister's daughter but she confines her ministrations to the pin-up boys. All of which makes Lynn Bari a paradox as well as the paragon praised by the press agents at 20th Century-Fox. Said sayers of the "sensationals" call lithe Lynn "the girl with the million dollar figure and future." For proof of the figure, roll your eyes westward. For a foresight of the future, see her in *Tampico*, the current Fox film in which Edward G. Robinson and Victor McLaglen also run.

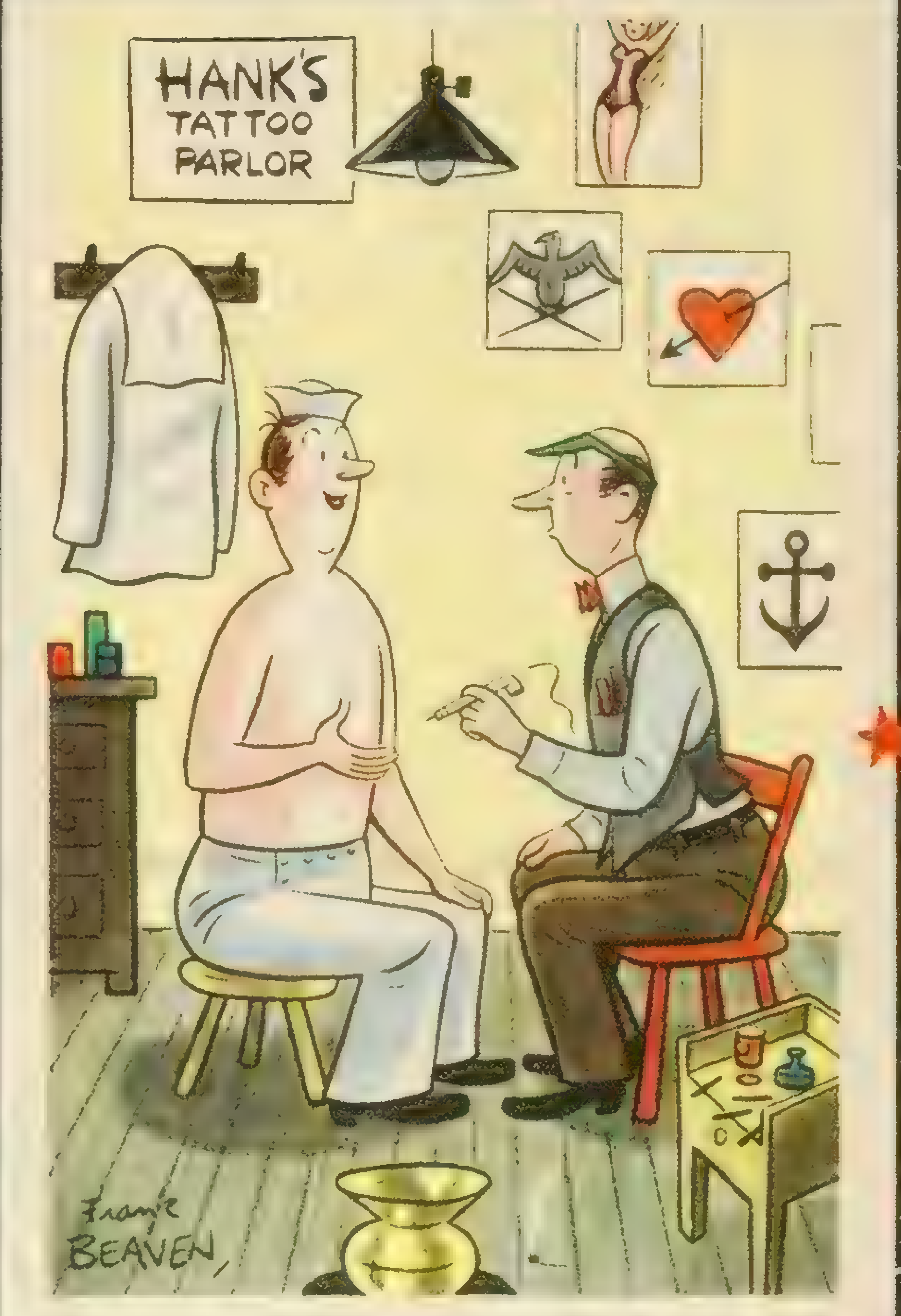
Five feet six and a tall 13 when she lied her way into the chorus line behind Joan Crawford, Lynn Bari is now 23 and still considered tall for Hollywood, the land of diminutive damsels and out-sided adjectives. With thirty-six pictures under her belt, she still waists in at 24 inches. At pertinent points above and below the waist, she measures 35 inches, which puts her 117 pounds in the right places for dressmakers, cameramen and, of course, wolfpacks.

Not beauty parlor bottles but some photogenic soap suds are responsible for Lynn Bari's dark mane. Once a blonde, she lolled through an extravagant bathing sequence in one of her early pictures, clad but completely in soap suds. When the bathtub Lynn doffed the suds, she found that she also doffed her hair. And when she hibernated to let it grow back, she turned out to be a bewildered but nonetheless breath-taking brunette.

The tall, rangy lad has first place on Miss Bari's date parade, but he can be blond, brunet, redheaded or maybe even bald if he possesses a sense of humor, intelligence without excess intellect, an extra bottle of Chanel Number 5 and, most important, a uniform. In fact, her partiality for Uncle Sam's tailoring amounts to a definite weakness for all soldiers, sailors, marines and flyers. If her escort had a check list it would include: "Lynn likes flowers if they're white, recordings if they're by the Boston Symphony, steaks if they're medium rare, gin-rummy if it's friendly." She promises not to be too demanding of her squires, however, if they'll be tolerant when she's not strictly punctual. "After all," she smiles, "I may be late only because I like my escort well enough to do some extra-special smoothing-up for him."

Vital Statistics: *Real name:* Marjorie Bitzer; *birthdate:* December 18; *hobby:* candid camerantics.

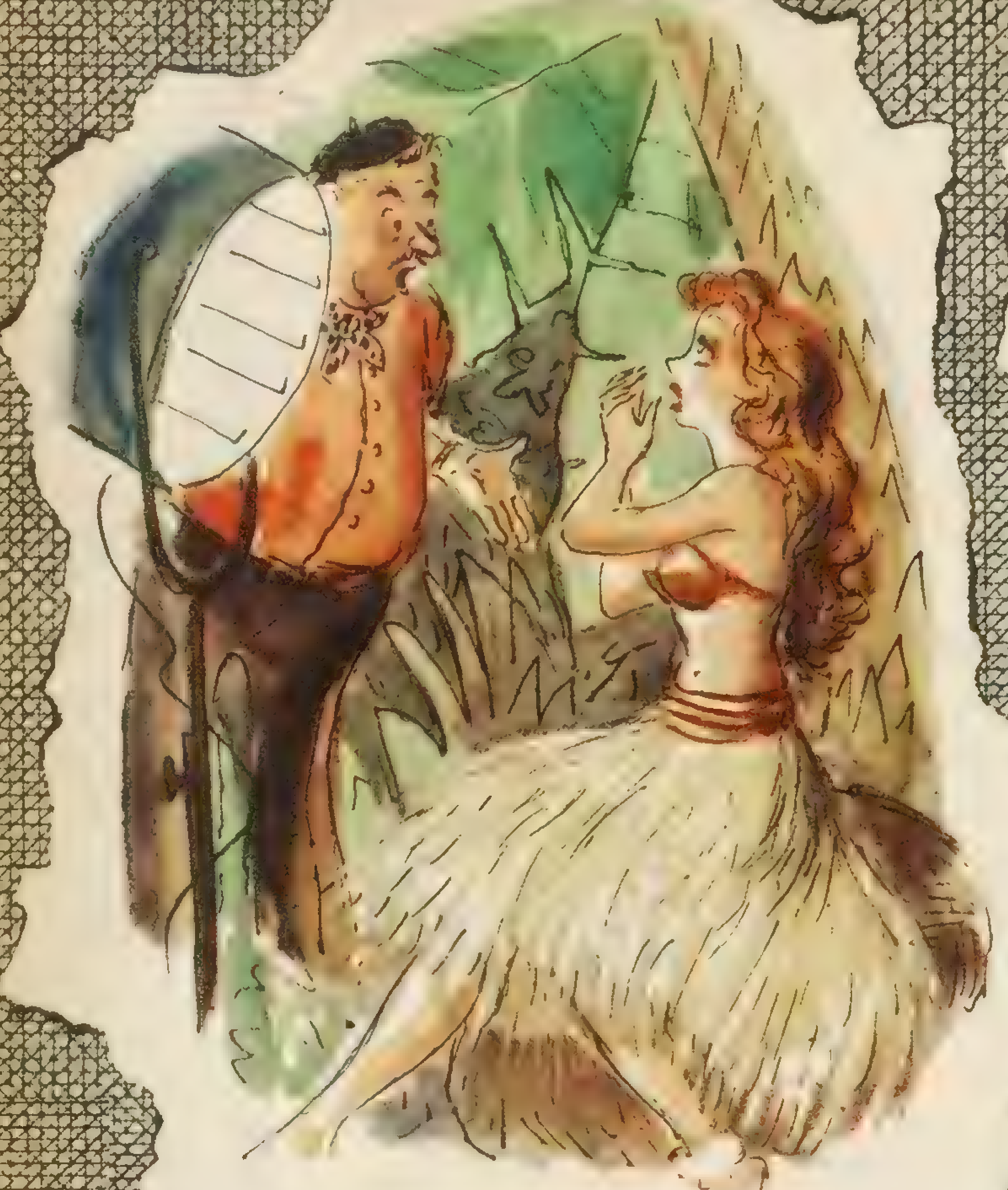
PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL



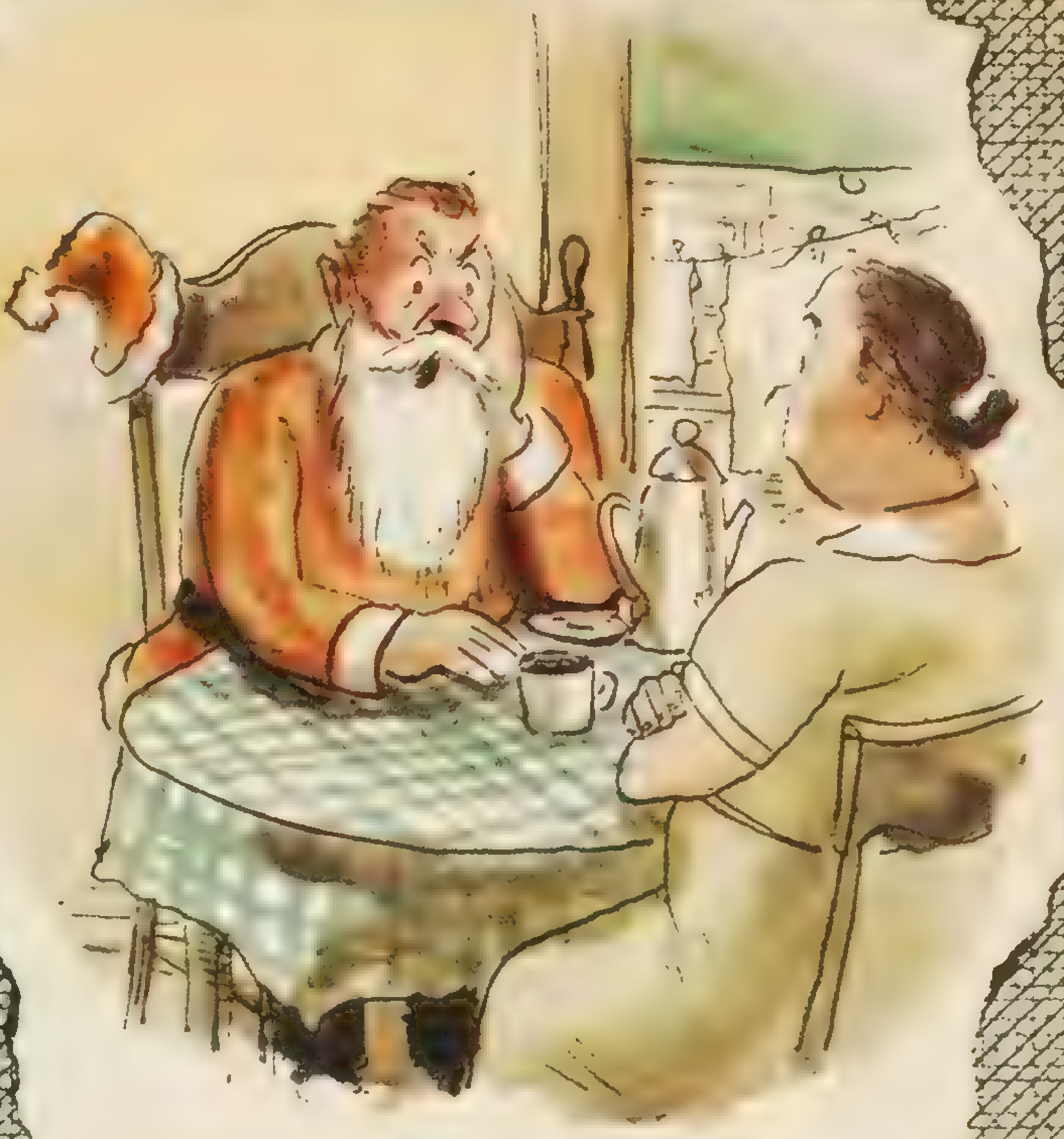
"Do you do animated cartoons?"

Pretty Innocent Merriment

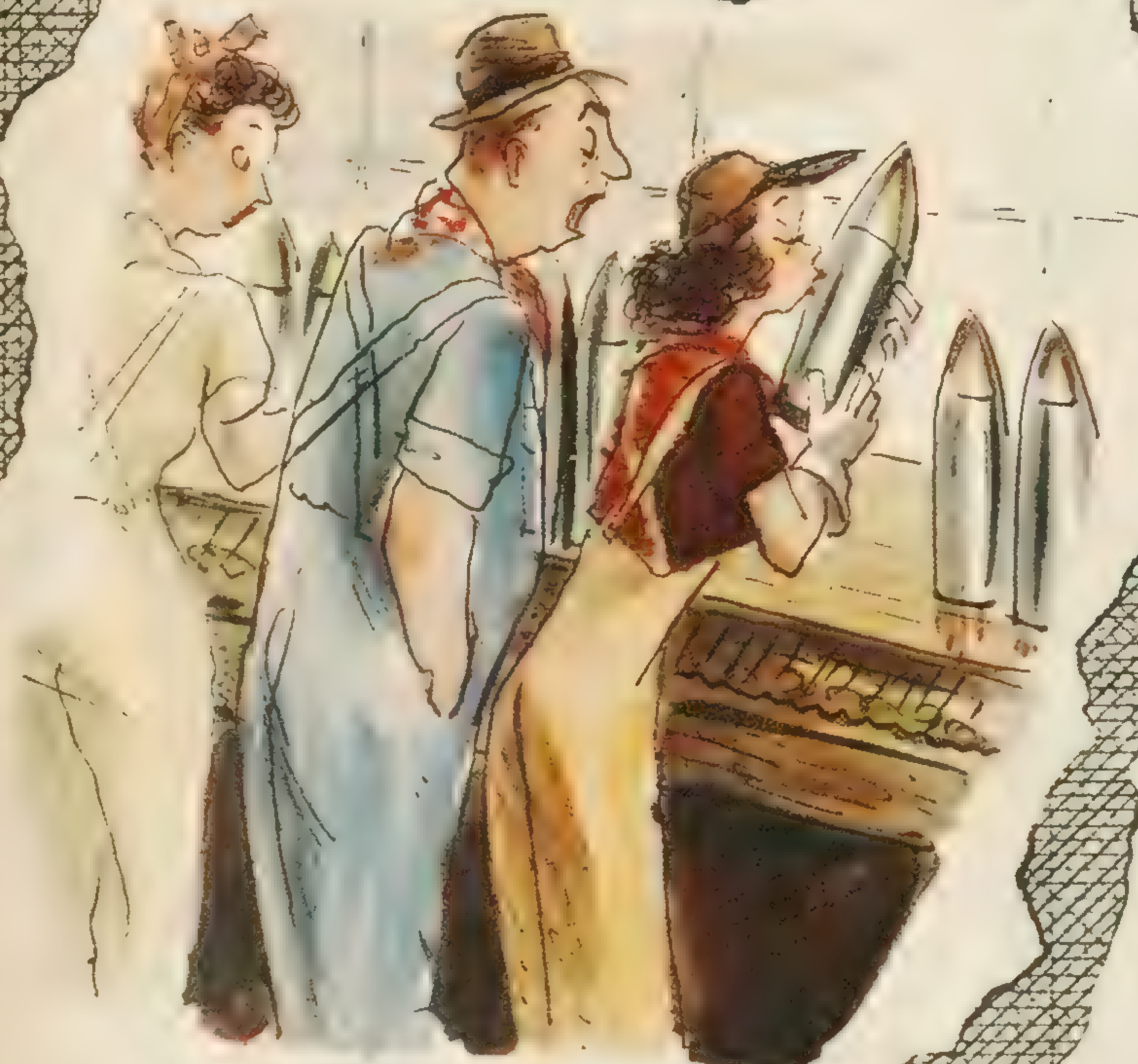
by HOWARD BAER



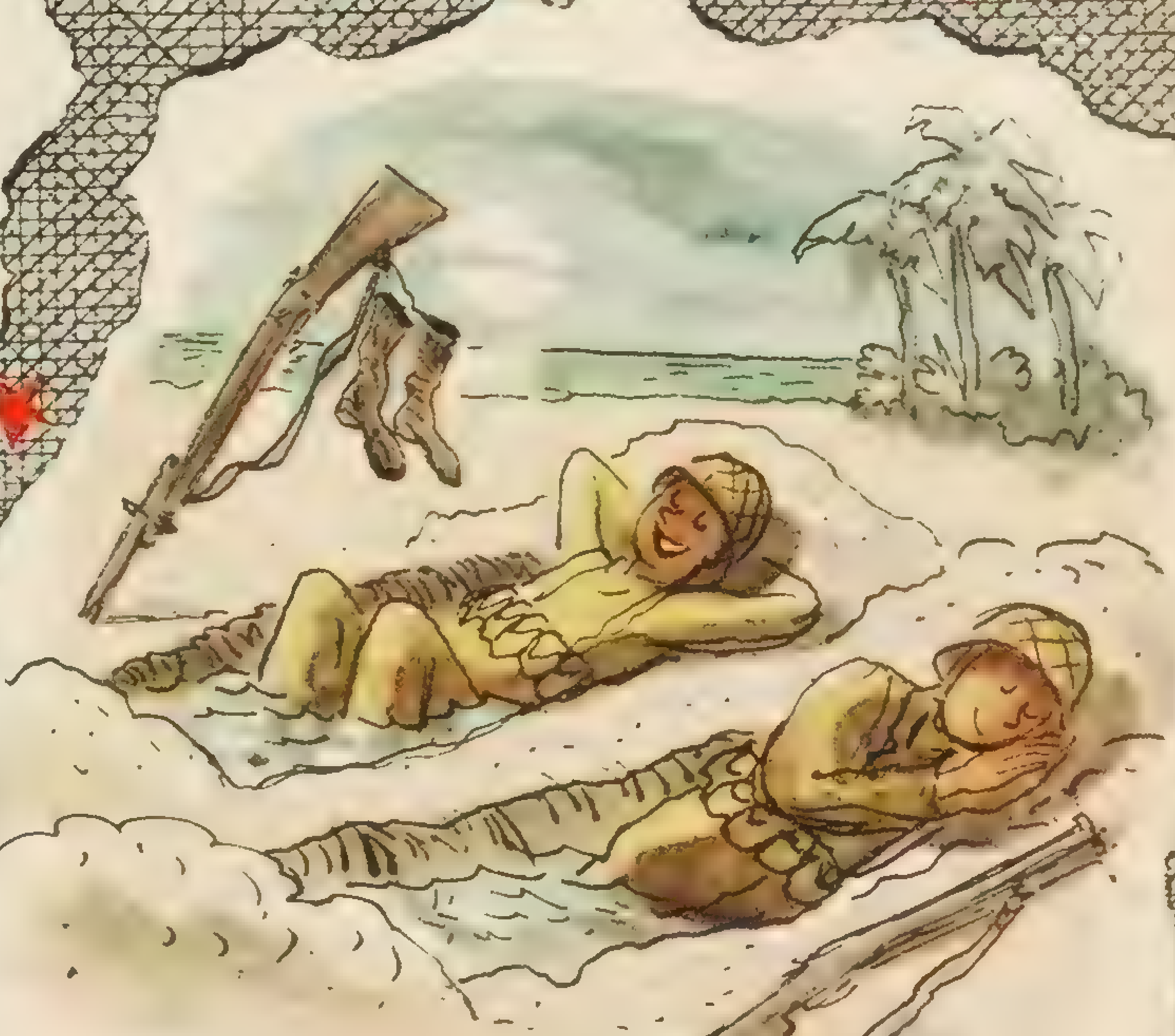
"Please, Miss Golden, this is a jungle picture—give us a little less art and a little more leg"



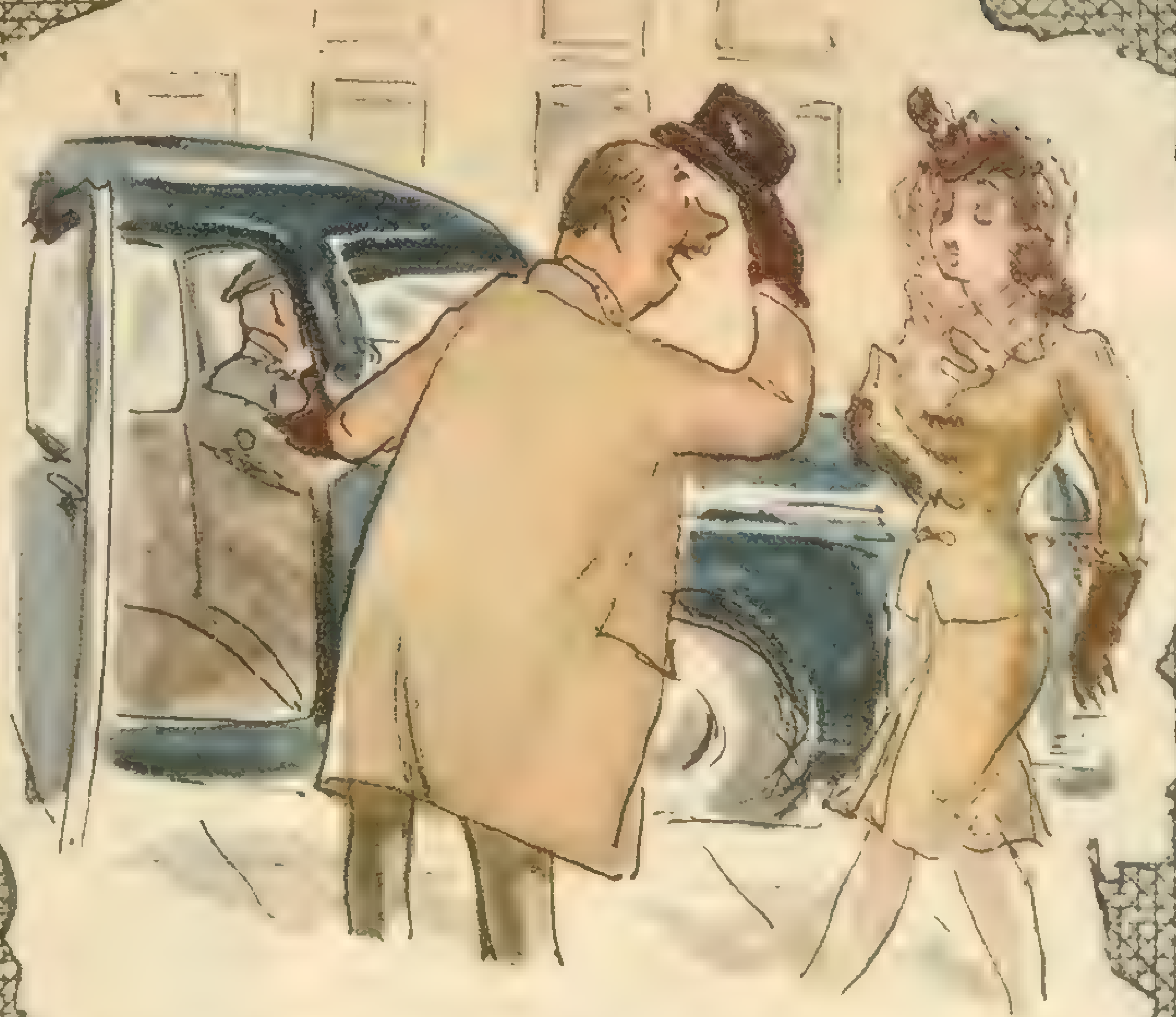
". . . and when I bent over to pick up my beard the little brat let me have it"



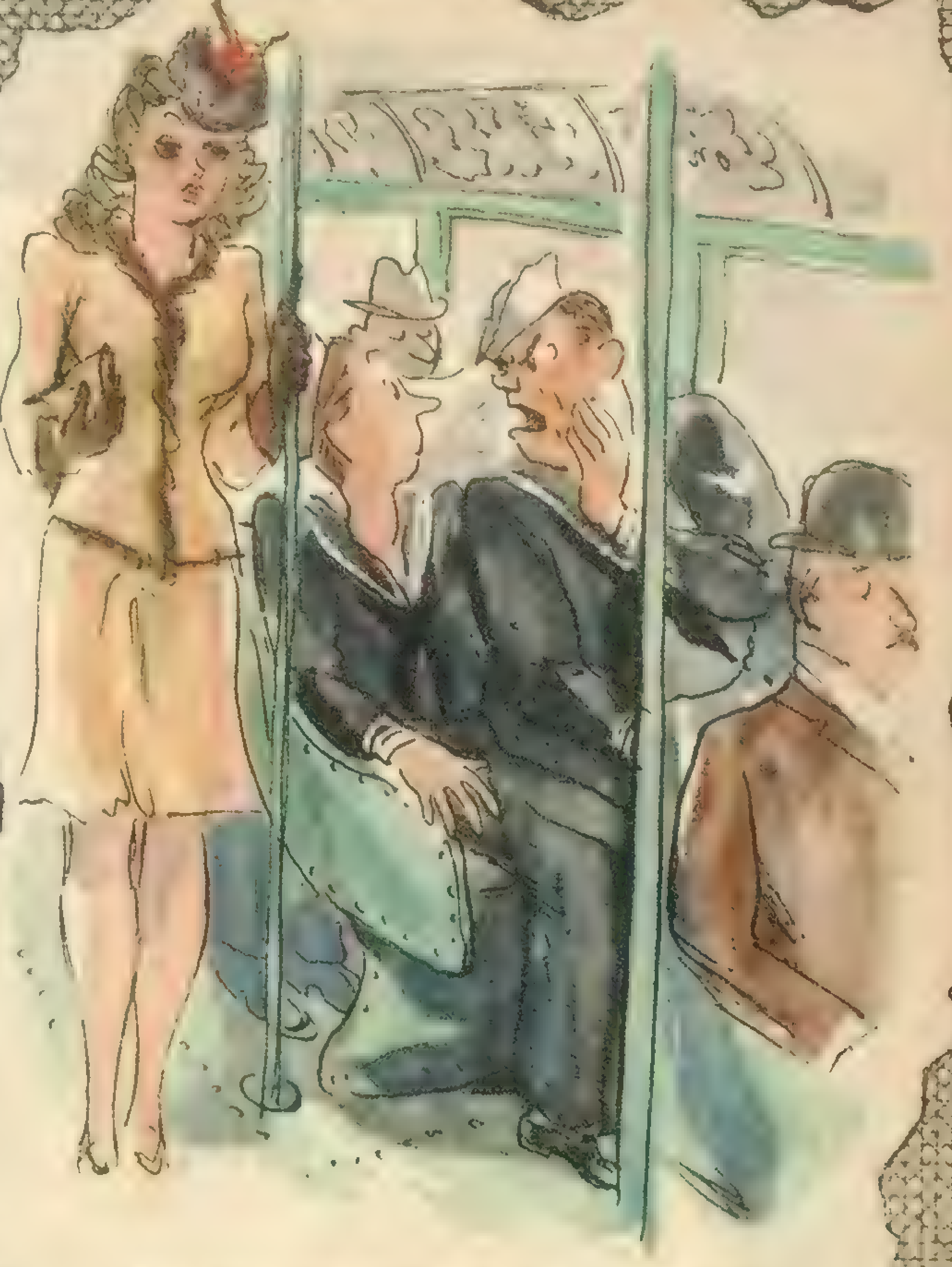
"Never mind kissing them for luck, Miss Plug"



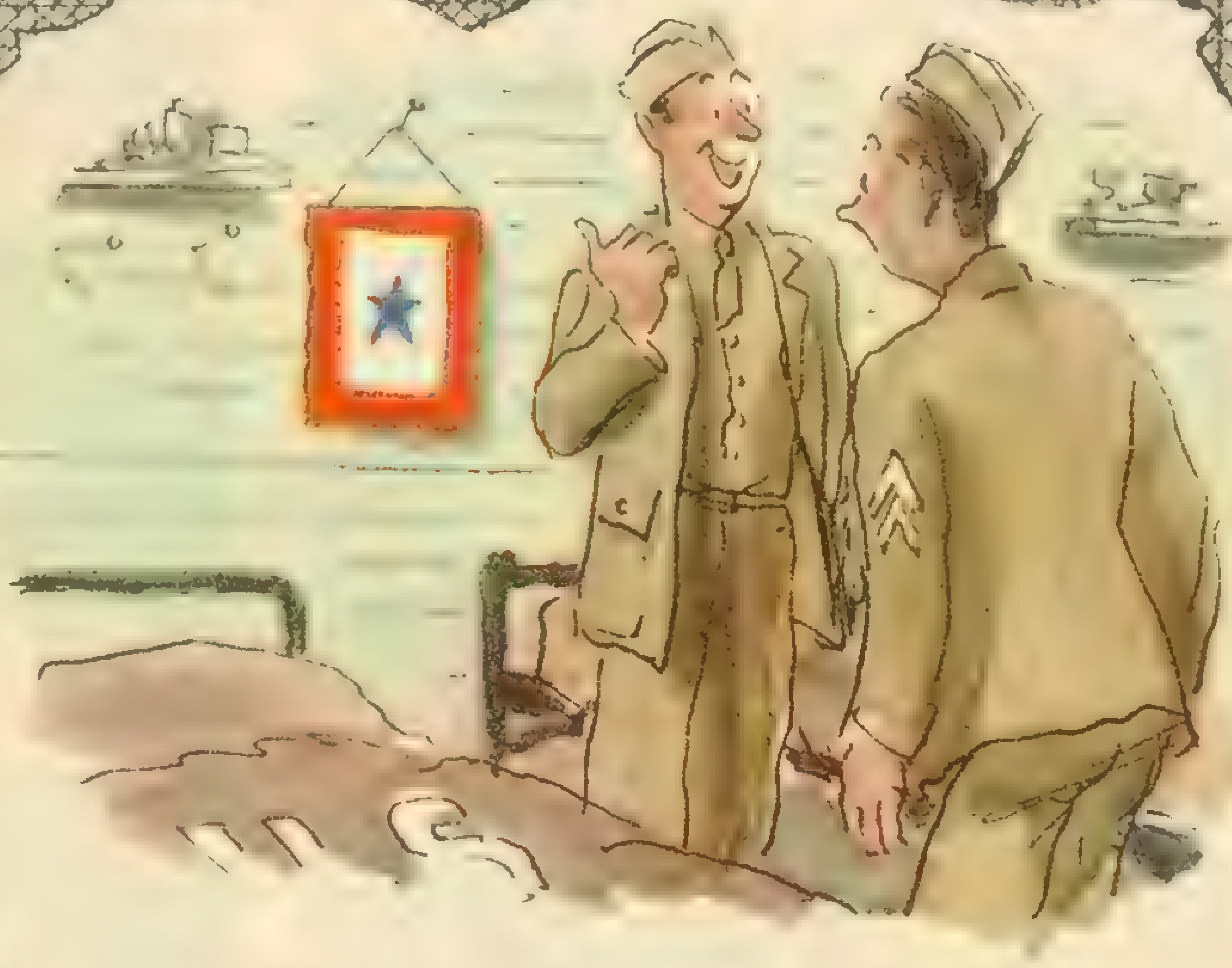
"The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of sugar plums danced thru their heads"



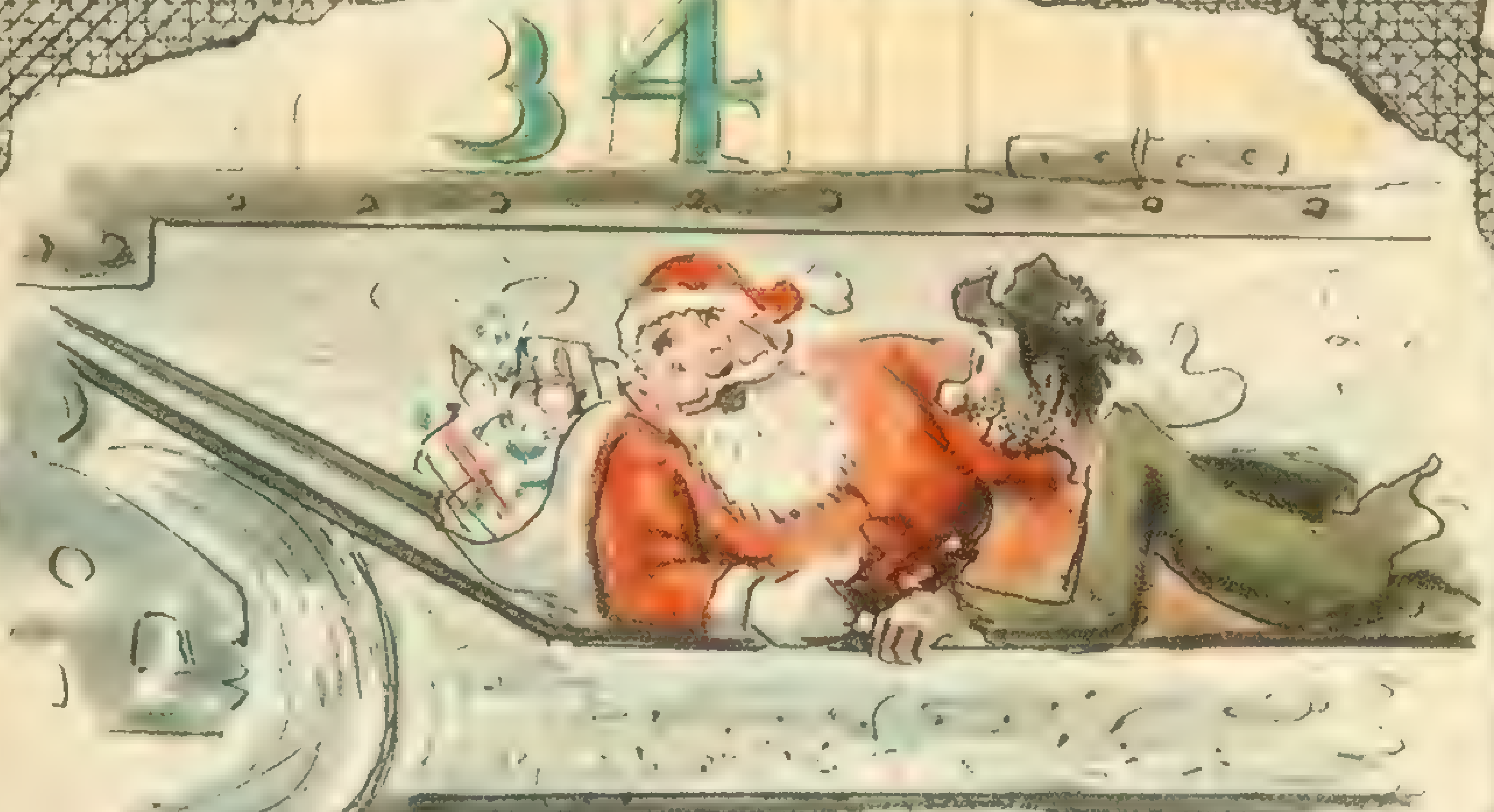
"Good morning—could I pool my car with you?"



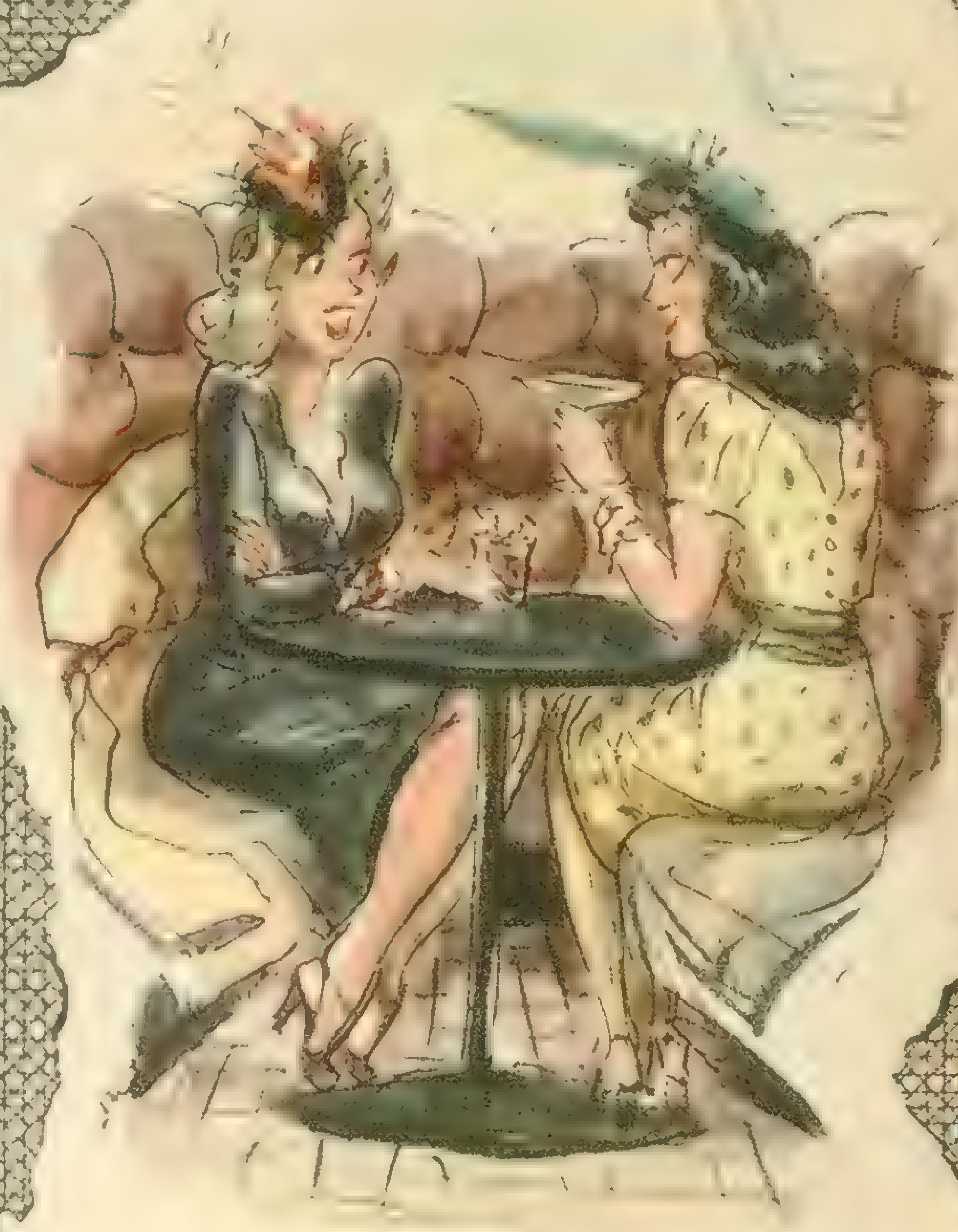
"Why don't you give that lady your seat?"



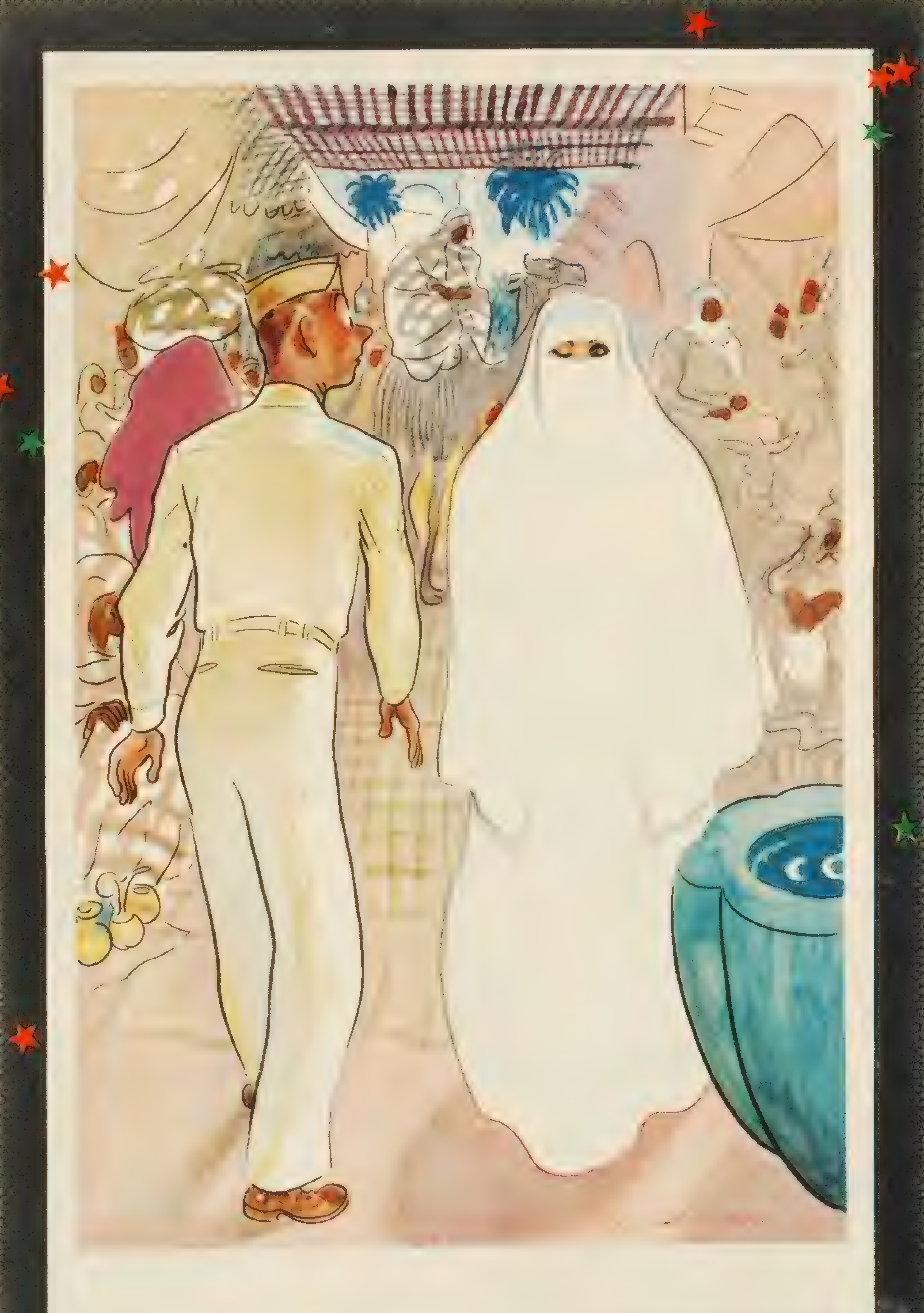
"That's for my brother—he's raising three kids, skimping on meat and butter, buying War Bonds, and making machine guns fifty hours a week"

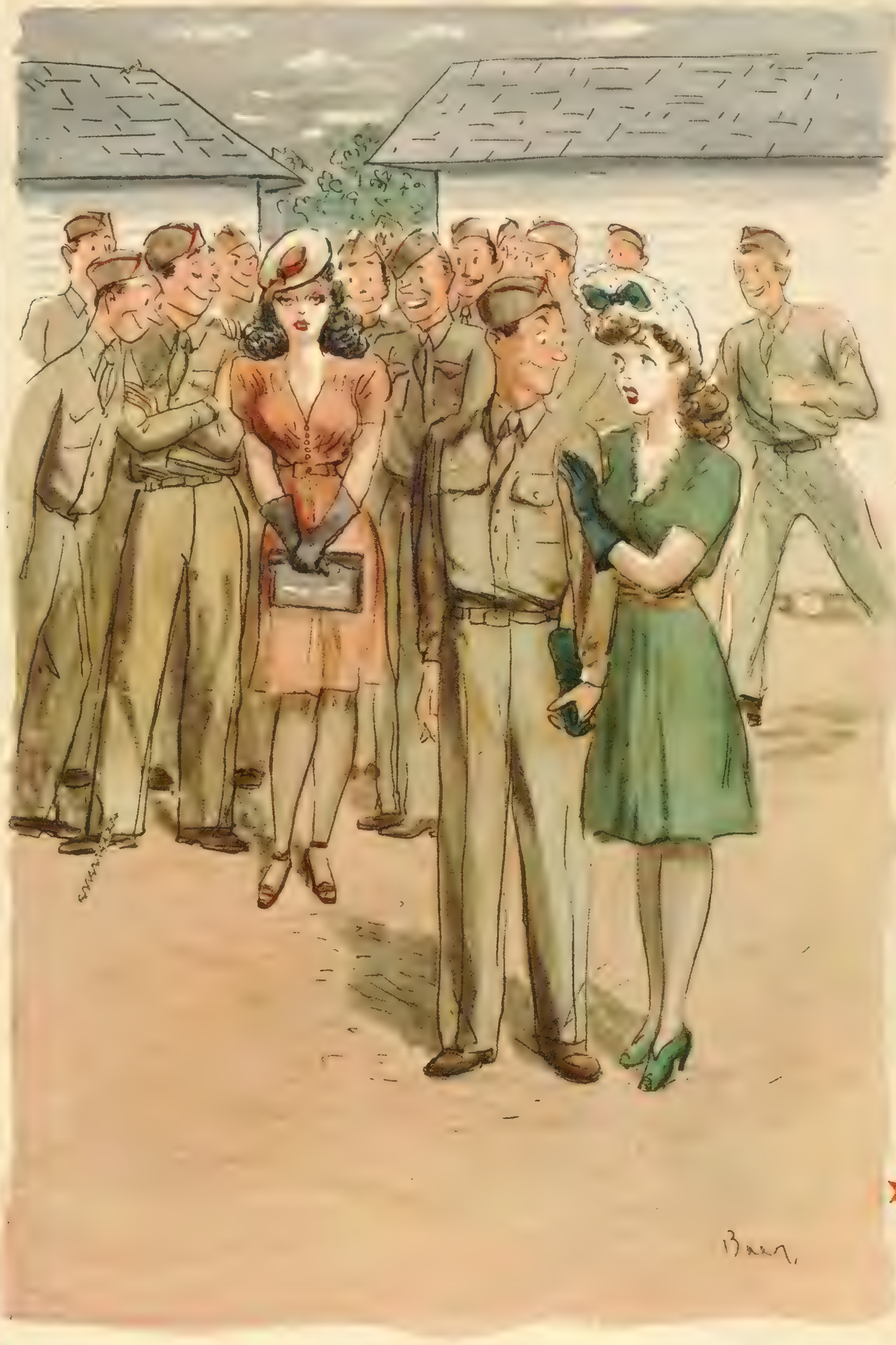


"Almost impossible to get a reservation these days"



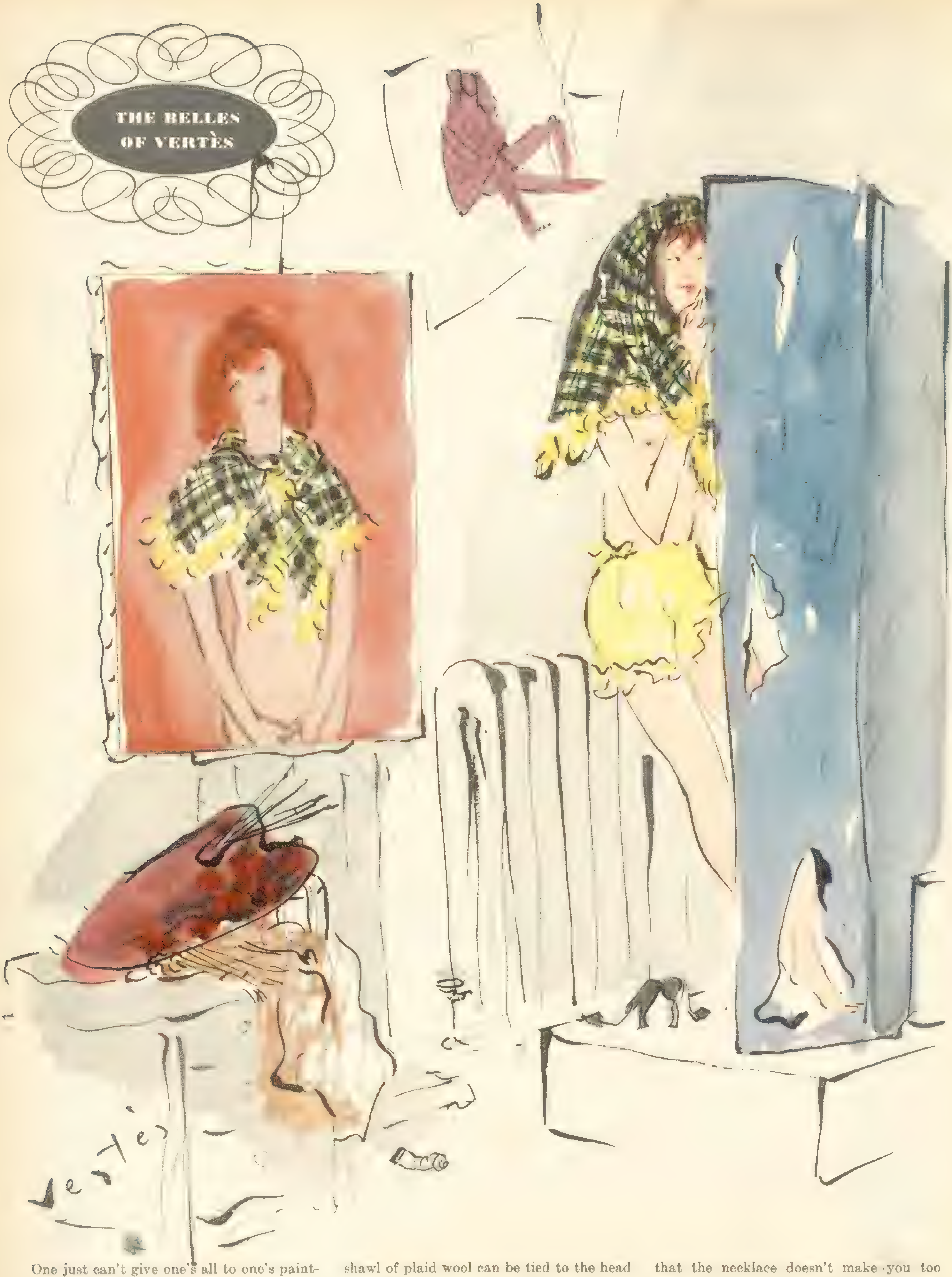
"My husband is giving me a fur coat for Christmas and I'm giving him a muff to match"





"I had to bring Evelyn along, dear—could you dig up somebody for her?"

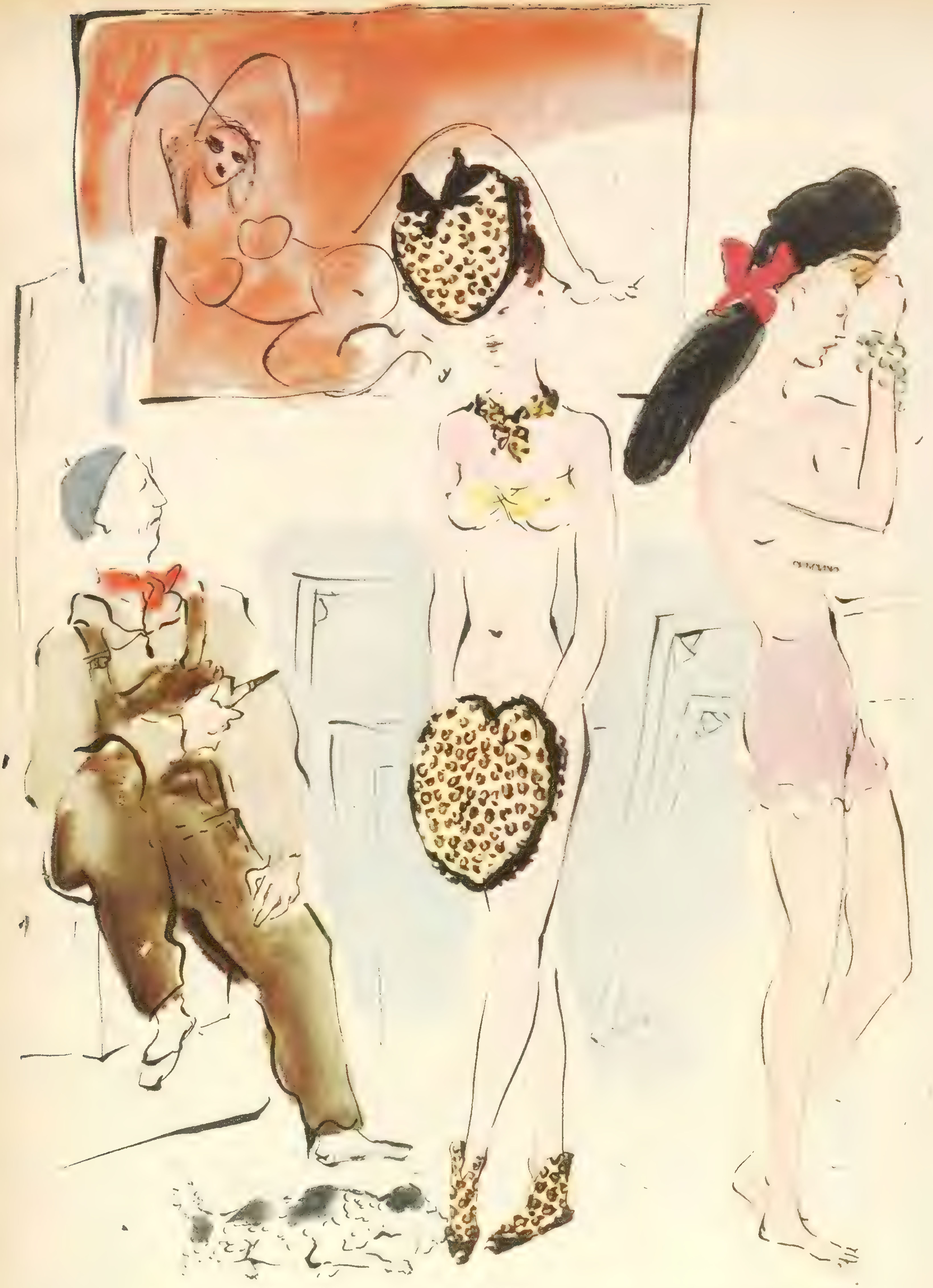
THE BELLES OF VERTÈS



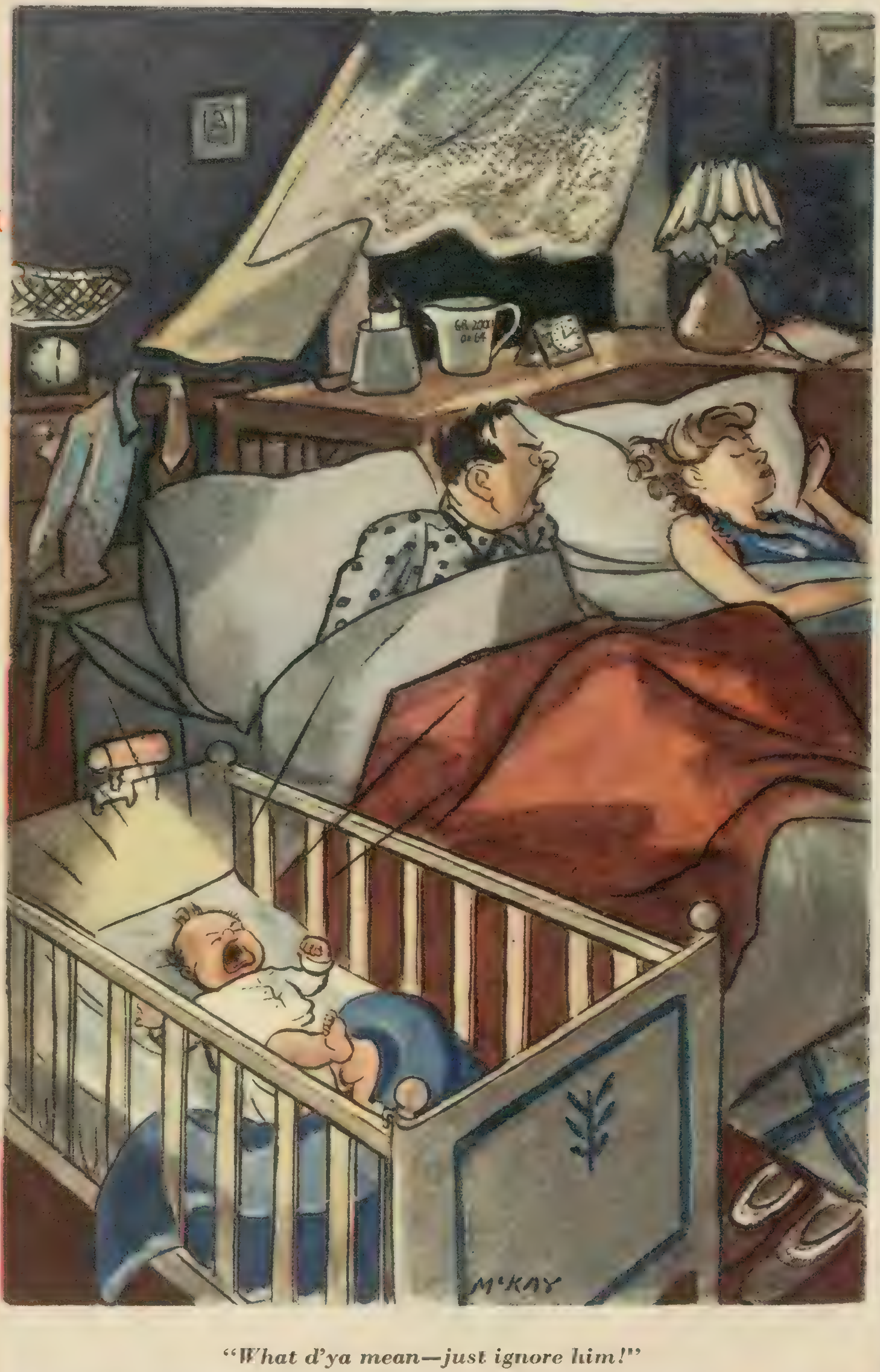
One just can't give one's all to one's painting with only overalls, shirt, scarf, and beret to keep one from the December air. While we're waiting, let's look at the redheaded beauty, who's discovered that her shawl of plaid wool can be tied to the head as well as the shoulders. The girl under the artist's gaze wears beret, muff-bag, and leggings of leopard stenciled lapin, (also comes in zebra lapin). Are you sure, dearie, that the necklace doesn't make you too warm? Daisy Boone has a black fox hat with tail tied on with a shocking pink satin bow. You'll go look for Oscar? No, dear, don't bother to change—go just as you are.

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane, c/o Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

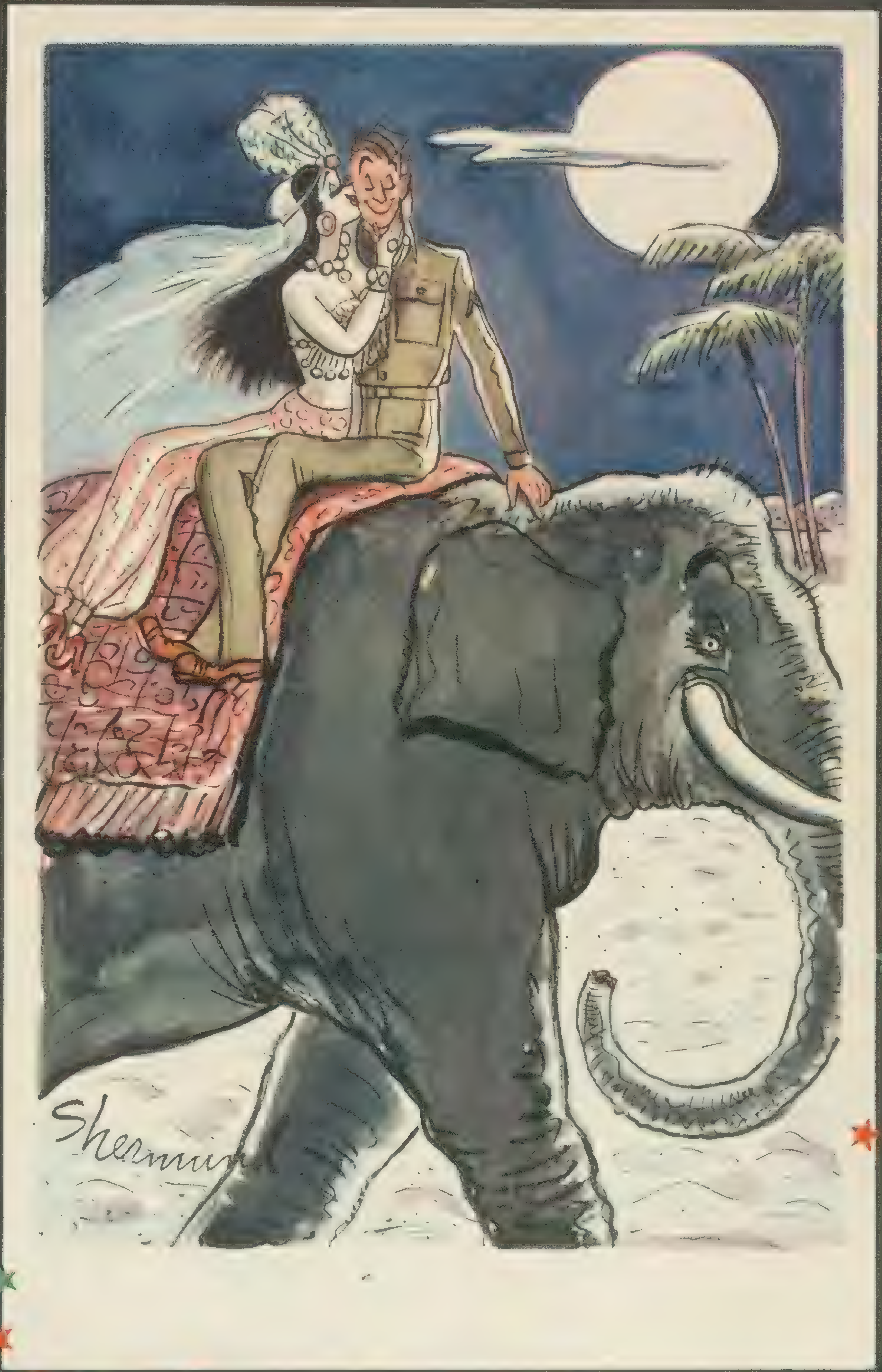
Editor's Note: *Esquire will accept no responsibility for what may happen if male readers fail to tear off the bottom of this page before letting their female dependents see it.*

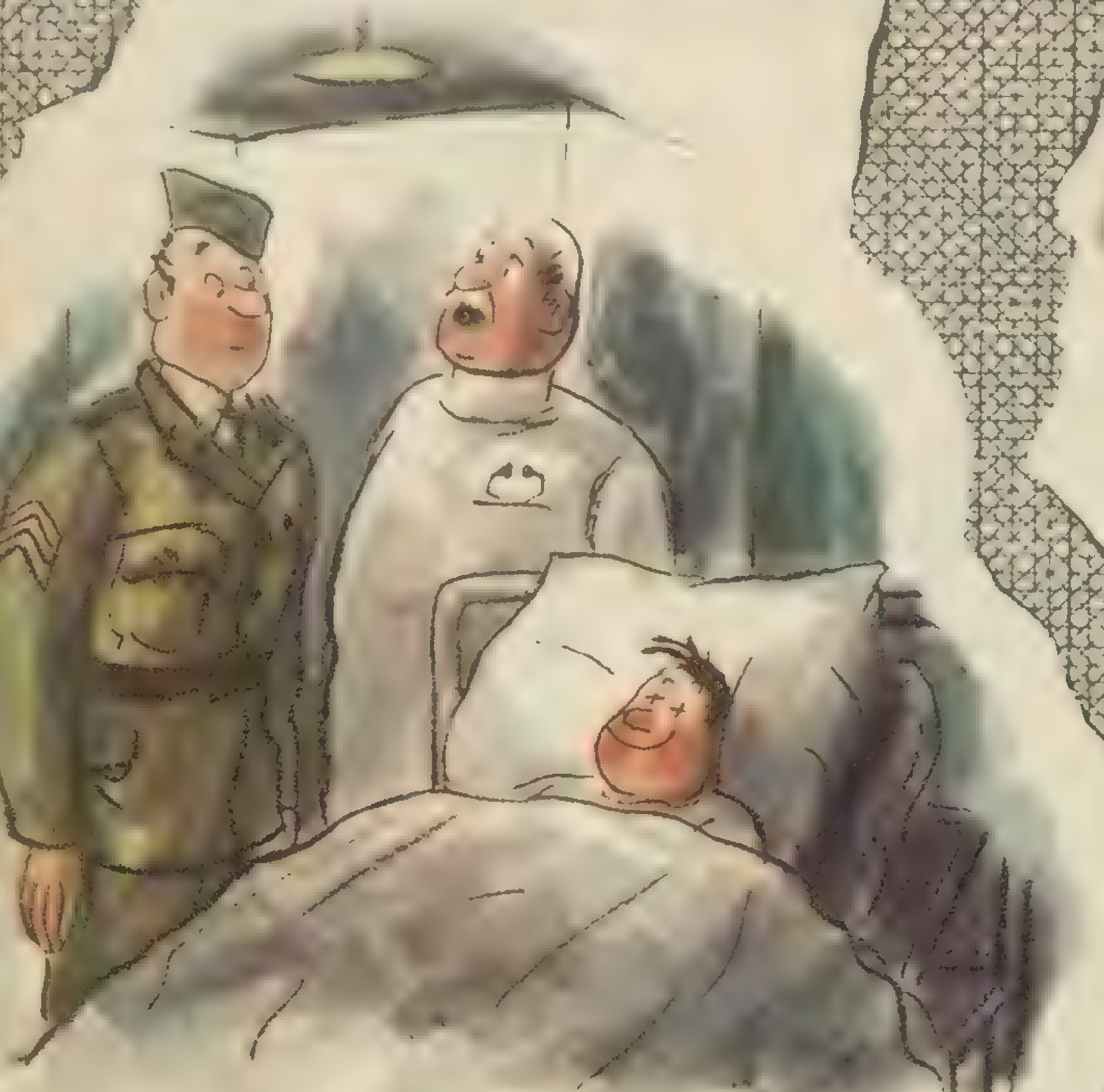


"You girls will have to wait until Oscar comes with my jacket—I'm chilly"

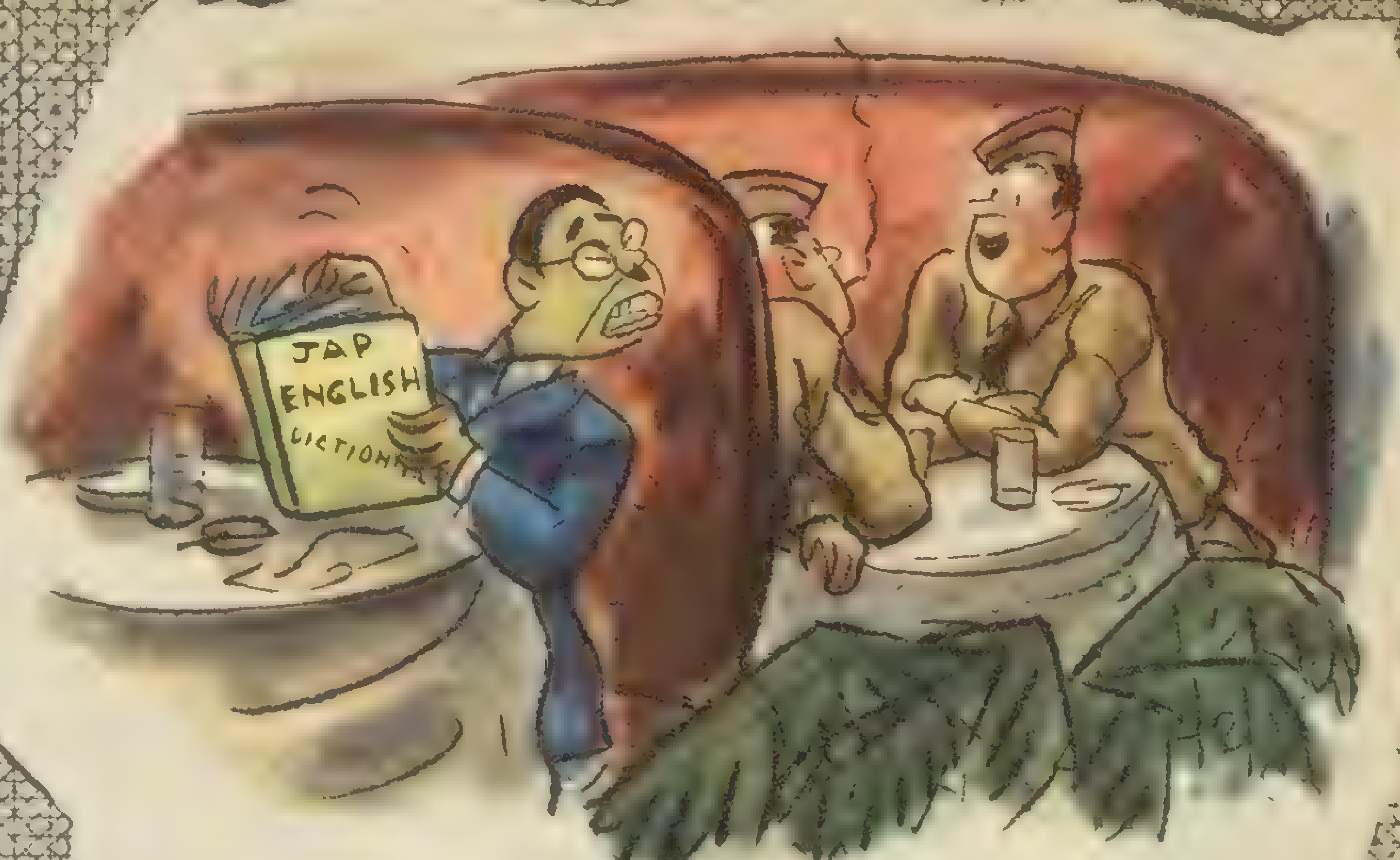


"What d'ya mean—just ignore him!"

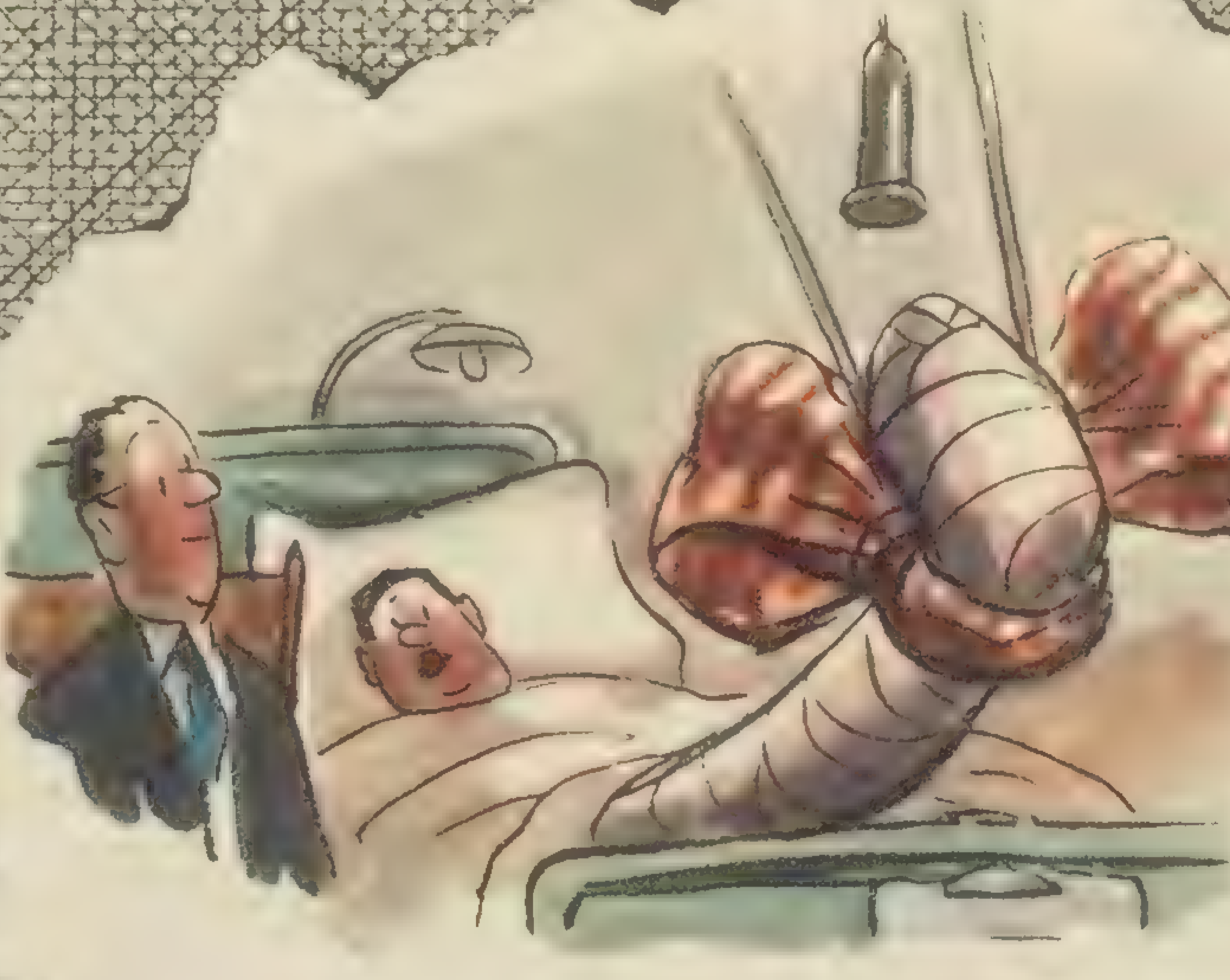

Sherman



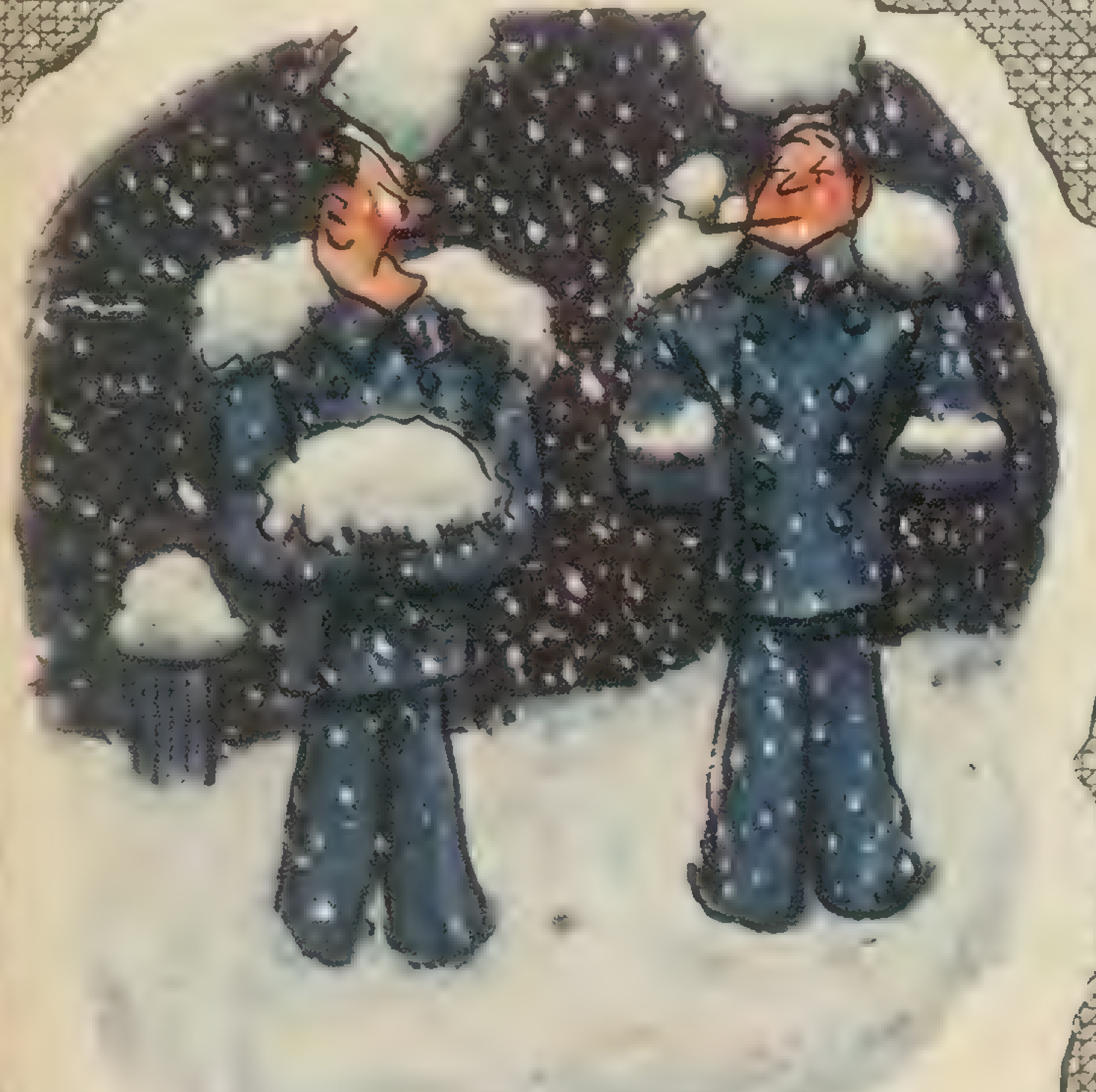
"It's what we call 'Celebrity Shock,' Sergeant—he's been dancing with too many movie stars"



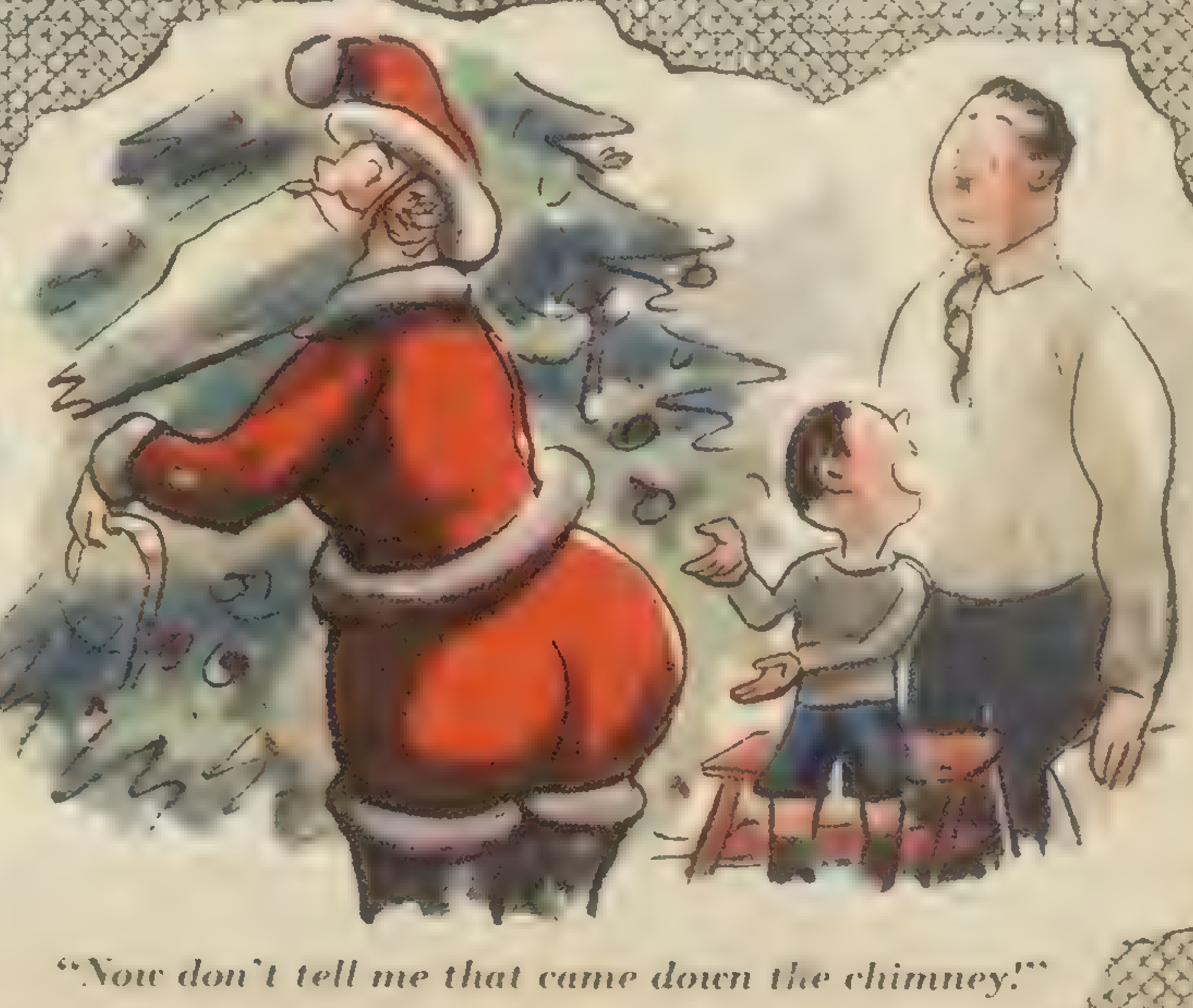
"So this GI goes AWOL for a coupla hours to put a fin on a gee-gee in the sixth and the CO busts him down to a buck—the filly comes in 20-to-1 and now the old man is trying to G-2 him for hot tips with three up and two down for bait"



"They wrapped it as a gift!"



"G'wan! No girl is worth waiting for"



"Now don't tell me that came down the chimney!"

Kiska for Keeps

Major General "Pete" Corlett shepherds soldiers in the Aleutians as expertly as he once tended cattle in the West

by PAUL WERE

ARTICLE

Destiny often has peculiar methods of preparing men for their roles. On August 19, Major General Charles Harrison Corlett moved his headquarters ashore from his floating command post aboard the flagship of Rear Admiral Francis W. Rockwell and officially completed the occupation of Kiska Island, which the Japs had previously taken over and then abandoned under duress. American Army Engineers, capable of accomplishing more in a few hours with their equipment than the Japs had been able to do by hand during their occupation, promptly began preparing the base for the work to be done.

As far back as 1929 General "Billy" Mitchell said: "Alaska is really the key point to the whole Pacific. It is within striking distance of any place we want to approach in Asia. It is the keystone of the whole Pacific arch. An aerial campaign against Japan can be pushed to best advantage from the territory." Major Alexander P. de Seversky has declared: "Alaska can be considered a primary base, with direct access to the resources of self-contained air power."

Unable to construct such a base during our days of unpreparedness, the Army now is at work on the important job, under Major General Corlett who has been well equipped by past experience for the command, as the Army recognized. Way back in 1913 when he was a lieutenant fresh out of West Point, Corlett was sent up to St. Michael, Alaska. There he learned first hand how men can live and keep up their spirits under the difficult and trying weather conditions of that region. And there were plenty of difficult conditions in that day, too.

When the Army transport on which he was going to St. Michael in 1913 was in the Bering Sea nearing Nome, a storm came up and the ship was unable to dock. A civilian doctor and Lieutenant Corlett got ashore in a tug. Then the storm grew worse and the transport had to put out to sea. Lieutenant Corlett and the doctor went to the Golden Gate Hotel because Corlett remembered Rex Beach's novels; but they had dinner at the Elite Hotel. The next morning they found that the Elite Hotel and half the town had been washed away by a tidal wave!

Among other things, a dairy was demolished, and all the feed and hay for the milch cows had gone down to the sea in floats. The owner was just getting ready to shoot his cows when Lieutenant Corlett on impulse telephoned the quartermaster at St. Michael and learned that they had plenty of hay for the Army mules there. So the young lieutenant bought a cow. He took her with him to St. Michael and all that long winter he gave rich milk from that Jersey cow to the babies and the sick. Eskimos came from miles around to see the lieutenant's cow.

While at St. Michael, Lieutenant Corlett spent much time hunting on the tundra and mapping in the dead of winter. On ski and hunting trips he learned reconnaissance under the tough Arctic conditions. He learned first-hand about fogs and snow and cold, and how to handle men under these conditions. For example, he located a movie machine on a commercial ship that had to pass the winter at St. Michael. There were only ten reels of pictures available, but the soldiers saw those ten shows over and over all that winter. Years later he followed the same techniques at Fort Greely, Kodiak Island, during the present war, to help keep his men from going "Kodiwacky," as they called it. "Soldiers are just boys," the general says. "You have to look after them and watch out for them."

His background has prepared General Corlett ideally for his present important job. Born at Burchard, Nebraska, on July 31, 1889, he was taken as a baby to Monte Vista, Colorado. His father, Charles Milton Corlett, was a lawyer and his two brothers, George and Claude, are both lawyers; but the family's friends are cattlemen. Monte Vista for many years has had an annual rodeo called the Sky High Stampede, and young Corlett grew up riding, breaking horses, bulldogging, herding and branding cattle. His grandparents lived in the Española Valley of New Mexico, and there in the summers he learned how to get along with the Indians of the Pueblos—Santa Clara, San Juan, Taos, Nambe, San Ildefonso. Often the boy came in on the little "Chili Line" train with his saddle in a sack ready to take part in any horse race, rodeo or fiesta that was scheduled.

Although General Corlett is tall—about six feet, and his face is rugged and seamed—he still has a boyish figure and carriage, and prides himself on being able to wear the same size clothes that he did when he graduated from West Point. It pleased him a great deal on his last trip to his New Mexico ranch, in between his assignments on Kodiak and Kiska, when a little Spanish-American neighbor child asked Mrs. Corlett which man was her husband. When she pointed to the general, the little girl shook her head dubiously and remarked: "Can't be. He just a boy!"

The nickname "Cowboy Pete," which still sticks, came to him spontaneously from a classmate watching him ride on his very first day at West Point. "Look at that Cowboy Pete ride!" cried the young cadet admiringly. General John K. Herr, who was then a captain riding instructor at the Point, thought so well of him that he assigned his own charger to Pete Corlett for the graduation ride. At West Point, Corlett was captain of the polo team.

After graduation from West Point in 1913 came that first trip to Alaska; then there was an assignment with the 30th Infantry at the Presidio of San Francisco where he played polo and quickly used up the little leather poke of gold coin he had brought down from Alaska. The Mexican Border affair soon called him, and he served at Eagle Pass and San Antonio. He commanded a company at the First Business Men's Training Camp at Plattsburg. Included in his company of rookies were three Roosevelts; Mayor John Purroy Mitchel of New York; Robert Low Bacon, later a Representative in Congress; a Whitney; and several famous writers, including William Brown Meloney and Richard Harding Davis.

Just before this country entered World War I, Corlett had been assigned to the Signal Corps. He didn't know why; but he reported to General Russell. The general called in the young lieutenant and asked him what his qualifications were for the Signal Corps. Corlett replied that he didn't know. General Russell then said:

"You are a radio expert?"

Corlett replied: "No, Sir."

"Then you are a telephone expert?" suggested General Russell.

"No, Sir."

"Well, young man," continued

Continued on page 269

Frank BEAVEN

"May I deliver these to the Japs in person, Sarge?"

The Krit from the Sky

Bishtai knew this man who brought the message for Chungking was not like the others who came over the caravan track

by HAROLD LAMB

• FICTION •

Bishtai knew the wind was coming. That morning she saw no birds in the sky. She looked at the smoke from the yurt top, and it rose straight into the air.

"The signs," muttered her father, "are of wind moving into the Gate."

Bishtai looked past their encampment, and the caravan track that wound by it, up to the snow summit of the mountain, Tengri Khan. It stood like a flame against the blackness in the north. So Bishtai called the dogs and the old men from their sleeping, to drive the sheep into the penned space, with the black goats. She counted the ponies, shaggy with winter hair. They had all gathered of their own accord under the larches by the frozen stream.

Bishtai tested the ropes that bound down the felt covering of the yurt and found that they were tight as they should be. The wind would come from the north and west; it would scream at her because the demons of high and distant places would be riding it, past the snow peak of Tengri Khan, through the Gate itself.

She was Bishtai, the Fifth Woman, youngest of her father's children. Being a Kirei Kirghiz girl she had upon her the responsibility of her father's herds, also of serving tea to guests of the road, wearing her white headdress and bringing the tea bowls on a tray with her eyes respectfully lowered.

"Look, Princess," said an old man. "That hawk flies low."

Down above their heads flew one of the great hawks that carried men. It droned toward the mountain. Apparently it could not lift itself to pass through the Gate. Silent now it swooped down through a clear field of snow. It lurched and a wing was ripped.

The man who walked from the injured machine-bird toward the smoke of the yurt moved clumsily in his oiled skins with his ear flaps tied. He had no beard and he seemed surprised when she came close to him.

"*Goshalmighty!*" he said.

Bishtai laughed because such words made no sense. This man was neither Russian nor Chinese nor Kirghiz, nor any other known kind that came over the caravan track. From under his furred jacket he took a paper with writing on it and a seal. Showing it to her he pointed to himself then up to the pass. "Kara Shahr," he said. "Chungking."

She nodded. He meant that he was going with the writing over the pass to Kara Shahr and Chungking, just as did the caravans of machines that crawled past during the summer. The drivers of these machines paid her father heavy silver for the carcass of a fat sheep.

Again he made signs toward the horse herd under the larches. He held up one finger and opening his jacket pulled pieces of green paper from a money belt. He looked anxious and tired. Again he pointed at the pass. "Kara Shahr . . . Chungking." And, clumsily, he made the motion of mounting to the saddle of a horse and riding at a gallop.

Her thoughts raced ahead, beyond all custom and propriety of a Kirei Kirghiz noblewoman. Openly she looked up into the stranger's troubled eyes. He was young. And she, with her nineteen years, was four summers past the child-bearing dawn.

In the yurt entrance her father stood stately between the old men servitors, wearing his fox skin *kalpak* with the eagle-owl feather, in honor of an important guest and much silver to be had.

"Make tea, Fifth Woman," he commanded.

For once Bishtai did not do so. "Lord of my life and a thousand herds," she said quickly, "this rider of the air bears a writing to the chief at Chungking, and he will pay an enormous price in silver taels for two good horses. Let the old men make the tea."

In the same breath she ordered the servitors to saddle Arg, her favorite pony, and the strongest of the other horses for the man to ride. Then, before her father could think around this, she slipped into her compartment behind the hanging horsehide.

In desperate haste she made a strange toilet. Stripping off her robes, she wrapped her naked body in silk, pulled from her marriage chest. She rubbed mutton grease over her face, throat, and wrists. Then struggled into a close-fitting jacket of dried lambskin, before putting on her heaviest furs, boots and hood. Hastily she hurried out, in time to drink the tea the others had prepared.

"*Ai-a*," shouted her father, amazed. "What are you doing, Fifth Woman? What language does this rider speak?"

"It is a kind of Persian," Bishtai lied swiftly. "Most difficult to understand. And he is"—she drew on her imagination— "a Krit."

The few Krits, or Christians who ventured along the road had spoken indeed outlandish languages, but most of them had had silver or paper rubles.

"Where is his money?" demanded her father.

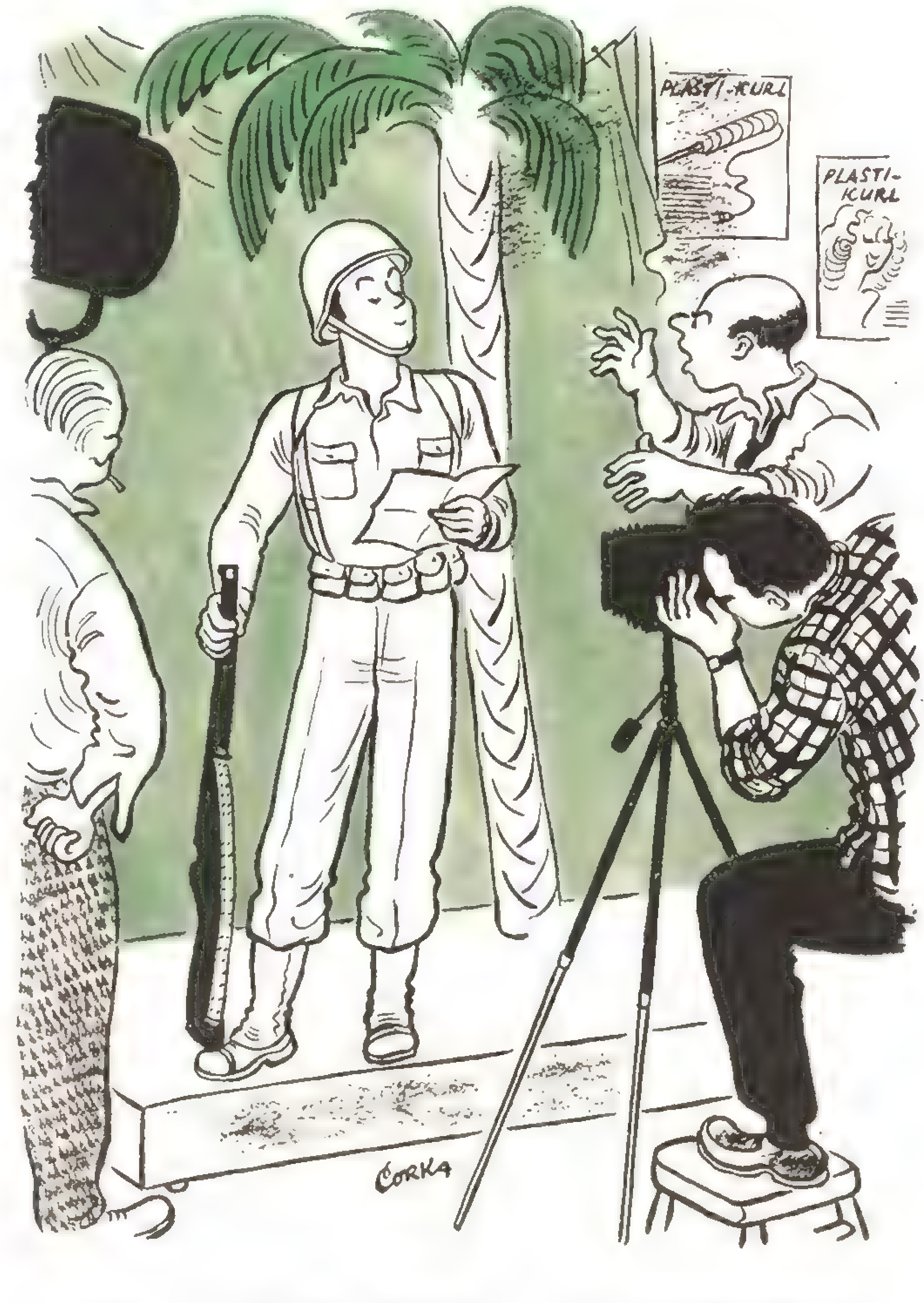
Again Bishtai lied so quickly that even her father did not suspect her. The stranger kept his money in his belt; he would pay only when the horses had taken him over the pass.

"No man," her father objected, "will get through the Gate this day and night."

"*Aya tak*," Bishtai assented eagerly. "*Ay to.*" Of course the stranger would have to turn back. But she would guide him up a way. Being a Krit he did not know that only devils rode the Tengri Khan pass in winter. Then, when he came back to the yurt he would have to pay down the price agreed for the two horses. Also for food.

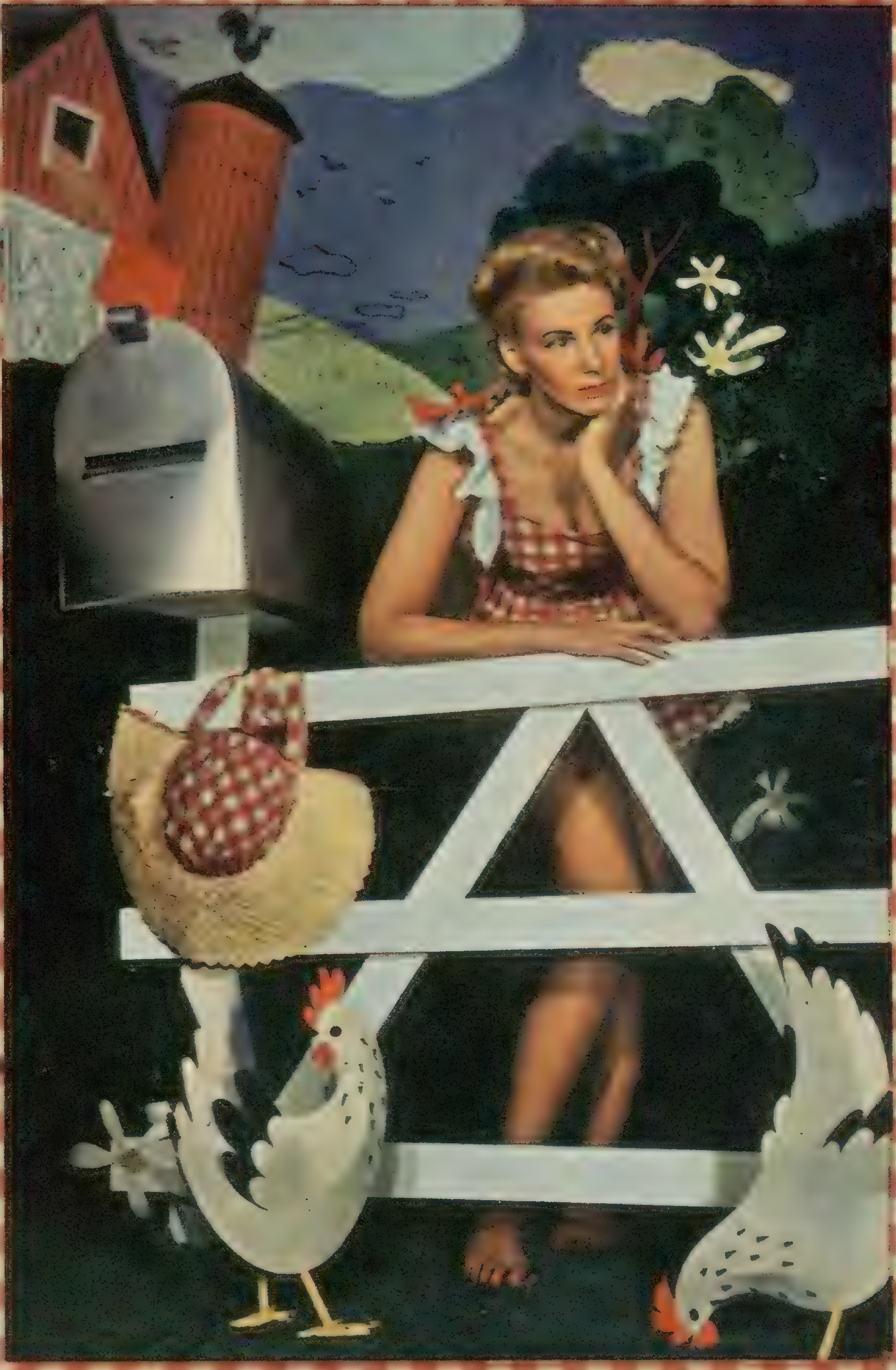
So she explained to her father, who nodded his owl's plume happily. Quickly she rolled up a blanket of woven hair, and filled a sack with dried milk curds—tying these upon Arg's saddle. Boldly she took down from the yurt wall the long curved knife in its sheath, whispering to the old Kirghiz, "Even in winter, a man is a man." Solemnly she nodded at the Krit who waited impatiently by his horse.

"*Na daroga*," said the Krit suddenly. "Get going." He must have picked up those two words



"Now your head up slightly—your morale improves—you smile—you know she's happy at home with her Plasti-kurl Streamlined curling iron"

Merry Christmas
from the
Girls you Left Behind



the Farmer's Daughter

the City Slicker

Rx
2 tsp every noon
Rx
the Angel of Mercy

'll make it
FIGHT
the Defense Darling

the BURLESQUE BEAUTY

"Hay-fever, my eye—my blind date turned out to be a sailor with a beard"

Africa's Most Dangerous Game

Two encounters with the most dreaded killer of Africa, Bongkwe the buffalo

by **COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI**

In Africa every year more whites and blacks fall victims to buffaloes than to lions, elephants and crocs put together. With its massive horns, its strength and agility and its cunning and vengefulness, it is the most dreaded of beasts.

I have seen a full-grown buffalo bull followed up and shot with a tiny poisoned arrow by a naked Lake Albert hunter. The man dropped motionless in the grass. Seven times the furious buffalo charged up to him, but would not touch what it thought was a dead body. Then the poison reached the heart and the beast fell as if struck by lightning.

Playing dead was the black hunter's method of saving himself. I will tell how I saved myself in the closest call I had in fourteen years in Africa.

We were in the Ruzizi River plains between the Kivu and Tanganyika lakes. The professor had been seized by big-game hunter's ardor and was eager to shoot buffaloes. He had learned of a herd and urged me to go after them with him. I picked up a strange native to carry my rifle and camera.

After walking some hours and seeing nothing but old tracks, we came out in a great open space bordered on one side by the river and on every other by a wall of tall reeds. The professor excitedly pointed to the numberless hoofprints in the dried mud. "This is the spot," he whispered. "Get behind that big rock, Commander, you'll get marvelous pictures. I have my hiding place back here."

Before I could say a word he was running toward the river. He entered the water, hopped from stone to stone and was out of sight.

I couldn't shout at him in the probable vicinity of a herd of buffaloes. I couldn't run after him before that strange native. So I hid behind the rock. Ten minutes passed and still no buffaloes.

To save face I waited a few more minutes and then gave my camera to the boy and motioned him to go ahead of me toward the spot where the professor had vanished. I had walked about twenty steps when a section of reeds about five hundred feet from me began to shake as scores of dark forms emerged from it. A herd of buffaloes was advancing in our direction.

Calling to the native to follow, I stooped low and dashed back behind the rock. There I knelt and put my open hand behind me in the gesture which any gun-bearer knows is the demand for the rifle.

"Rifle," I said after a second. "Boy, rifle."

Behind me was nobody. I saw the boy now, running at top speed for the river. Risky as it was, I whistled and he stopped to look. The worthless fool hesitated only a second. My camera flew in one direction, my rifle in the other, and on he sped.

My predicament was bad but not hopeless. The buffaloes apparently had not seen the running man or me. If the wind, still coming from their direction, did not change and both I and the professor kept out of sight, it would mean only half an hour or so of waiting until the animals drank and returned to the reeds. Three shots from the professor's gun shattered the quiet. I saw at a terribly short distance a big bull fall, a bigger one wounded, and the whole herd charging toward me.

There was nothing for me but to run, across the face of the herd, and get to the river. Half way, with safety in reach, down I went, full sprawl. I had put my foot in a dried crack, my ankle seemed broken, bang—bang—the professor was pumping shots into the herd and the wave of furious beasts was sweeping down on me.

I could not run. The pain was atrocious. In despair I faced them, balancing on my right foot, and waved my big felt hat as high as I could reach. Fifty yards, forty. I waved my hat and shouted and then I closed my eyes as I felt the wind of the rush and smelled the acrid odor of gigantic bodies almost brushing me. They had opened up and passed me on both sides in a hail of dust and stones.

When the last were galloping away I hobbled on, before they could turn and circle back with their characteristic stubborn fury. They would not cross the river. At last I lay on the other side. My valorous gunbearer came out of the grass to draw me up on the solid ground. Then came the professor, glorious. "Six buffaloes I have killed," he shouted. "With my own rifle, without any help from you. What a day!"

I didn't say *everything*. But what I said was enough to express my ideas of the day. ##

"Ah jest couldn't bring mahself to burn brandy—so Ah used kerosene"

Hunting with a Bow and Arrow

Advice on archer matériel and location of game from cottontail rabbits to deer

by **BERT POPOWSKI**

During the twelfth century when Robin of Locksley and his merrie yeomen were dodging the Sheriff of Nottingham in the forests of Sherwood, they had little choice in the matter of weapons. The clothyard shaft and the longbow were then in common usage, employed alike in battle and in hunting King Henry's forbidden deer.

Today a less skillful though no less sportsmanlike band of archers hunts similar game in Uncle Sam's archery preserves, which are restricted entirely to the use of archery tackle. The Brown County State Park and Game Preserve in Indiana is the oldest archery preserve in the nation. In 1934 the state set aside 1,500 acres for this purpose, and a year later the State Conservation Department enlarged this to twenty-three square miles, and then added two square miles in the Pokagon State Park for a similar purpose. The department issues a special two-dollar license to archers. The game is the usual small game—pheasants, quail, cottontail rabbits and wild ducks.

Following Indiana's lead, Uncle Sam in 1935 set aside the Canyon Creek Archers Reserve of 130 square miles in the Malheur National Forest in Oregon. Two weeks are allowed archers to hunt small game and deer. Thereafter the area is lumped with the Malheur forest and thrown open to firearm hunting.

After opening the Canyon Creek area, Uncle Sam set aside six other preserves. Deer are the principal game animals available to archers in three of them: the Wildlife Management area in the Black Warrior National Forest of Alabama (which was limited to fifty archery hunters); the Fishlake National Forest of Utah, and the Newaygo County area of the Manistee National Forest of Michigan.

Deer and bear are to be found on the hundred acres of the Allegheny Archery Preserve of the Allegheny National Forest of Pennsylvania and in the Pisgah Wildlife Management area in the Pisgah National Forest of North Carolina.

The Tellico Wildlife Management area of 13,000 acres of the Cherokee National Forest in Tennessee is the only archery area in which wild boars are found. Russian boars were freed there by an English sportsman in 1914.

With the growth of archery hunting, many states have added "or bow and arrow" to hunting laws.

I. M. Stamps of Seattle, Washington, has bagged a buck during two consecutive seasons in the Eight Mile Game Reserve in his native state. He used a bow that "weighed" 70 pounds and a 700-grain arrow and made his last kill of a 225-pound buck on the run at an extreme range of 65 yards.

The average small-game hunting bow requires a pull far below that of the big-game bow. Women's bows will average from twenty-five to fifty pounds, while men's usually start at forty pounds and run up to seventy-five as a maximum. Even in the bows of lighter "weight" it takes a handsomely muscled individual to pull the feathered broadhead to its razor-sharp barb, hold it there for the instant required to take aim, and send it on its flight.

For small game a blunt-headed shaft is used, for the kill is made by concussion. Too, small game is usually taken on the ground and the blunt point is less apt to guide the shaft out of sight in the debris of leaves and twigs. Every hunting archer marks his shafts with his individual arrangement of colored circles about the shaft—his "crest"—which enables him to find and identify his arrows.

Osage orange and lemonwood rank second and third behind Oregon yew as bow wood. Port Orford cedar is ideal arrow shafting, with Douglas fir and Sitka spruce not far behind. Archers who want weight in their shafts sometimes use birch. The shafts are "fletched" or feathered to guide them in flight. Turkey feathers are commonly used, though eagle, hawk, peacock and goose feathers are sometimes employed. One of the feathers is designated as the "cock" feather and is so placed as to be at right angles to the bowstring when the arrow is notched. The bowstring usually is made of linen because linen won't stretch and snaps smartly across the bow hand. A leathern cuff is required protection. Other items of importance are a three-fingered glove for the shooting hand, a leathern quiver for spare shafts, and extra bowstrings. Only the fussiest archers pay more than thirty-five dollars for their complete outfit. ##

ESQUIRE'S PORTFOLIO OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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1. Shaving set in china. 2. Early American design set. 3. Fern-scented shaving set. 4. Gingery set. 5. Metal capped writing set. 6. Powder and shaving soap in plastic containers with lotion. 7. Shaving soap in duck with lotion. 8. Toiletries in apothecary bottle and jar. 9 through 16. Wrist watches with leather and metal attachments. 17. Enamel lighter. 18. Thin pocket watch. 19. Gold St. Christopher medal. 20. Quill-tipped cigarette holder. 21. Silver service ring. 22. Gold military ring with insignia. 23. Colored stone cuff links and tie clasp. 24, 25. Colored cuff links. 26. Gold-band writing set. 27. Pen, which holds quick-drying ink, and matching pencil. 28. Initial tie-holder and key chain in sterling silver. 29. Initialed tie-holder. 30. Streamlined pen.

(For answers to gift queries, send stamped, addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17.)

The Military Services

Olive drab felt picture frame with insignia of hand-embroidered gold bullion. Army officer's felt topped cap and twill weave woolen muffler

This Naval officer's cap sets atop a sleek white rayon muffler that has fringed ends

Blue felt picture frame with Naval insignia of hand-embroidered gold and silver bullions

Hand-stitched capeskin gloves

Army officer's regulation shirt and tie of basket weave worsted material. The pullover sweater is knitted of olive drab soft wool

White broadcloth shirt, starched collar, black tie and gold cuff links for Naval officer. Also regulation are grey mocha gloves, blue knitted wool pullover sweater

Canvas strapped wooden clogs

Fitted leather toilet case

Shaving set designed for servicemen

Duffle bag for WAVES holds grooming aids

Leather money belt with plate for initials

Black ribbed socks and two-eyelet shoe for the Navy men

Monk-front shoe with ankle strap and khaki lisle socks for Army men

Matched set of shaving soap, lotion and powder in a convenient package

Wallets show Army and Navy insignias

Sewing set in leather case with window to hold the owner's card

Cigarette case of an olive drab elastique fabric with insignia. The lighter available only for men who are in service overseas

Soft leather sole cloth slippers with case

Sterling silver identification bracelet

Square wrist watch with sweep second hand and grey strap for the Navy men

A waterproof wrist watch with luminous numerals and pigskin strap for Army men

Cotton and rayon fitted toilet set with stationery

se with shoe shine set

A soft leather tobacco pouch. With it are three different types of briar pipes

Brown calf folding snapshot frame

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WARMLY RECEIVED

1. Fly front leather jacket with rayon lining. 2. Tartan flannel sport shirt and homespun wool tie. 3. Processed cotton jacket with pile fabric lining. 4. Blue wool sweater with reindeer designs and printed Choppa square. 5. Tartan wool flannel robe with single pocket, as per WPB. 6. Processed cotton raincoat with raglan shoulders and fly front and reefer shape, plaid woolen muffler. 7. Heavy ribbed wool socks. 8. Wine color rayon pajamas in collarless style and black slippers showing diagonal patent leather stripes.

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Hat Gift Certificate

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

1. Broadcloth shirts and foulard ties. 2. Neckwear always good. 3. Gold tooled leather humidor and cigars. 4. Suspenders, garters and belts. 5. Umbrella. 6. Moccasin slippers. 7. Colored handkerchiefs. 8. Pigskin covered box and cigarettes. 9. Pipes. 10. Snap brim felt hat (a gift certificate so he can choose it). 11. Printed rayon muffler. 12. Town shoes, if he has a ration coupon. 13. Wool and cotton blend socks. 14. Walnut humidor with rack and pipes. 15. Letter case with memo pad and flexible leather, ostrich skin and sealskin wallets.

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BOUNTY TO CHARM

1. Lacelike wool scarf, arranged as a star, forms background for necklace with silver and gold diadem. 2. Roomy snakeskin bag with red leather trim and fittings. 3. Red wool flannel robe with dotted trimming. 4. Satin mules with heart design. 5. Antelope bag with leather lining showing stickers of future ports of call. 6. Dark blue knitted wool cardigan with red leaf patterns. 7. Eagle design wool sweater. Pancake compact. 8. Green felt bag with shoulder strap. 9. Red leather cigarette case and compact with nailhead heart design. 10. Vest of South American baby lamb with printed cotton lining and peasant buttons. Pill box hat and red leather palm mittens to match. 11. Rope sole espadrilles. 12. Printed Paisley rayon scarf and red leather case for ration books. Shining in the sky: pearl and link bracelets, wrist watch, clips, pins.

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THE HEART DEPARTMENT

1. Cyclamen, in glass case. 2. Nail grooming set. 3. Kit of knitting needles. 4. Eau de Cologne, from early French formula. 5. Box holds miniatures of a Bientot, Tweed, Confetti. 6. It's You, on a fringed base. 7. Chantilly, refreshing perfume. 8. White Flame, resting on red gloves. 9. Stradivari, a melody in perfume. 10. Nail polish and implement set. 11. Balalaika. 12. Tzigane in violin shape box. 13. Samba, a sandalwood base. 14. Reflexions, a perfume of many moods. 15. Beau Catcher. 16. Laughter, for lighter moods. 17. Shocking in body form bottle. 18. Tabu, lasts long. 19. Ornamental compacts. 20. ChiChi in unique container. 21. Je Reviens, in dark blue. 22. Emeraude, heavy scented. 23. Shanghai, a holiday gesture. 24. Snuff box compact and Sentinel for purse. On the bright blue sky: various costume jewelry, leather and beaded bags, jewel box, pearls, belts and wallet.

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CARNIVAL IN RIO
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THE CIVILIAN GAME

1. Archery set, dart board, badminton racquet with bird. 2. Fabric covered suitcase with leather trim. 3. A gift to cheer, contingent on essential rationing. 4. Wooden vacuum ice bucket. 5. Easily held Zombie glass. 6. Radio (limited availability). 7. Phonograph records in sets. 8. Metal tray, glass set, mahogany coasters, embroidered cocktail napkins. 9. Game compendium. 10. Carving set. 11. Books recommended by critics and leather covered bookends. 12. Spaniel figurine. 13. On Chinese silk doily with gold and silver border are a martini pitcher, glass cocktail shaker, decanter, glasses. 14. Polar bear figurine. 15. Walnut cheese board with a silver handled knife.

KODACHROMES BY HOWARD S. REDELL

Prescription for the Heart

Jim considered his father's methods old-fashioned but Doc suggested he might learn something in the Hollow

by **LAWRENCE E. WATKIN**

• FICTION •

When young Jim Heartwell came home to Virginia for the month's vacation which only a Philadelphia doctor with a very lucrative practice could afford, he came alone.

"Sally's friends were going to Maine," was all he told his father.

Old Doc Heartwell said he was sorry, said they'd miss Sally, waited for Jim to tell him about it. Jim tried, but the words wouldn't come.

It was not until he limped into his father's office that he shook off his abstraction, appalled at the dingy litter of bottles and bills and unread medical journals. In lieu of chromium examining table a horsehair sofa squatted sulkily in the middle of the floor. No gay *New Yorker* or *Harper's Bazaar* brightened the bleak reception room; the patient must brood upon an ancient copy of the *Golden Book* or his own pain. "You can't do it *all* with bedside manner!" Jim protested. "And as for a diagnosis in that setup, you might as well read their palms!"

"I do," grinned Old Doc, but just the same it piqued him. That's why he looked forward to Friday, the day he and Jim could drive up Whistle Creek, or, as the mountain people called it, the Holler. There Jim could see the practice of medicine at its simplest and best; there Old Doc *might* make a diagnosis on his boy.

"No real fancy diseases like you get in a city practice," he remarked as he guided his ancient Ford up gullied roads overhung with rhododendron bushes; "just measles and typhoid and diphtheria. And babies! Up here a woman has her baby one day and is out pickin' dewberries the next. No fussbudget with nerves wantin' the doctor should hold her hand. Though I don't reckon the human heart's much different in the Hollow than it is in Philadelphia."

"The human heart," mused Jim aloud, as if he'd forgotten there was such a thing.

"Hadn't you better tell me about Sally, Son?"

"There isn't much to tell," said Jim, staring straight ahead at the road. "We've washed up, that's all. With my damn leg keeping me out of uniform, Sally's partying is more than irritating—it's intolerable. Of course, my practice is doubled, and her smart cocktail-at-midnight set is so studded with lieutenants that we are practically strangers. So we've decided to take our vacations apart. Afterwards, if we look better to each other, we'll have another try at it. If not, amputation!"

"I don't know about divorce," said the old man slowly. "That's one of those new-fangled remedies I'd be afraid to try."

"It's a new-fangled world," Jim answered with a grim finality which shut his father out.

It hurt like the devil that his son thought him too old fogey to want his advice, but Doc tried to cover up the wound, as parents will, with counsel he knew would go unheeded. "Maybe you need to find the virtue in simple things, Boy. Maybe you can even learn something from the Hollow—if you keep your eyes open."

Young Jim Heartwell saw many things that day. He saw his father do a minor operation skillfully with his jacknife. He saw him fake a diagnosis of cancer as a stomach upset and leave a pink pill to be followed by a white one. He saw him give aspirin for flu, to which he did not object, but he scowled at the same prescription for a strep throat. His father, witnessing the frown, asked his advice.

"Sulfanilamide," pronounced Jim in sepulchral tones.

Old Doc laid a big, reassuring hand on the frightened patient. "Sulfanilamide would be good," he agreed, "awful good, if we had it, but I reckon paintin' with argyrol and dosin' with aspirin and soda will do the trick. Don't forget to pray like the mischief!"

And they disagreed sharply over Lum Williams, who complained of a "hurtin'" in his breast, which both of them knew to be the last stages of tuberculosis. Jim, when asked, prescribed rest and diet.

"Me go to bed?" cried Lum in alarm. "I cain't do that!"

Doc Heartwell applied the stethoscope once more, listened carefully, and smiled. "Lum," he asked, "you drinkin' any corn liquor these days?"

"Now, by dog, kin that little thing smell too? I did take a mite too much t'other night—me and Dan Hill."

"Dan?" asked Old Doc in surprise.

"He's mad with Oly."

"I thought he and Ola had too much sense to have differences."

"That's what ever'body thought. The Holler ain't the same without Dan and Oly to keep it stiddy. Likker drinkin' ain't right fer Dan. Hit's fine for me," smiled Lum wanly.

Doc smiled back. "I know it is, Lum, but you'd better cut down. And out of every drink you do take, I want you to pour half in the palm of your hand and rub it on your chest right here."

"Whole heap 'druther put 'er inside," grumbled Lum. Nevertheless, he promised to follow orders.

It was late morning when they ran into the scarlet fever. There were only two families afflicted, but it took until noon to explain about the quarantine signs. Over and over Doc Heartwell repeated his warning: "Don't use the sign for target practice; don't use it to start a fire; where the sign is, keep away!"

"You mean Oly Hill can't come in?" asked the stricken mother of six, incredulity in her voice.

"No, not even Ola," he said.

Noon brought the two doctors to a whitewashed cabin, neater than the rest, its porch shaded with a trumpet vine. Jim knew, before his father told him, that Dan and Ola dwelt here.

Ola, a thin woman with character in her face, made them stay to dinner. She divided between them the four boiled potatoes and the piece of fat meat, saying: "I ain't hongry." While Old Doc smacked his lips with relish and told her the news of the Hollow, Ola stood behind him adoringly, shooing away the flies with a sassafras switch.

"Hope we're not eating Dan's dinner," said Old Doc.

"Ain't no man goin' to eat my cookin' who can't git to his meals on time," said Ola, her jaw stiffening.

"Where is Dan, anyhow?"

"Sleepin' it off in the barn, like enough. Ain't no man goin' to sleep in my bed thataway."

They found Dan snoring on the hay. Old Doc waked him, took one look at his throat, and haled him into the house. "Ola," he told her, "he's got to go to bed. It isn't just cussedness; it's scarlet fever. If you don't nurse him, he'll die."

"Let the ole buzzard die then," said Ola sullenly. Not until Doc had explained that she wouldn't be doing it for Dan but for the good name of Old Doc Heartwell, who never lost a patient, did she

Continued on page 274

"Walter was very nervous"

The Esquire Sports Poll

All-soldier survey shows higher average of interest in sports than that revealed in previous voting of the civilian class

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

SPORTS

This is the second anniversary of Esquire's monthly Sports Poll. Bales of letters accounting for the poll's results show that freedom of argument still flourishes as Item One of the Fans' Charter.

We can't guarantee that it's settled anything except that this is still a free country in which every guy with a lip or a lead pencil can declare himself that the majority of voters are wrong, that he is right, and that Messrs. Cannon and Graffis are a couple of short-count chumps who gloat in thwarting truth and justice.

As to the latter charge the occupants of the Sports Poll padded cell have complete proof of innocence. After diligent and extensive search, Arnold Gingrich, Esquire's editor, selected Messrs. Cannon and Graffis as being ideally qualified to conduct the Sports Poll honestly inasmuch as both men are too lazy to exert themselves in twisting results to their personal satisfaction.

Men of military age are by years and temperament most interested in sports. Consequently, each month Esquire's Sports Poll has provided ballots to servicemen, together with the customary sports writer, sportscaster and general public blocs.

This month the poll is entirely an Army affair. It's the first exclusively military Sports Poll we have taken.

Camps co-operating in this poll include: Cochran Army Air Field, Macon, Georgia; Camp Seeley, Imperial, California; Fort. H. G. Wright, New York; Ft. Crook, Nebraska; Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee, Florida; Las Vegas Army Air Field, Las Vegas, Nevada; Fort Columbia, Chinook, Washington; Fitzsimons General Hospital, U. S. Army, Denver, Colorado; Camp Toccoa, Georgia; Fairfax Airport, Kansas City, Kansas; MacDill Field, Tampa, Florida; Fort Sill, Oklahoma; and Fort Eustis, Virginia, the nation's largest anti-aircraft artillery replacement training center.

THE QUESTIONS

I

What recreation in camp gave you the most relaxation and entertainment during your leisure time? Boxing (3.59%); baseball (9.52%); softball (12.81%); swimming (12.64%); bowling (3.92%); basketball (2.29%); or movies (18.88%); dancing (6.40%); theatrical shows (6.57%); radio shows (1.81%); concerts (1.64%); reading (8.37%); what kind of reading: fiction (34.69%); technical (16.32%); current events (14.28%).

II

Do you miss, while in the service:
a. Participating in sports? . . . . Yes ☑ 57.49% No ☐
b. Watching sports? . . . . Yes ☑ 70.84% No ☐
c. Reading, talking about and hearing sports over the radio? Yes ☐ No ☑ 53.12 %
d. Or did you forget all about sports? . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 84.21 %

III

Do you think sports will boom after the war? . . . . Yes ☑ 91.43% No ☐

If so, what sports? Baseball 30.43%; football 29.34%; boxing 11.95%; basketball 6.88%; softball 3.89%; golf 2.17%.

IV

What athletic event would give you the biggest thrill if it were possible for you to attend? World Series (31.76%); Davis Cup match (1.98%); National Open or PGA golf championship (7.94%); Rose Bowl football game (26.05%); national track meet (3.97%); swimming and diving championships (6.20%); heavyweight championship prize fight (11.66%); Kentucky Derby (8.68%).

V

Training in what sport would have given you the best kind of experience and condition for handling yourself to best advantage in combat? Football (45.77%); boxing (19.34%); swimming (7.35%); wrestling (7.08%).

VI

Do you want sports to continue (96.50%); or do you feel it would be better to call off sports for the duration (3.50%)?

VII

As the result of your experience in this war, do you think that after it is over you will want your children to have a good sports training on a more organized basis so that every child will have a chance to learn how to swim, play tennis, golf, baseball, etc. (85.33%); or would you prefer to let sports go on as they were before (14.67%)?

VIII

Did the basic training schedule find you in good (49.12%); fair (45.03%); or bad shape (5.85%)? If you were in good shape, did participation in some sport help get you in condition? . . Yes ☑ 78.31% No ☐

If you had it to do over would you engage in sports to get into shape before entering the service? . . . . Yes ☑ 89.71% No ☐

IX

After you get out of service, do you plan to try to keep in the condition you attained under military training? . . . . Yes ☑ 83.92% No ☐

How? Engaging in various sports (30.17%); swimming (12.29%); daily exercises 7.26%); baseball (6.42%); bowling (3.91%); softball (3.63%).

X

In hearing radio broadcasts from home, what did you like best? Current news (29.88%); music (38.42%); sports (28.55%); drama (3.15%).

What kind of music did you like best to hear over the air? Swing (33.80%); popular (16.54%); classical (13.73%); dance (7.74%); "soft and sweet" (4.92%); jive (3.16%); patriotic (1.76%); name bands (1.66%); semi-classical (5.28%); modern (3.17%).

At Fort Eustis boxing is a leading factor of a tremendous athletic program that goes on after training hours are over. From the day in 1941 when Corporal Jack Reilly, well-known trainer from Stillman's gymnasium in New York, arrived on the post as an Army private, boxing has been in the ascendency. Interest in boxing received another hoist in the Fall of 1942 when Johnny Risko, the Cleveland "Baker Boy," arrived at Fort Eustis for three months' basic training. These two men put boxing on the map with a boom. Hundreds of men competed in a tournament conducted under the direction of Second Lieutenant Oliver H. Harris, post athletic officer. All other sports are encouraged in the same manner. The post has a six-team softball league, leading batter of which is Private Lonnie Bullock of the colored Quartermaster Detachment.

On May 5, 1941, a World War I ace, Brigadier General Martinus Stenseth arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada, with a plan for the first aerial gunnery school in the world. Two months later to the day, the first personnel of the new air base arrived. At the Las Vegas Army Air Field, the student is first taught how to follow a moving target with a shot gun on trap and skeet ranges and by firing at clay pigeons from the back of a moving truck. The .30 caliber flexible machine gun is the next weapon on the training program. He aims his first machine gun at a sail target racing around on a triangular track.

The prospective gunner's first experience with power turrets and optic computing sights is firing at the sail target from a turret truck. After four weeks in the classrooms and on the ranges, the student takes to the air. In the final phase of his training, he fires at an aerial-towed target from the open rear cockpit of an advanced training plane and from bomber turrets.

Synthetic training also plays a big role in processing the gunner for duty overseas. Waller and Jam Handy trainers simulate almost every combat condition. Aerial gunners stand with pilots, bombardiers and navigators as vital parts of bomber combat crews. The Las Vegas Army Air Field is turning out these men in ever increasing numbers.

Fitzsimons General Hospital near Denver is the Army's largest general hospital. Established in 1918, Fitzsimons today is a 20 million dollar institution with a capacity of 3,500 patients. There are 322 buildings on the post, including the beautiful new four and a half million dollar main hospital building. A rehabilitation center for wounded soldiers, Fitzsimons is also a foremost chest surgery center, a neuro-surgical center, and included in addition to its numerous medical specialists is the Army's largest medical technicians' school with an enrollment of 3,000 men. In the pre-Pearl Harbor days when there was a battle to keep Fitzsimons General Hospital alive, General MacArthur, then Chief of Staff, at the height of the controversy in April, 1933, told newsmen that he was "determined that Fitzsimons shall remain one of the Army's two leading medical units. As the leading tuberculosis center, the government must realize that there is a combined future value to both the Army and the veterans which cannot be ignored."

One of General MacArthur's men, Sergeant Earl D. Ashley of Williamston, South Carolina, recently passed through Fitzsimons as a seriously wounded battle casualty from the Battle of Midway. He shot down at least three Jap planes as a tail gunner in a bomber, but was finally hit by machine-gun bullets—one in his upper leg, another through the hip and a third which nicked his foot.

At Fitzsimons every facility is used to build up morale of the heroes. The patients all have radio earphones; there are movies, stage shows, libraries, facilities for golf, tennis, baseball, basketball, bowling, and a fully-equipped gymnasium.

Fitzsimons Hospital is named in honor of the first American and the first medical officer of the Armies of the United States to be killed in World War I—Lieutenant William Thomas Fitzsimons of Kansas City, who was killed by a bomb while on duty at Base Hospital Number Five at Dannes-Camiers, France, on September 4, 1917.

Brigadier General Omar H. Quade, at present in command of Fitzsimons, was an honor graduate from the Army Medical School in 1912. He saw service on the Mexican Border in 1916, served overseas with the First Division, was decorated with the Purple Heart and received a Citation for Meritorious Service from General Pershing. He also completed two tours of duty in the Philippines.

Dale Mabry Air Base Area Command, not far from Tallahassee, was named for Captain Dale Mabry of Tennessee, who was killed in the airship Roma disaster at Norfolk on February 21, 1922. The base has mushroomed from a small municipal airport to one of the Army's large fields of the southeast, from a small group of officers and enlisted men who first arrived there in February, 1941, to thousands who are now training there: pilots, ground crews, service crews—the men who fly and the men who keep them flying.

In Question I, card games, football, crap-shooting, "sitting on my fanny and wishing I was home," "bull sessions and bitching," stamp collecting, and various other pastimes polled lesser percentages than the winners.

Sports, with a total percentage of 44.77, had a long lead in popularity. The Army's action in providing extensive sports facilities was emphatically endorsed by the Sports Poll's voters.

Corporal William Torrance, Bloomfield, New Jersey, insisted that there "should be far more recreation for trainees, such as dances, swimming pools, baseball fields, football fields. Time should be allotted for sports as part of the training." **Sergeant Joe Keller,** Fort Eustis, complained that "down here in Virginia, you can't hear a big league ball game." **Private MacArthur E. Sandridge** of Richmond, Virginia, stated that: "Most men are falling back into the same habits they had in civilian life, just hanging around some spot for the lack of really interesting things to do. Why not swimming pools and bowling alleys on every post assigned to certain groups on certain days?"

Private Edward Willey, Fort Eustis, however, was in a more amicable mood. "Since I have been in the Army," he wrote, "I have found out that there is no Santa Claus. But I'm still in a quandary about the stork. Any information relative to the stork will be greatly appreciated. And how about gambling? Why am I so unlucky? Do you think I play with sharpies—if so, how can I beat them? All answers will be appreciated."

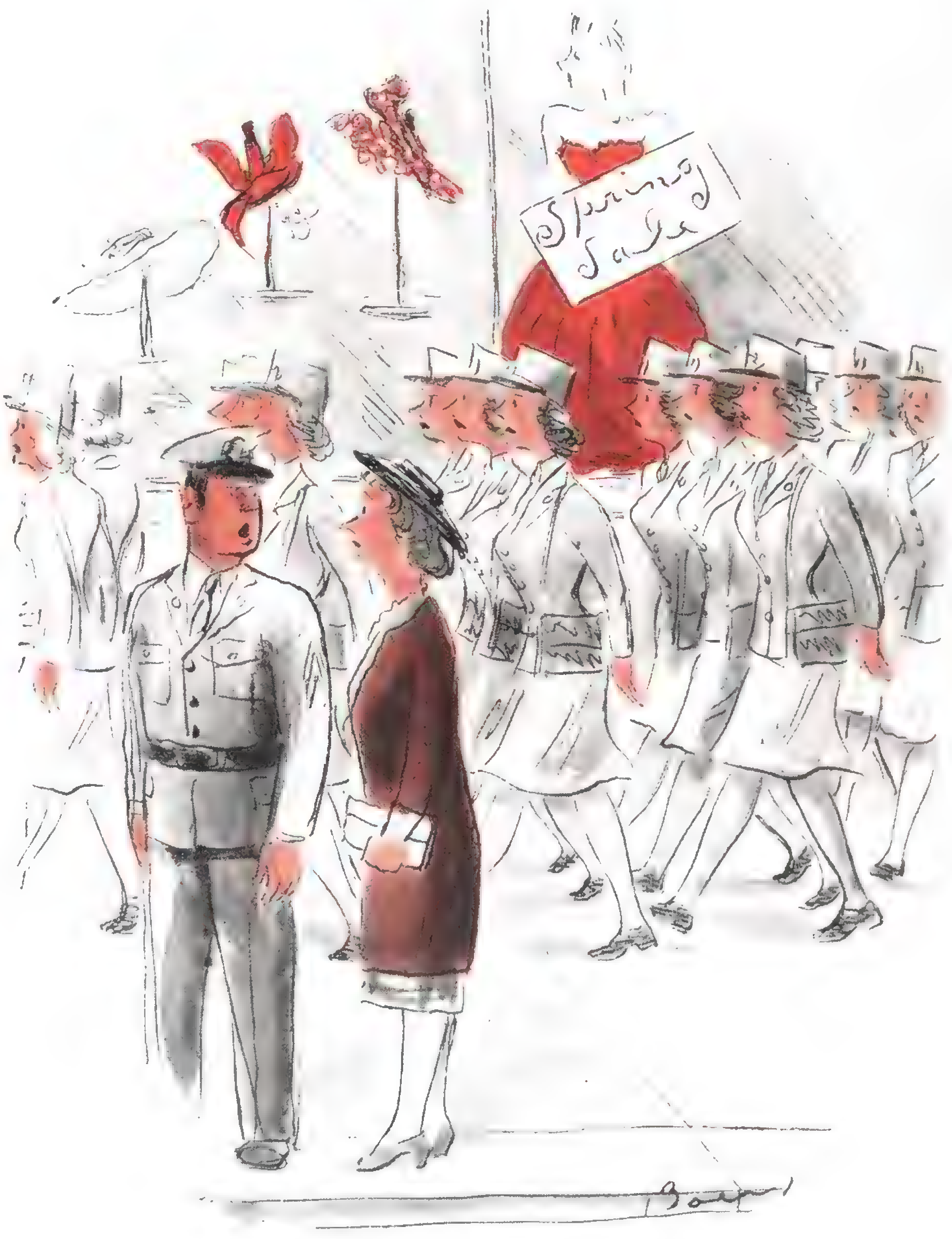
Corporal Emil Occiari, Geneva, Illinois, said he got the most fun out of "judo playing." For **Private Anthony Buiniskis,** Astoria, New York, the choice was volley ball. **Corporal J. E. Peterkin,** Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, thought the "Army should afford better facilities for sports such as tennis and swimming." **Private Harold J. Lilly,** Syracuse, New York, said he got his best entertainment out of reading the "service rags." **Corporal Tonic Martinelli,** Smithdale, Pennsylvania, enjoyed horseshoes. **Private Allan M. Eric,** Clarkfield, Minnesota, was among those who relaxed through reading novels. **Private Richard D. Trussell,** Dayton, Ohio, liked to play golf.

Very understandably a young man who's had a day of the strenuous training American soldiers get these days is going to be disposed to flop into his sack rather than disport himself energetically. That probably accounts for the vote about missing sports as participant and spectator in question II.

The extent to which soldiers registered the absence of spectator sports shows plenty of room for extending the program of major calibre sports exhibitions at camps; a procedure which has been limited to camps and stations near the larger cities.

Private Glen Burklund, Dale Mabry Field, said he missed the

Continued on page 221



"We make them walk past the store windows to toughen them up"

It'll Be Up to God

Slouch and Tip were fellows who took things easy and if Fortune was kind they were not prone to ask questions

by **HARVEY GASS**

• FICTION •

This morning being no different from any other for Slouch, he strolled aimlessly, but intently, down the street. His eyes looked up from the gutter just enough to keep him from bumping into passers-by, and occasionally he allowed himself the luxury of a hasty glance at one of the store windows. That hat, coat, trousers, and shoes he wore were a symphony of ragged discord. His face, lined with wear, added harmony to this battered background. The turned-up collar provided his neck some protection from the chilled, spring air.

Once he stopped at the curb and rummaged about with his foot in a skimpy pile of street refuse which had collected in the gutter. Then he continued on his way. Soon he stepped abruptly off the curb to the street. A few feet from the sidewalk lay the greater part of a partly smoked cigarette. He eagerly picked it up and gently closing his fingers around it, shoved his hand into his coat pocket. Before going back to the sidewalk he kicked at another small dirt pile, heaped against the curb. This maneuver uncovered a black, soiled wallet which he lost no time in retrieving and storing with feigned nonchalance in his other pocket. As he stepped onto the sidewalk, he noticed a figure approaching him from the opposite direction.

Item for item, and feature for feature, this man differed from Slouch as does summer from winter, but the total effect his appearance made was no different. When he came up beside Slouch, he said, "Hi' ya, Slouch. What'd ya find?"

"How're ya, Tip. Find? Oh, I didn't find nothin—just a butt, Tip, just a butt."

"Got an extra one, Slouch? I ain't had a smoke since yestiday."

"No, I ain't."

"Slouch, what'd ya find just now?" His voice was a whine.

"I told ya, Tip—a butt. It's the only one I got—honest."

"I don' mean that. I seen ya pick somepin up just now. It looked like leather. Was it a wallet?" Now he was insistent.

"A wallet? What ya mean? You know I don't own a wallet. What'd I put in it? Ha! Ha! That's rich. Me, with a wallet. I ain't got a cent." His tone lacked conviction.

"I don' mean that, Slouch. I know you ain't got a cent. But I seen ya pick up a wallet, and ya didn't drop it first, neither. What's in it, Slouch?"

Slouch did not answer. He stood there groping for something to say.

Tip repeated, "What's in it, Slouch?"

"I dunno what's in it," Slouch muttered.

"Oh—well, keep it where ya got it, Slouch. Don't take it out. We'll go down this here alley and see what's in it."

Slouch reluctantly consented and they walked down the alley where they were well protected from view.

"Okay, Slouch. Let's see what ya got."

Slouch pulled his hand out of his pocket, and it held a well-worn wallet, fat with contents. Quickly, Slouch's shaking hands unfolded it. There was a zipper which closed over the billfold section. It caught on something inside; and when Tip finally pulled the thing down, the wallet opened longitudinally and revealed many rich green bills.

"Ya know, Slouch, half of that's mine," Tip challenged.

"What ya mean half of it's yours? I found it, didn't I?"

"Sure, but I seen ya find it. That makes it half mine."

"Where d'ya get that way? Since when? I ain't never heard of nothing like that. Finders, keepers."

"Don't play dumb, Slouch. Everyone knows that. Whoever sees ya find somepin, gets half of it. Ask Sam. He'll tell ya. Only, ya better not ask him; he'll try to get in on it. There ain't no sense in that, when it only belongs to the two of us."

"It don't neither. It don't belong to neither of us. It don't belong to you, and it don't belong to me. It belongs to somebody else."

"Ya goin' to give it back, Slouch?"

"Sure, I am. It ain't mine. It's probably got a name in't, and I'm goin' to look him up and give it to him."

"Maybe ya'll get a reward, huh, Slouch?"

"Maybe, but then, that's mine. There ain't no rule which says ya gotta divvy a reward."

"Let's see how much there's in there, Slouch."

They sat down against a building flush with the alley, and then, making certain that they were unobserved, Slouch pulled the stack of bills out and laid the wallet in his lap. They were all fives, tens, and twenties. Tip helped Slouch count. They had to count three times to be certain of the right sum.

"Jees, one hunnert and fifty bucks! I ain't had that much dough in my hands at one time, ever. Let me hold it, Slouch."

He would not let go at first, but Tip pleading insistently, finally got the bills in his hands. Slouch kept his own hand resting on Tip's knee all the while, though. Finally, the bills were put back in the wallet, and the compartment was zipped. Then, Slouch began to extract all the cards, notes, papers, and other items from the smaller compartments. As he pulled each thing out, he showed it to Tip.

"John F. Jordan, 128 Planada Drive, Glenville," Slouch read.

"That's way on the other side of town, Slouch. It must be ten miles. You goin' out there, yourself?"

"Sure, I am."

"How ya goin' to get there? It'll cost ya four bits to take a train."

"I'll get out there, awright. I'll hitch out."

"When ya goin'?"

"I'm goin' right now. So long."

"Well, I ain't doin' nothin' today, Slouch. I'll hitch out with ya."

"Huh? Well, Okay," Slouch grunted.

They walked side by side, saying nothing. At the corner of Second Avenue, they stood on the curb edge and waited. For a while, they thumbed each passing car, but they tired of that, so, thereafter, they just stood there and looked at each driver going past. None stopped. They waited about two hours without results.

Then Tip said, " 'Tain't no use, Slouch. Nobody's goin' to stop. Let's go."

"Maybe I'll take a train out, Tip."

"There ain't no sense in that, Slouch. Why spend your dough on trains? Sam'll sure go out in a day or two and give us a ride. Let's wait for him."

"Nope."

"Look, Slouch, maybe the guy was killed in an accident. Then the money would be ours. Maybe we oughta keep it."

"No, that ain't right, neither. Then, I oughta give't to his family. I'm goin' to take the train,

Continued on page 312

"Why, Major, what beautiful strategy"

Incentive on the Assembly Line

The Navy sends returned heroes to war plants giving workers vivid reports of how their products help toward victory

by ALAN HYND

• ARTICLE •

The pleasant-faced woman grew weary late in the gloomy February afternoons of 1942 as she went about her monotonous job of inspecting life belts in the tube room of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company plant at Akron, Ohio. For two months now, since Pearl Harbor, Mrs. Vera Staples Mueller had been working eight hours a day in a place where the nauseating smell of rubber constantly reminded her of the pleasant kitchen aromas in her home in Moscow, Arkansas—because it was so different. But Mrs. Mueller, though physically tired, was happy; the knowledge that she was contributing directly to the war effort stimulated her spiritually, for the war was a real and personal thing to her.

Six months later, in August, the cruiser U.S.S. *Astoria* met a heroic death in the South Pacific. When it became apparent that the *Astoria* was mortally wounded and those aboard heard from the bridge the saddest words of tongue or pen—"Abandon ship!"—men grabbed their life belts. One of the seamen, a kid of nineteen, was so badly wounded by shrapnel that he was just conscious enough to hope that his life belt was okay, for he realized that, if it were defective, he was headed straight for the missing-in-action lists.

The kid, and many others, bobbed on the troubled, shark-ridden sea for four hours before rescue came. When he took off his life belt his eye fell upon the stamped lettering:

Firestone, February 1942.
Inspected by V.S.M.

Yes, V.S.M. was Mrs. Vera Staples Mueller, the woman who had decided to contribute to the war effort by working at a monotonous job that nevertheless had to be done. The lives of the men on the *Astoria* had, in a way, been placed in her hands six months before that day in the South Pacific. All of those lives were precious, but one was particularly precious to Mrs. Mueller—that of the youth who had happened to notice the initials on the inspection stamp. He was her son.

A singular coincidence? Certainly. But, stripped of its coincidental aspects, the episode in the South Pacific is illustrative of a fundamental and vital truth having a direct bearing on the progress and length of the war. That truth is that a production front is so closely integrated with a fighting front that there is no clear line of demarcation to reveal where one leaves off and the other begins, and that, other things being equal, accomplishment on the fighting fronts is in direct ratio to accomplishment in shipyards and factories.

The work that Mrs. Mueller was doing in the inspection room of the rubber plant in Ohio was just as important as if she had been a man and on a fighting front half way around the world, and she realized it. Yet there was a definite and dangerous difference between a worker such as Mrs. Mueller and, for example, another inspector of life belts who did not have a son in service. Every time Mrs. Mueller examined a life belt and stamped it, she was subconsciously aware of the fact that her son was a seaman and that a life belt might some day save his life. But someone else in Mrs. Mueller's position—someone, say, without a close blood tie to a fighting front—could not possibly have felt the war in such compelling emotional terms as the mother from Arkansas, and such emotion, or lack of it, is the intangible on every production chart.

By the Spring of 1942, Under-Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal was acutely aware that there were two kinds of war workers—those like Mrs. Mueller, to whom the global conflict was a personal, heart-breaking catastrophe, and those to whom the war meant merely headlines about happenings in remote places and a new job at good pay. When our war production should have been frightening the Axis, Under-Secretary Forrestal and just about everybody else in Washington knew that something was alarmingly wrong. Millions of workers were engaged, directly or indirectly, in various kinds of production for the United States Navy alone, but some plants and shipyards were running anywhere from ten per cent to one hundred per cent below known capacity.

It occurred to Forrestal that incentive was needed on the production fronts to spur every last worker to a maximum of effort. Somehow, Forrestal felt, every worker and management, too, had to be made to feel the war in intimate emotional terms. The opposite number of the American worker—the German worker—was, the Under-Secretary knew, applying to his job all of the three H's—hand, head and heart. But American production charts were the tip-off that vast numbers of our workers and their supervisors had yet to put their hearts into their jobs.

The Under-Secretary took action by conferring with Rear Admiral Clark Howell Woodward, who was then the Navy Representative on the Federal Board for Civilian Protection of the Office of Civilian Defense. Admiral Woodward knew both sides of the production-fighting front problem. He had been a Naval fighting man for more than forty years, and, in his O.C.D. work, he had visited scores of war plants and made certain astute, first-hand observations. He knew that the unholy triumvirate that was holding back production constituted absenteeism, bad management and pace-slackening when good news came in from the fighting fronts.

But there was more to it than that. The admiral was cognizant of a wide variety of contributing factors to each cause and the relationship of one cause to another. Absenteeism, for instance, wasn't always the result of a worker going off on a bat when war dough started to burn a hole in his pocket. Many a worker, the admiral had observed, resented a foreman who had been promoted from the bench and then turned the chill on the boys, so that absenteeism in some cases got down to a matter of personal human antagonism. Oftentimes, management held itself aloof from the workers—a situation that should *not* be interpreted as strained relations between capital and labor—with the result that the workers understandably enough got the idea that management didn't give a damn about them as human beings.

Sometimes a worker at a monotonous job just got plain bored. "I'm quittin'," he would announce. "This job is drivin' me nuts." The idea, then, in such a case, was to somehow overcome the worker's boredom. Here again several tacks could be taken; what would work out in one situation wouldn't work out in another. All of which will give you a rough idea as to the complexity and the magnitude of the problem that existed in June of last year.

Admiral Woodward called in

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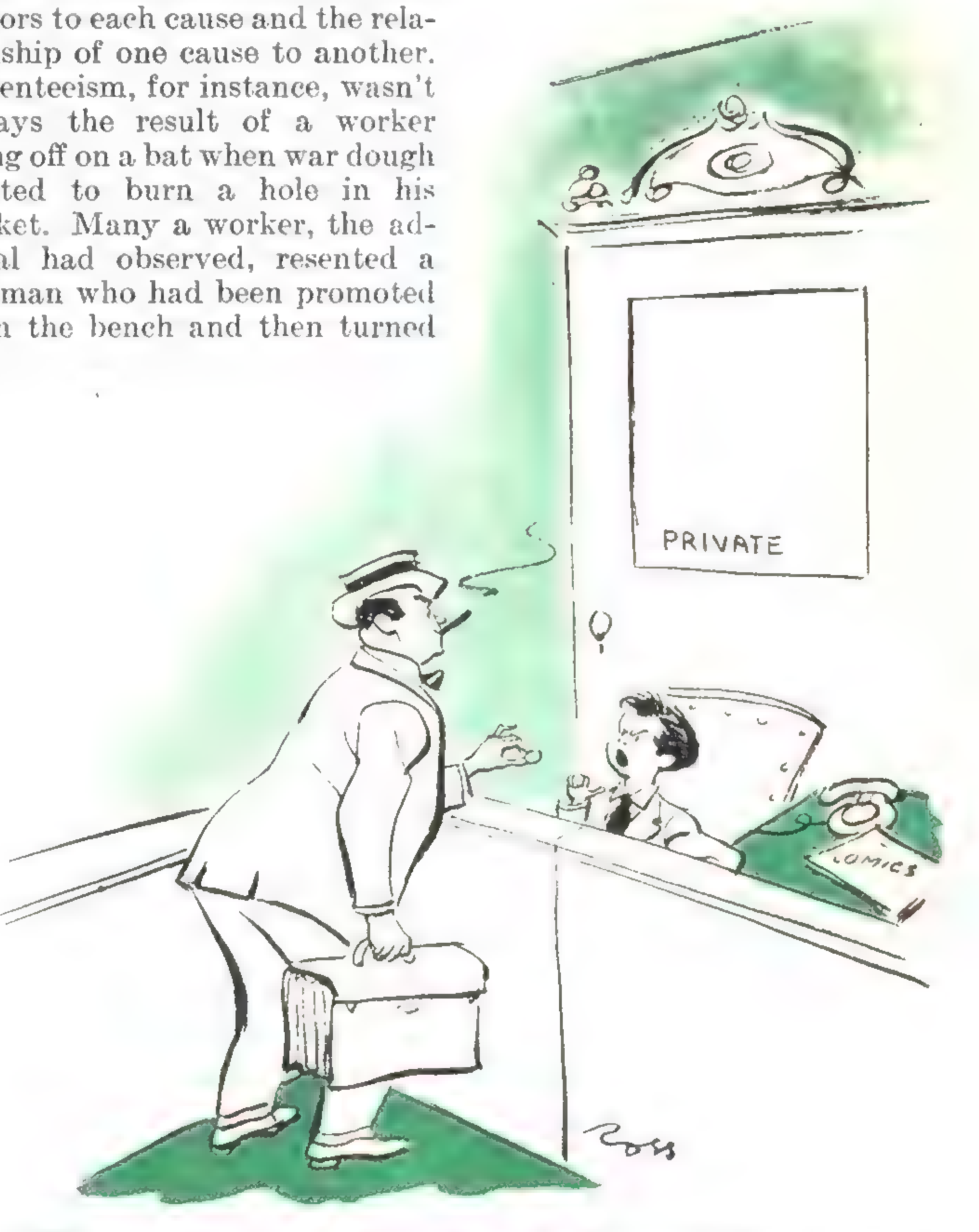


"Who ya tryin' to bribe—I get five hundred and twenty bucks a year to keep out guys like you!"

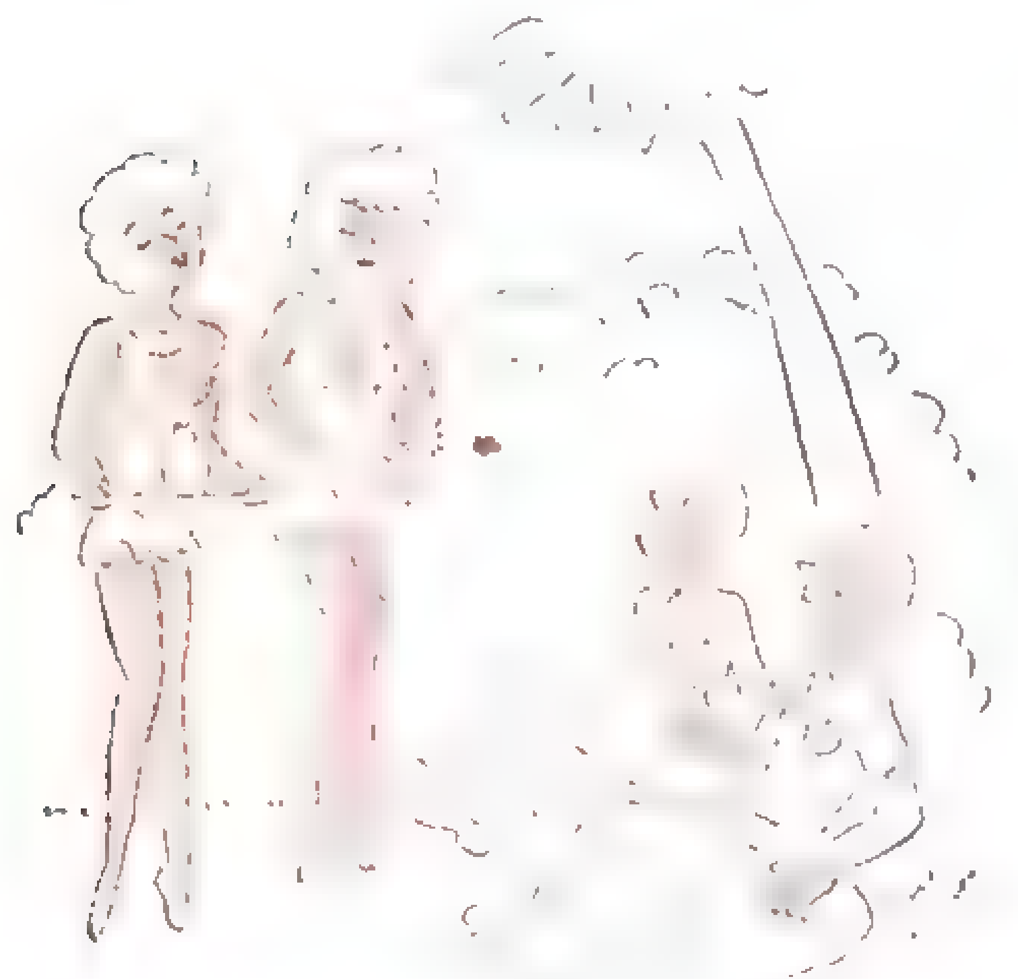
Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

CHRISTMAS
1943

THE Chinese Air Force has a few planes now, and the Jap generals are sending their fliers into battle with these words: "We trust you will show the same gallant heroism against the Chinese Air Force now as you did when they had no planes."

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.



"I feel we should be paying a cover charge"

Englishman: "I say, what are those friends of yours doing?"

U. S. Soldier: "Jitterbugging."

Englishman: "They get married later, don't they?"

The Target
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

"This is a blackout, Margie. Are you afraid?"

"Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

—*The Terminal Beacon*
U.S.N. Receiving Station,
San Pedro, Calif.

She: "Kiss me once more like that and I'm yours for life."

GI: "Thanks for the warning."

—*The Bealiner*
Camp Beale, Calif.

While the rich Mrs. Gulch was taking her morning walk she saw a decrepit looking character leaning against a lamp post. Feeling quite sad for the man and exceptionally benevolent that morning, Mrs. Gulch reached in her purse and thrust a hundred dollar bill in the man's hand, saying to him in a kind voice: "God Speed!"

That same evening the doorbell rang in the palatial home of Mrs. Gulch. She opened the door and saw the same man she had treated so kindly earlier in the day. He was holding a huge roll of bills.

A bit perplexed, Mrs. Gulch asked: "Aren't you the man I gave the money to this morning?"

"Yes," he replied as he shoved the money in her hand, "and God Speed came in and paid 80 to 1."

—Squads and Quads Reproduction Dept., TA 5,
Ft. Knox, Ky.

The term "show a leg," often used by the Navy's boatswain's mate and master-at-arms to rouse sleeping men, has an unusual origin. It derives from the day when seamen were allowed to take their wives to sea. The women would merely put out one foot at first call and thus were not required to turn out for identification.

—*The Bull Horn*
Naval Air Technical Training
Center, Norman, Okla.

GI: "Let's get married or something."

Girl Friend: "We'll get married or nothing."

—*Observer*
Brooks Field, Texas

Father: "Mary, who was that man I saw you kissing last night?"

Mary: "What time was it?"

—*Skyscrapers*
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Floyd Bennet Field, New York

If he parks his little flivver
Down beside the moonlit river
And you feel him all aquiver
He's a wolf.

If he says you're gorgeous looking
And your dark eyes set him cooking
But your eyes ain't where he's looking
He's a wolf.

If by chance when you're kissin'
You can feel his heart missin'
And you talk but he don't listen,
He's a wolf.

But if his arms strong as sinew
Stir the gypsy deep within you
And you want him close agin you
YOU'RE the wolf.

—*Observer*
Brooks Field, Texas

Teacher to kindergarten class: "Who made you?"

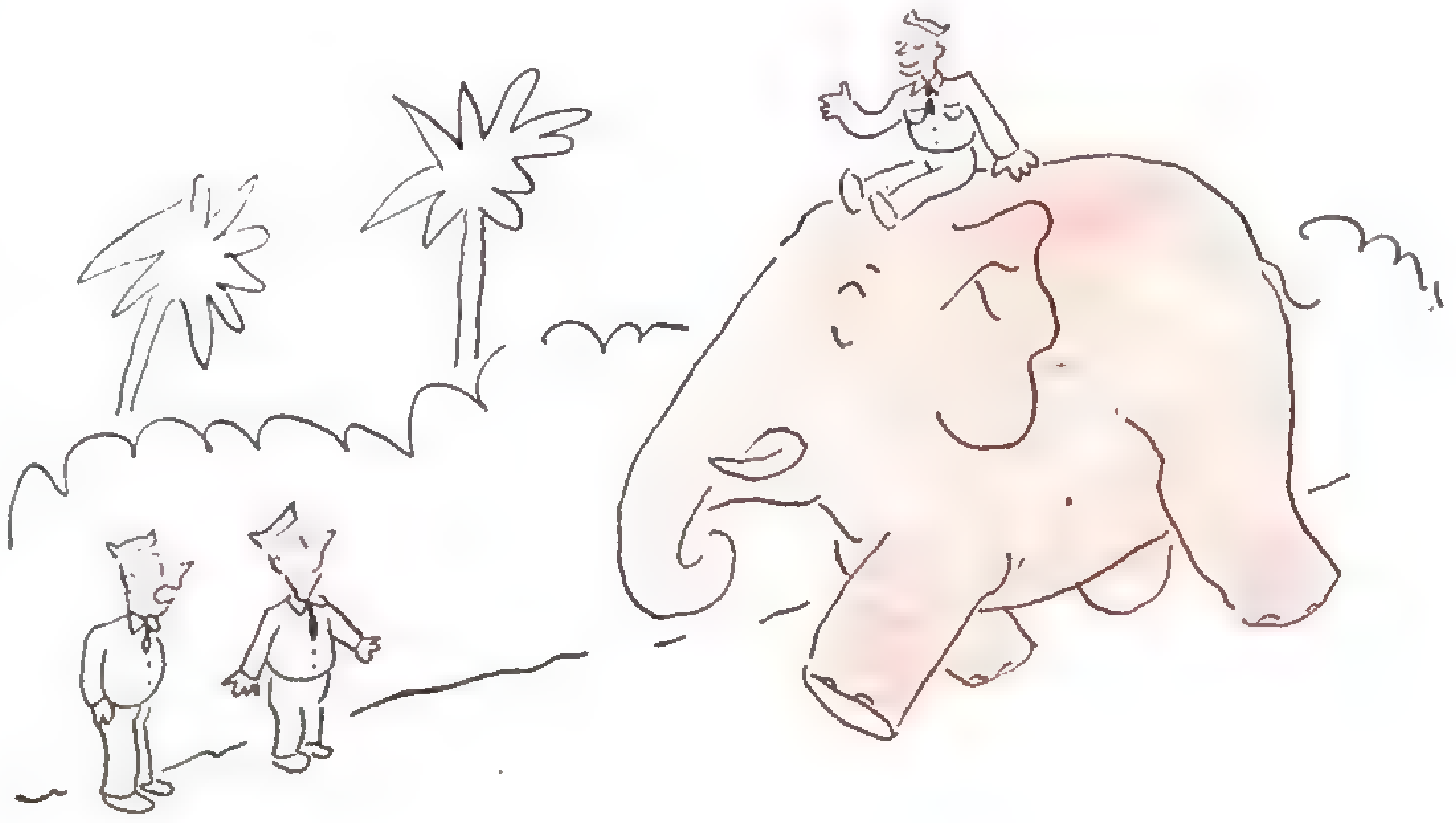
Little boy in front seat: "God did."

"That's right."

A week later when the school supervisor came visiting, the teacher, seeking to impress him, again asked: "Who made you?"

There was no answer so the teacher repeated the question several times. At last a small boy in the rear answered: "The boy that God made is absent today."

—*Fort Niagara Drum*
Fort Niagara, New York



"I ain't surprised—once in the States a woman gave him a Cadillac"

A submarine sailor was approached by a suspicious looking person while riding on the New York subway. "What are your duties on the submarine?"

"Oh," said the sailor, "all I have to do is sneak forward and hold her nose when she dives."

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

A West Texas apprentice-seaman was spellbinding a group of shipmates with the glories and opportunities of that part of his home state.

"All West Texas needs to become the garden spot of the world is good people and water," he enthused.

"Yeah," piped a voice from the rear, "that's all Hell needs too."

—Reprinted from *Jax Air News* in *Hi-Life*
Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.

Father: "I don't like to see that soldier kissing you like that."

Daughter: "Give him a chance, Father. He's just a beginner."

—*The Target*
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Bluejacket: "Gosh, you say you have never been out with a sailor. Swell! Where do I meet you, Baby?"

Girl: "Meet me at 2100 on the starboard side of pier 7."

—*The Bull Horn*
Naval Air Technical Training
Center, Norman, Okla.

The lonely girl dreamed that a big brute of a man came to her bedside, picked her up and carried her down to a chauffered car, placed her in the back seat and got in beside her.

They drove out into the country and on a dark and lonely road the car finally came to a stop.

Finally finding her voice the girl asked: "And now what are you going to do?"

The man answered: "It's up to you, lady, this is your dream."

—Reprinted from the *Pathfinder*
in the *Armodier*
Camp Chaffee, Ft. Smith, Ark.

What's Victory Made Of?

Why, Victory's made of blood and guts,
Of dragging trucks through muddy ruts
Of gaping wounds and searing pain
Of counter attacks in a driving rain.

Victory's made of shot and shell
Of a tin can rolling in a swell,
Of Radar pointing like a finger of fate
And gunners firing their tubes of hate.

Victory's made of men and steel
Of women alone at home, who feel
That battles are fought and won by boys
While politicians make the noise.

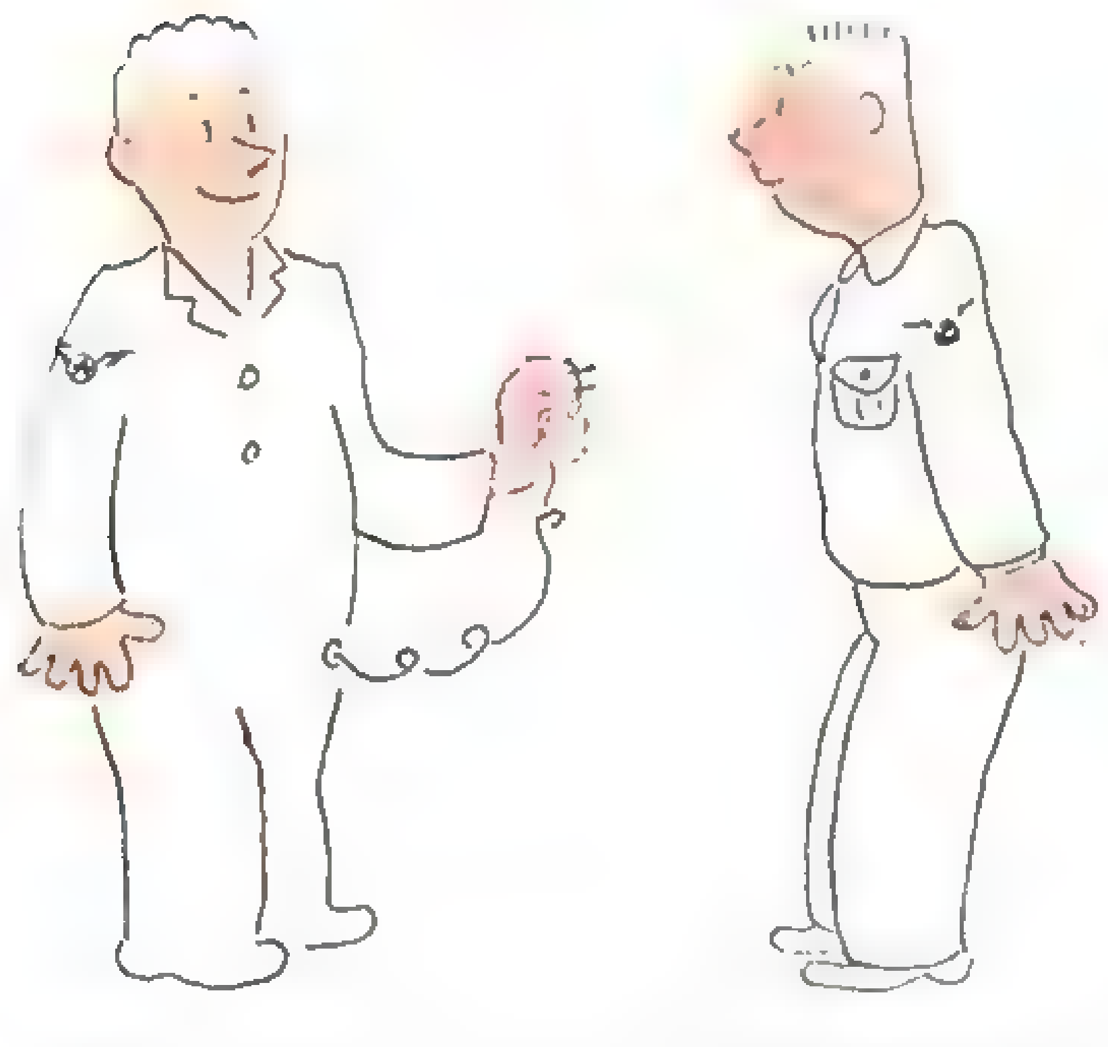
That's what Victory's made of!

—*Banana Peelings*
U.S. Naval Air Station
Banana River, Fla.

Visitor (looking over battleship): "And what do you sailors do when the ship springs a leak?"

Sailor: "Aw, we just put a pan under it."

—*Sourdough Sentinel*
A.P.O. 942

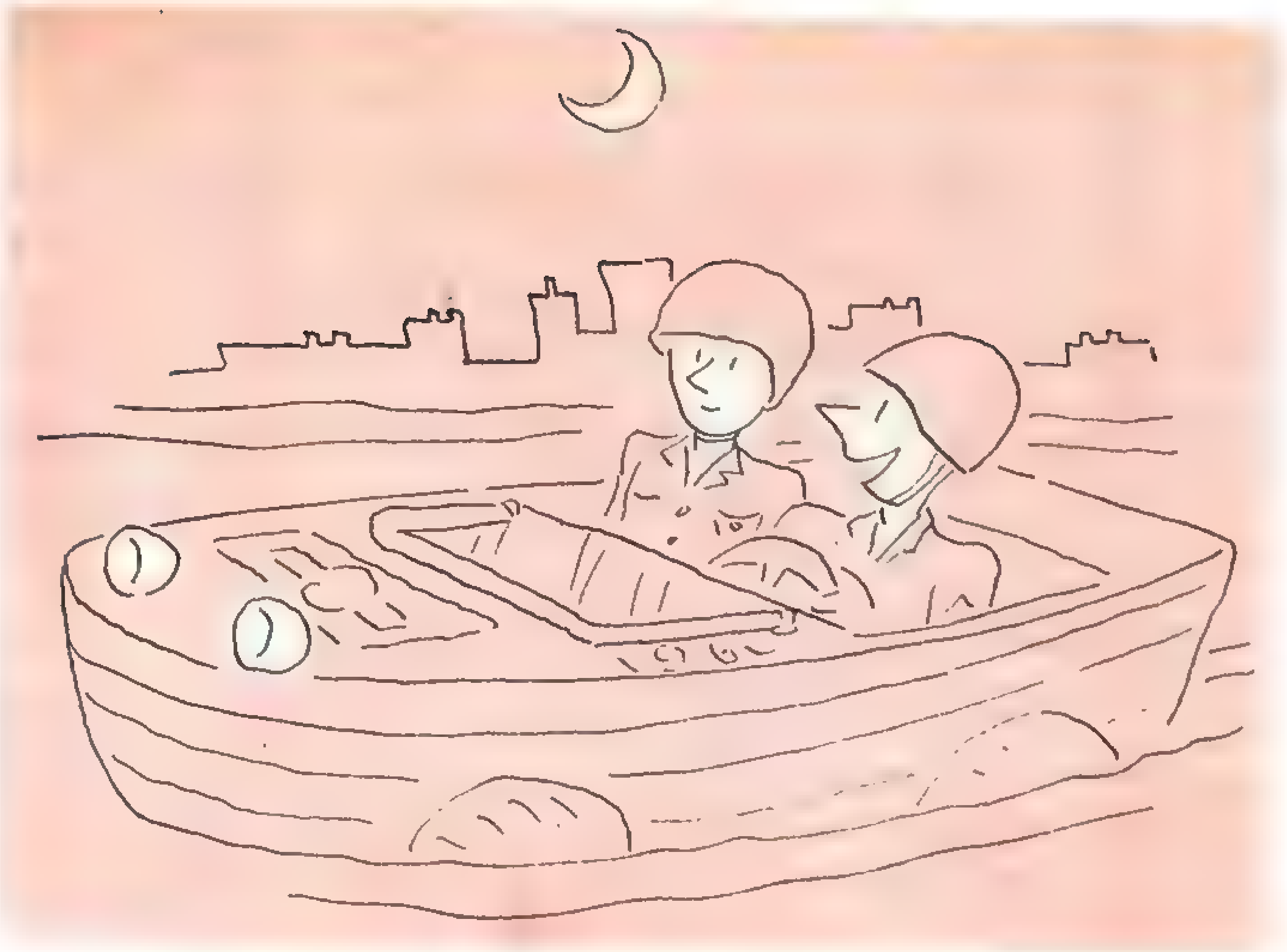


"Sure I wear my electrically heated flying suit on my dates—my girl loves to sit on my lap after it warms up"

When a department clerk found a tax return wherein a bachelor listed one dependent son, he turned it over to the examiner, who returned it to the bachelor with the penciled notation: "This must be a stenographic error."

The bachelor returned the form, unchanged, with a similar note: "YOU'RE TELLING ME."

—*Tailspin*
Ellington Field, Houston, Texas



"I'm going to get one of these after the war for dates"

"Could I see the captain?"

"He's forward, Miss."

"Oh, I'm not afraid, I've been out with aviation cadets."

—*Observer*
Brooks Field, Texas

Low: "What is it a sign of when your nose itches?"

Brow: "Going to have company."

Low: "And what if your head itches?"

Brow: "They've arrived."

—*Skyscrapers*
U. S. Naval Air Station,
Floyd Bennet Field, New York

Three GI's, slightly punchy from a blitz, were riding toward London in a noisy automobile. Approaching the city one asked: "Is this Wembly?"

"Nope," said the second, "Thursday."

"So am I," said the third, "let's stop and have one."

—*The Aafsatonian*
AAF School of Applied Tactics,
Orlando, Fla.

Absent-minded Prof: "Madam, what are you doing in my bed?"

She: "I like your bed, I like your house, and I like your neighborhood. Furthermore, I'm your wife."

—*Biggstuff*
Biggs Field, Texas

"I told him he mustn't see me anymore."

"What did he do?"

"Turned out the lights."

—*The Bull Horn*
Naval Air Technical Training
Center, Norman, Okla.

The Army psychiatrist at the induction center eyed the prospective new soldier suspiciously.

"What do you do for your social life?" he asked the GI prospect.

"Oh," the man blushed, "I just sit around."

"Hmmmm, don't you ever go out with girls?"

"Nope."

"Don't you have any desire to go with girls?"

"Well—sort of—."

"Then why don't you?" asked the doctor pointedly.

"Aw gee, Doc, my wife won't let me."

—*The Communique*,
Camp Livingston, La.

Private: "Here, hold my gun a minute, will you?"

Officer: "Hey, I'm a lieutenant."

Private: "That's all right. I'll trust you."

—*The Skeeter*
U.S. Naval Training Center,
Melville, R.I.

Here lies my sergeant,
Let him lie,
He's found rest
And so have I.

—*The Aafsatonian*,
AAF School of Applied Tactics,
Orlando, Fla.

GI SLANG . . .

Armored cow—Canned milk
Battery acid—Coffee
Army Strawberries—Prunes
Belly robber—Mess sergeant
Army banjo—Shovel
Behavior report—Letter to your girl.

-*The Target*
Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

Tony, Army janitor, had worked faithfully at his job for several years, when he surprised his Battery Commander by asking for a furlough.

"We can't get along very well without you," said the BC, "You don't need a furlough. You'll just blow in your money and come back broke."

"I'd still like to have a furlough," persisted Tony. "I'm getting married and I'd kinda like to be there."

—*Latitude Nine*
Published at APO 836

Doctor: "You have acute appendicitis."

WAC: "Listen, Sir, I came here to be examined, not admired."

—Reprinted from *Belvoir Castle*,
in *The Armodier*
Camp Chaffee, Ft. Smith, Ark.

Sailor: "Am I the first man you ever loved?"

Girl: "Yes, Dear. The others were all 4 F's."

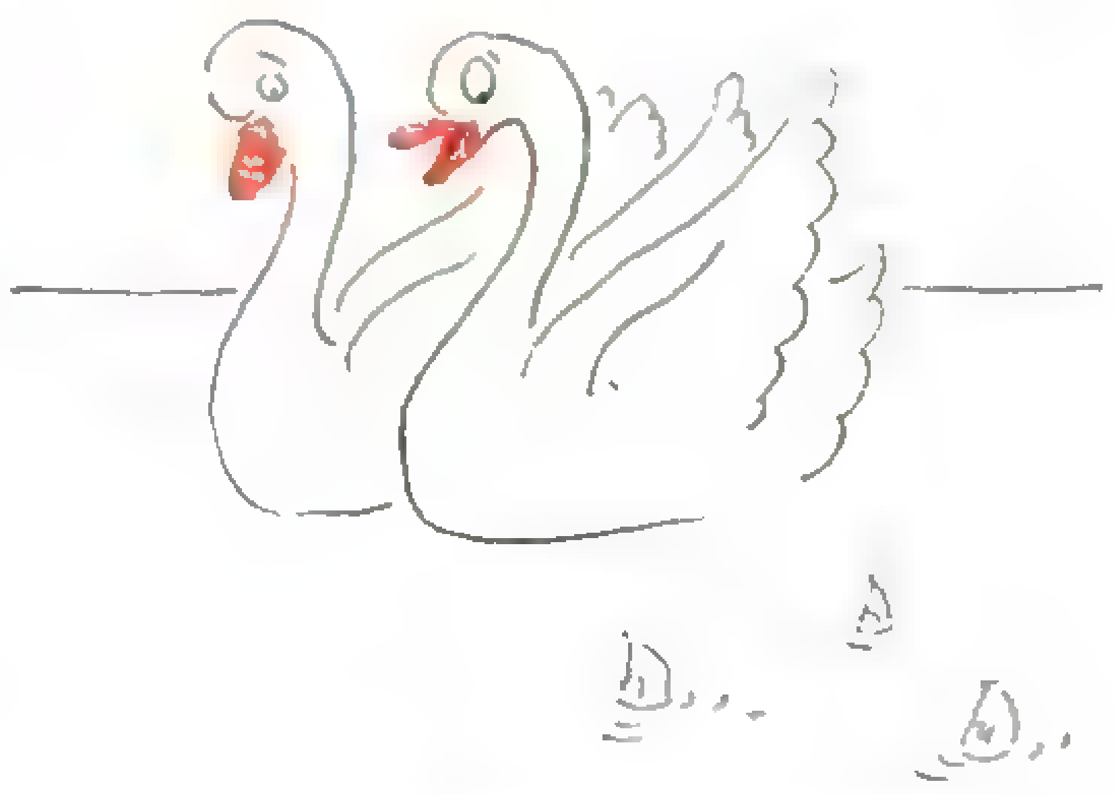
—*The Terminal Beacon*
USN Receiving Station,
San Pedro, Calif.

GI: "Is that ice cream pure?"

Waitress: "As pure as the girl of your dreams, Soldier."

GI: "Give me a ham sandwich."

—*The Communique*
Camp Livingston, La.



"The children are playing Jap navy"

Says the squadron cynic: "A widow is a lucky woman. She knows all about men, and the only man who knows all about her is dead."

—*Flight Time*
Goodfellow Field, Texas

Father was reading his newspaper and mother was scanning a letter from her son. She interrupted father's reading.

"Bill says Scott Field is wonderful. He likes his buddies fine and he needs more money for ammunition."

—*The Broadcaster*
Scott Field, Ill.

Overheard in the WAC mess hall: "Look here, Mary, is this peach or apple pie?"

"Can't you tell from the taste?"

"No I can't."

"Then what difference does it make?"

—*Twingine Times*
Freeman Army Field,
Seymour, Ind.

Japan's "Do-and-Die" Devils

Only in the land of the cherry blossoms could young men accept murder, torture and suicide as their "heavenly destiny"

by **JOSEPH WECHSBERG**

• ARTICLE •

The Japanese position was hopeless. Their main force already had evacuated Foochow. The Chinese were fast closing in on the Jap rear guard. It was then, according to a Domei dispatch of September, 1941, that "Lieutenant Ujiro Nakamura of the 7th Tank Corps ordered an armored car loaded with dynamite and high explosives, jumped in and raced against the Chinese positions. The car exploded, literally blasting a huge gap into the Chinese ring. Lt. Nakamura's supreme sacrifice enabled part of our troops to escape."

Japanese school children have learned to recite the story of Lt. Nakamura; the story of the navy pilots who power-dived their planes into important targets and enemy warships in Malaya and Hong Kong; of Captain Shoji who set fire to his Zero after he crashed near Surabaya and died in the flames, preferring self-destruction to surrender; of the submarine crews in the tiny, two-men undersea craft who sneaked into Pearl Harbor on December 7th, facing certain death.

Japan's school children have not learned the whole story. They might not like it so well. Neither foolish bravado nor supreme heroism made those men die—but their special, planned military education for death.

Lt. Nakamura, Capt. Shoji and the other men were graduates of the Hokkaido Military School for Murder and Suicide.

This isn't the school's official name. There is no name. The Hokkaido school is a complete hush-hush organization, so secret that Jap newspapers never mention it. But Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan proper, is only 150 miles from Siberian bases across the Japan Sea and very close to Sakhalin, the northern part of which belongs to Russia. The Japs haven't been able to conceal all that goes on in Hokkaido. Russian agents, piecing together bits of information, found out the startling truth. At the time of the Japanese successes in the Pacific, German and Italian broadcasts mentioned the "extraordinary extreme" of Japan's military education.

For this could happen in no country on earth but Nippon where the simple rookie is imbued with Shintoism, Emperor veneration, his own divine origin and where he learns the reason for "the divine mission of divine Japan," (*Jinshunojinshuyuen*): to conquer the world. Only in Japan could a school exist where young officers, supposedly human beings, are taught to kill themselves and like it.

Fantastic? By no means. Aren't the Japs, from childhood, taught to prefer self-inflicted death to surrender? During the whole Bataan campaign, the Americans took less than 100 Jap prisoners; on Attu, a mere handful. The Hokkaido school is merely the practical application of *Bushido*, "The Way of the Warrior," Japan's unwritten code of militarism. *Bushido* knows but one crime, Failure; but one aim, Victory—no matter how it is achieved. *Bushido* doesn't make it unfair to attack the enemy from the rear or in his sleep. The main thing is that he gets killed. It's not exactly an ethical code. "Getting away with murder," could be its slogan.

Few Japanese and only a handful of foreigners have been permitted to go to Hokkaido since the war broke out in Europe. Deep in the interior of the "forbidden island," on grounds owned by the Imperial Household about seventy miles from the garrison town of Asahigawa, the school has been built. Barbed wires, guard towers, sentries surround the brick buildings. No one gets in without permission; and no one gets out—which is even more important.

According to latest available reports (Spring, 1942) the school commander was General Kingoro Hashimoto, big-time assassin, fanatical visionary and member of the army's extremist "inner circle." Hashimoto was the man who ordered the bombing of the U.S.S. *Panay* and the shelling of the British gunboat *Ladybird*, on the Yangtze; he plotted the 1936 assassination of several Cabinet members in Tokyo, and had a hand in the revolt against Admiral Yonai, the former Prime Minister. In short, a perfect, cheerful personality.

Working under Hashimoto are thirty-odd teachers, most of them colonels of the General Staff, sinister reactionaries and jingoes who believe in vague military mysticism and know little of world problems. General Sadao Araki, ex-War Minister and Japan's arch-Fascist, is said to be one of the school's founders. Araki is the fellow who preached "In our veins is injected the noblest blood of sacrifice going back for 2,600 years," long before Adolf Schickelgruber developed his own racial theories.

General Hashimoto and his teaching staff are responsible only to the Prime Minister. Those are the men who, within ninety-seven days, convert young fanatics into emotionless monsters.

"Every Japanese soldier will choose the greatest sacrifice rather than surrender," General Hashimoto says to the new candidates in what may be termed his welcoming address. "But it takes hard training and profound knowledge to combine one's own death with destruction to the enemy."

It isn't easy to become a student in Hokkaido. Take the case of Lt. Ujiro Nakamura, the hero of Foochow. The son of a not so well-to-do government official in Kyoto, young Nakamura was taught goose-stepping, drilling, military songs when he was six. At the age of twelve he was carrying a dark uniform, knapsack, light rifle. Two years later he received his favorite weapon, the bayonet, and in his zeal promptly wounded a classmate at bayonet practice. During vacation time, he would take long hiking trips in the mountains, or accompany his father to Tokyo where he would go at once to the Tomb of the Forty-Seven Ronin, the famous forty-seven feudal retainers who avenged the death of their lord and committed suicide beside his grave (as popular a thriller as The Great American Train Robbery is in this country.)

For hours young Nakamura would stand beside the grave, staring at the young army officers on honor guard duty, their faces twisted by a fanatical gleam. Gosh, to be one of them!

When he was classified "absolutely fit" for military service at the age of seventeen (the Japanese have only two classifications, "fit" and "absolutely fit"), his mind was made up. He would become an officer. He had won various athletic contests, could walk thirty miles without strain, and some people said he should become an athlete; but young Nakamura preferred digging trenches, shooting and throwing hand grenades. He applied for the Tank Corps and was sent for the regular two-year period to Officers' School (*Shikwan Gakko*), where he passed all examinations *cum laude*. He was

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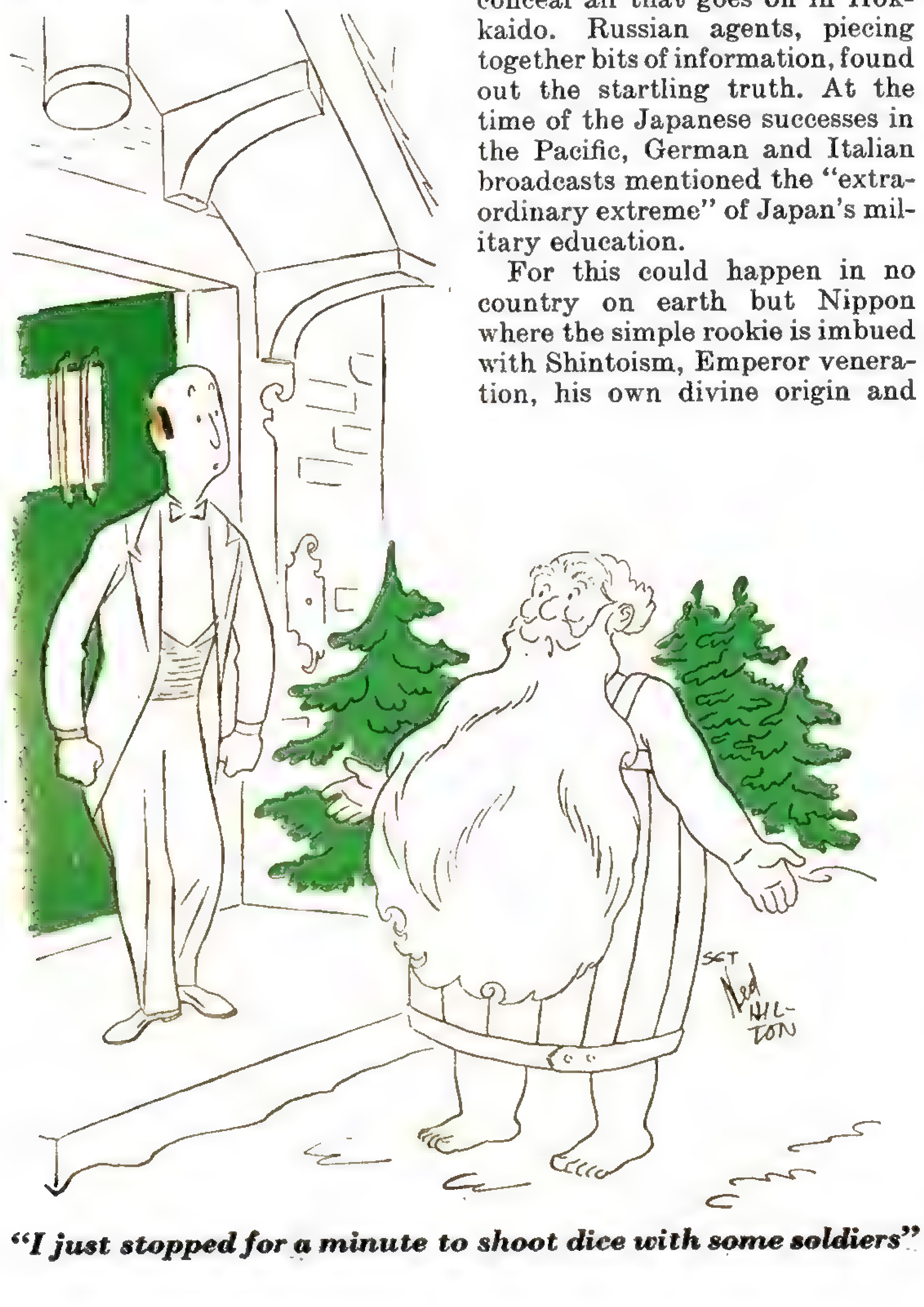
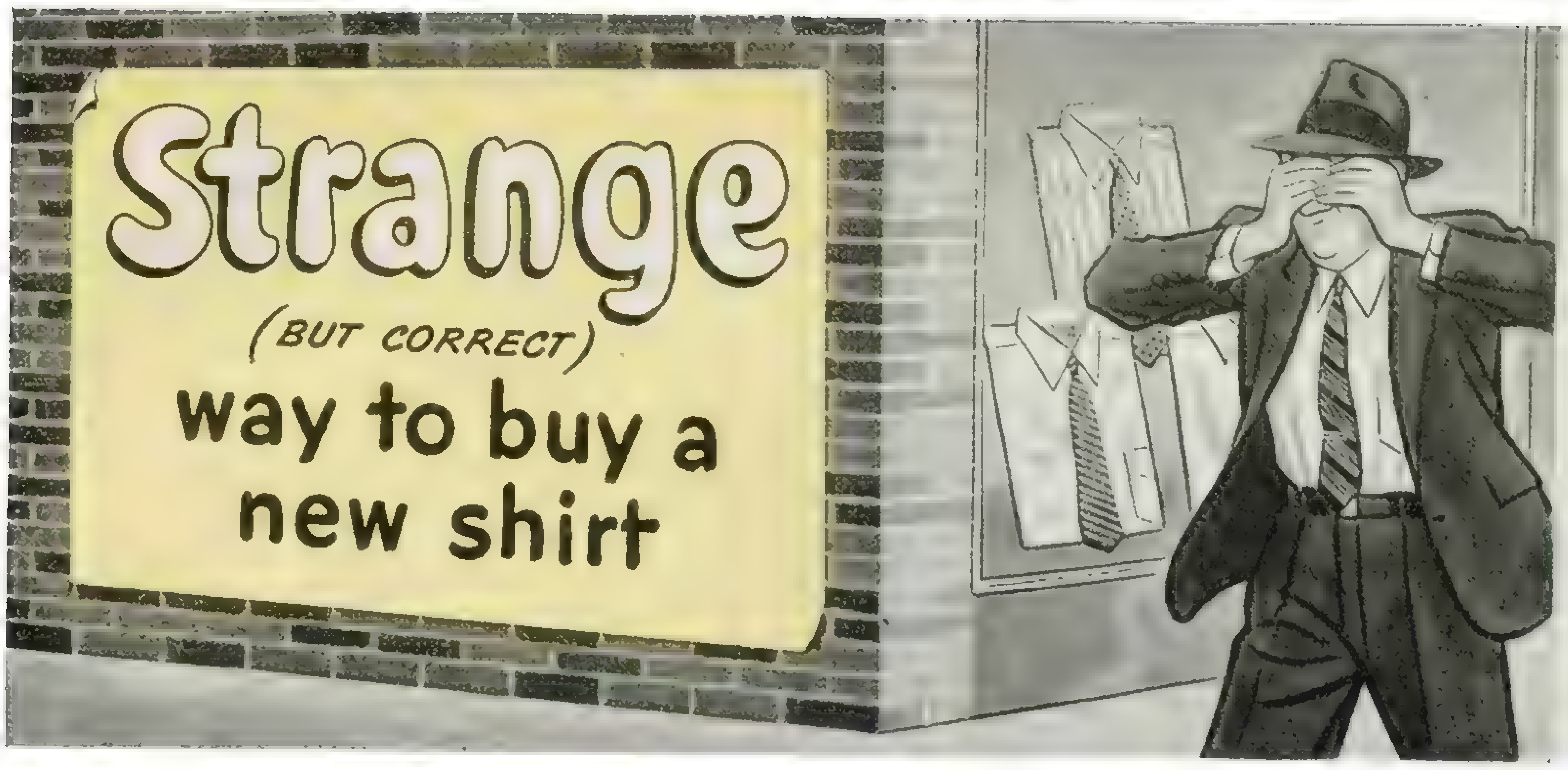


"I just stopped for a minute to shoot dice with some soldiers"

Strange (BUT CORRECT) way to buy a new shirt



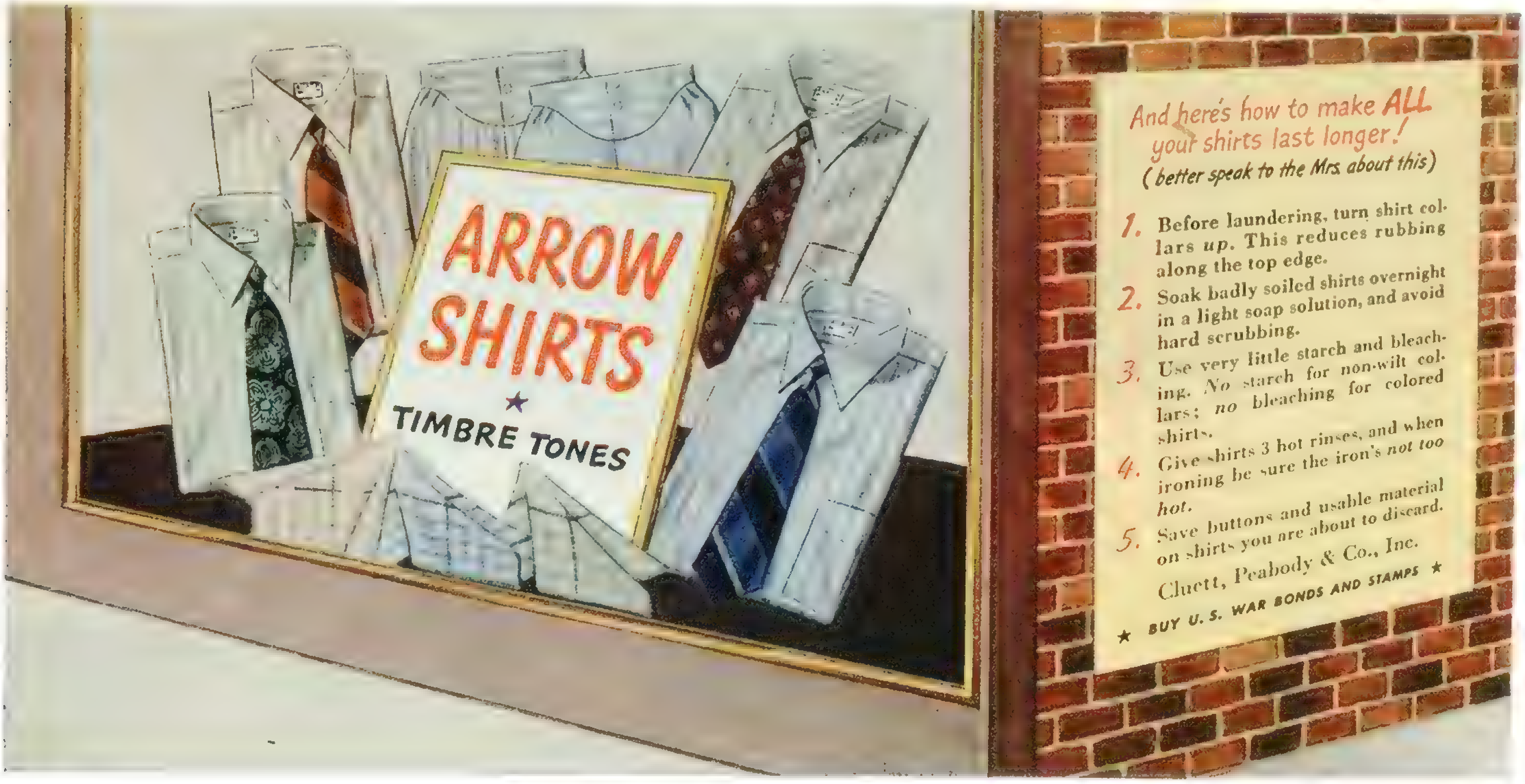
1 **Periodically,** almost every man feels a new-shirt-and-tie urge creeping over him. Today this urge requires special treatment. There's a war going on, and all of us should buy as *few* civilian goods as possible, and as *many* War Bonds as possible.

2 **So first check** up on how many shirts you already own. If you find you can put off buying new shirts—or new *anything*—that's just fine, for it'll save *both* materials and manpower.

3 **Maybe you've been** letting some of your shirts lie idle in the dresser drawer because the cuffs or collars were frazzled. If so, dig them out and ask the Little Woman to fix 'em. (It's a cinch to repair frayed cuffs, and even though turning a collar is a much tougher job, the L. W. is probably up to it.)

4 **However, if you *can't*** salvage enough old shirts to get along, and you *really* need new ones, honest Injun, then drop in at your Arrow dealer's. For Arrows—made to give long service—are a sensible wartime buy. And *only* on Arrow Shirts do you find those wonderful Arrow collars—famous over 80 years for trim good looks and *perfect* fit!

5 **The newest Arrow ensemble,** called Timbre Tones, is *very* handsome. But that's not all. Arrow Shirts are "Sanforized"-labeled, won't shrink even 1%. They have *anchored* buttons, and fabrics *pre-tested* for durability. $2.46. Harmonizing Ties (wrinkle-resistant), $1.50. Shorts (cut extra-full, "Sanforized"-labeled), 75¢. Handkerchiefs, 50¢.



And here's how to make ALL your shirts last longer!
(better speak to the Mrs. about this)

1. Before laundering, turn shirt collars *up*. This reduces rubbing along the top edge.
2. Soak badly soiled shirts overnight in a light soap solution, and avoid hard scrubbing.
3. Use very little starch and bleaching. *No* starch for non-wilt collars; *no* bleaching for colored shirts.
4. Give shirts 3 hot rinses, and when ironing be sure the iron's *not too hot.*
5. Save buttons and usable material on shirts you are about to discard.

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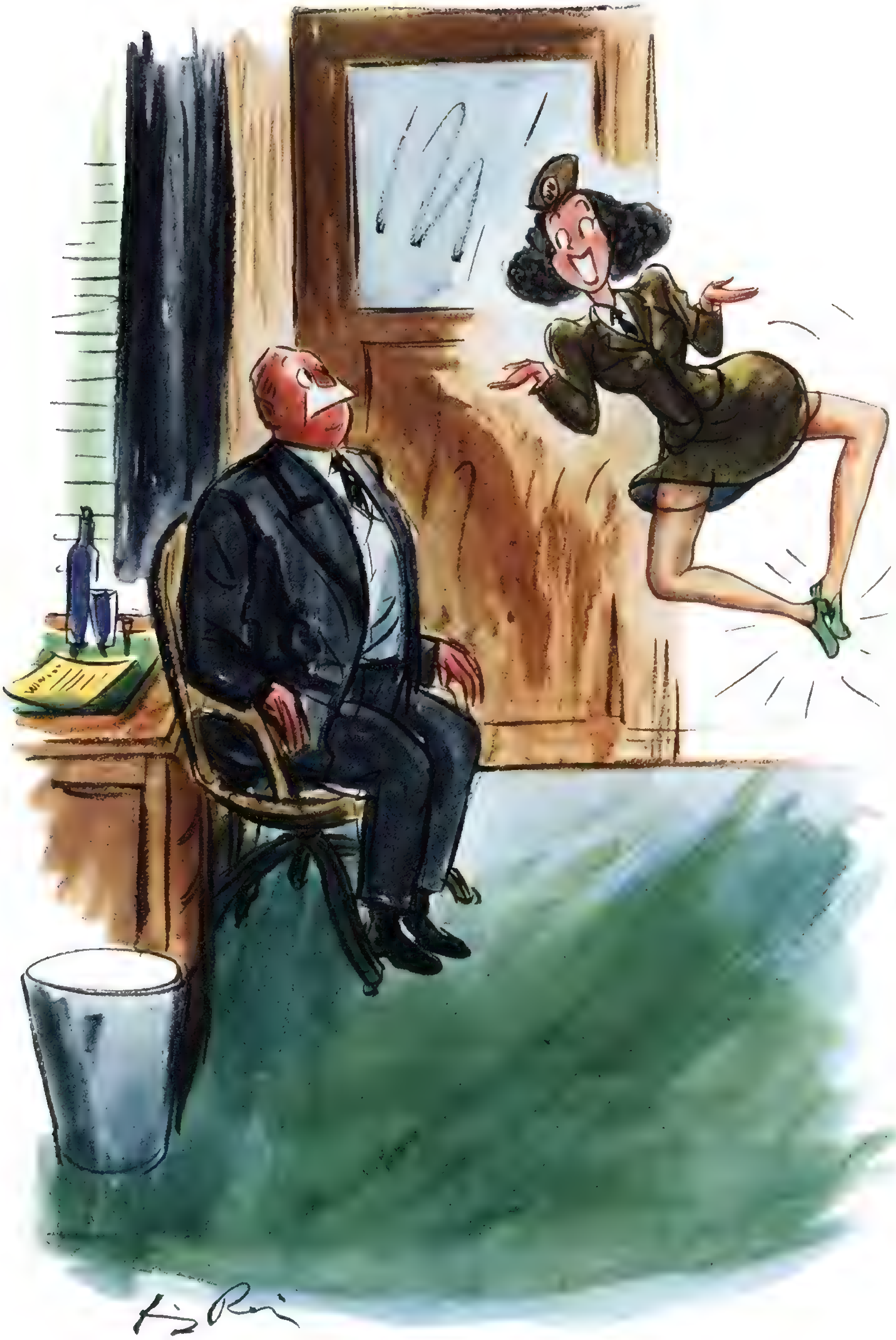

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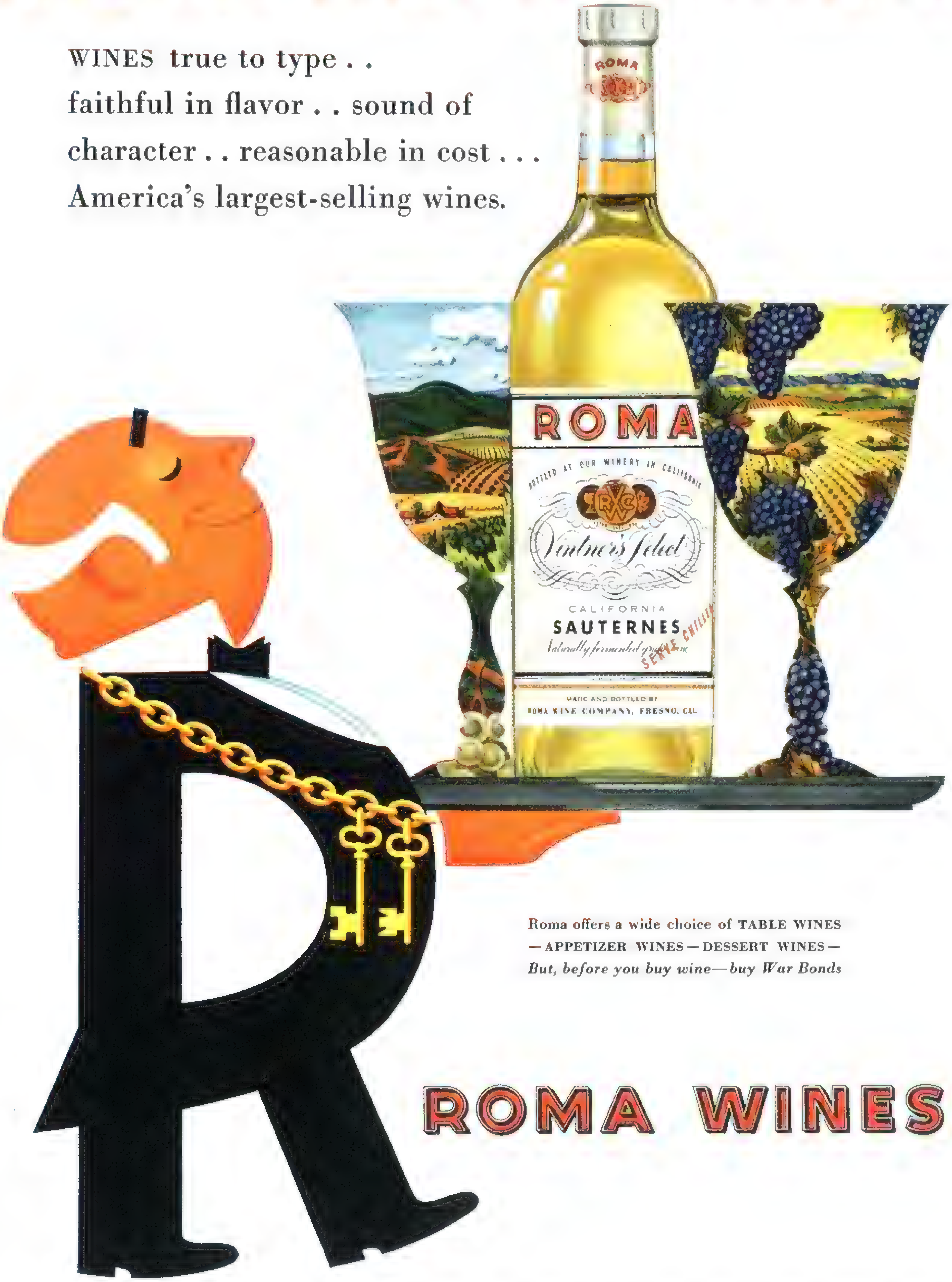
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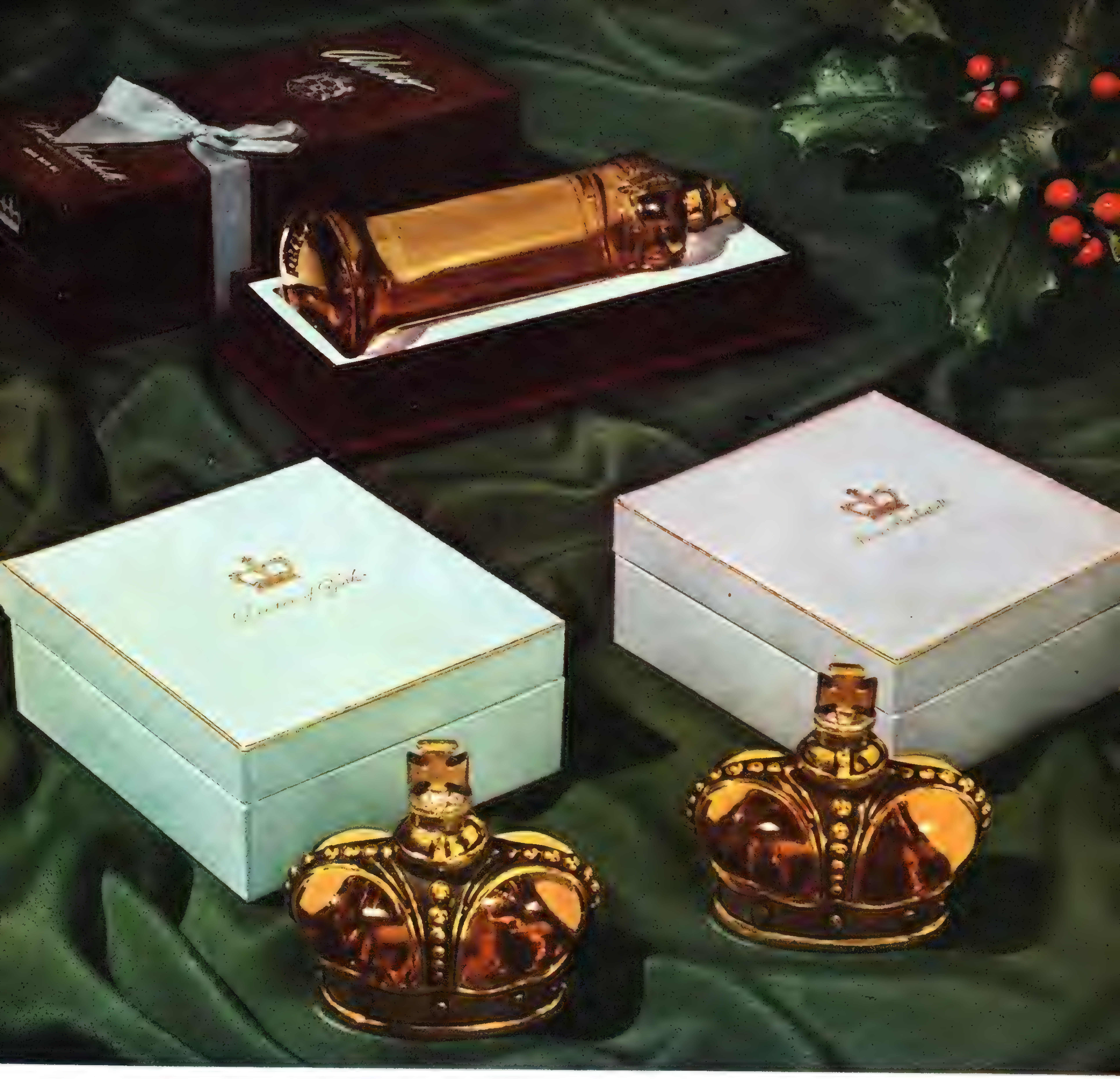

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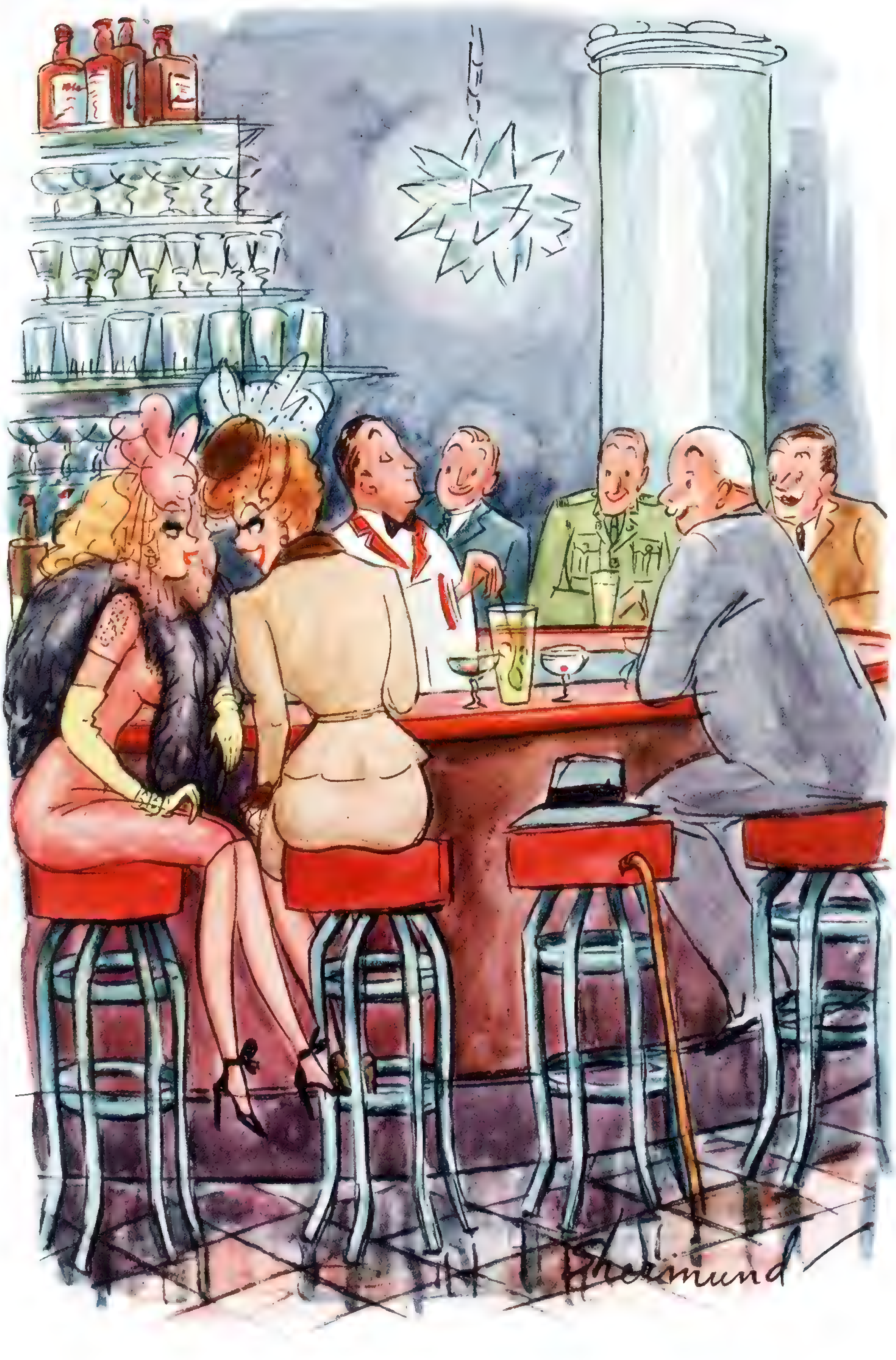
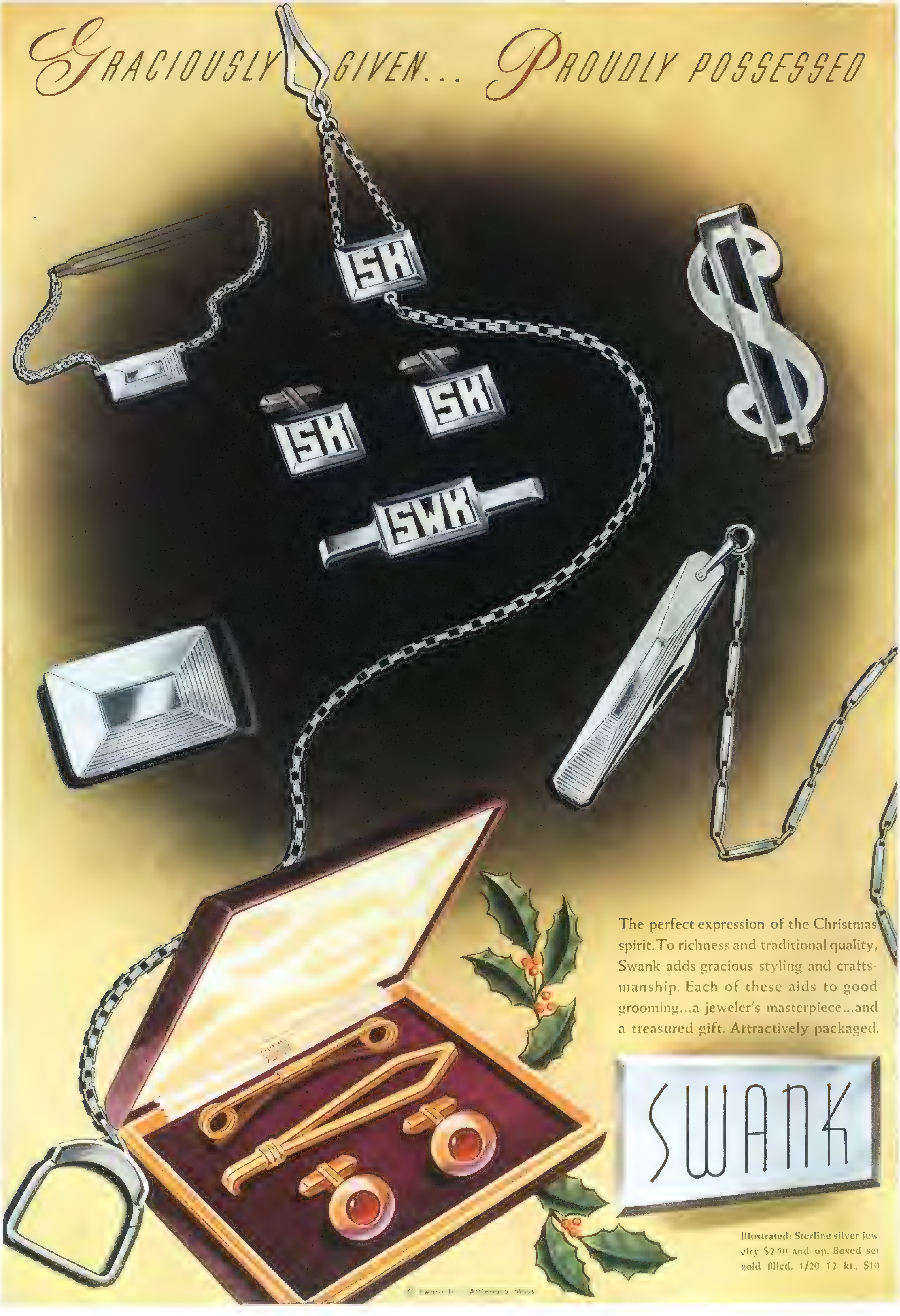
Prince Matchabelli



"The first one you buy yourself—it's sort of an investment, see?"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Lament for Music Makers

After a decade of catholic content, this reviewer gags on that hit, *Early to Bed*

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

THE editor of this skeptical journal noted with amazement that one of his contributors, myself, was nearly always gushing with praise for someone or something. Immediately I read George Jean Nathan's latest sharp comments and decided to reform my style as soon as a subject occurred. It has come.

I went to see a musical show—usually the cue for hurrahs and hosannas from me because I have believed that we do them better than anyone else on earth and I've had a sneaking feeling that no musical show can be really all bad. Not since *Springtime of Youth* which I saw in 1923. Look: you've got costumes; and scenery; and music; and dancing; and comedians; and girls (beautiful girls). With all that, suppose the tenor insists on singing and the soprano is a stick? You've still got the costumes; and scenery; and it wouldn't be fair to the management to repeat the whole list.

Now this musical show, which is called *Early to Bed* and is a hit, but a hit, has some of the most attractive looking girls I've ever seen; the dances are by Robert Alton who doesn't miss; the music is credited to Fats Waller and some of it sounds like his best; and there's comedy. The comedy consists of one joke. The setting is a bawdy house; but several people mistake it for a girls' school. That's the joke. One wide-eyed innocent, speaking of dancing which is her profession, wants to practice her specialty and just thrills over having an audience even for rehearsal—you can imagine the fun we get out of that little *malentendu* (or maybe I don't mean that at all).

The odd thing about this show, which as before stated is a hit, is that the eighty-six repetitions of the joke are quite well received; but no one seems to care a hoot for anything else in the show. And that goes for the production, too. Exits and entrances are dully arranged; no one bothered to make the show hang together; everybody overacts, and each member of the cast overacts in a different style. Five minutes before the end, there's an attractive topical song, delivered by some excellent Negro members of the company; suddenly one remembers what musical shows used to be.

A musical show costs a lot of money and when it flops, it's a pratt-fall with no Hollywood sale to cushion it. So people are careful; they put in safe elements and then throw in some cheap ones for re-insurance. The present Follies is an example of that. If you ever saw a really good Follies—or a really good revue of any kind—you go out saying not only that this thing is tasteless, but that it is rather sad; it makes you feel old not because you've passed through many years, but because the thing itself is stale; it has the smell of death and decay around it.

Current in New York are several revivals, a burlesque show, an operetta named *Oklahoma* which is a humdinger, and one true musical show, *Something for the Boys*. That one has Ethel Merman and it isn't good enough for her by nine statute miles. And I, who would like to see a musical show at least once each evening, gladly sacrificing for it all plays by Maxwell Anderson since *Winterset*, all Pulitzer Prize winners (I think) and absolutely all plays about adolescents, cute or sexy—I am unhappy and wish I could find out what makes our musical entertainment so weak and flabby.

The customary answer is that the talent is in the movies. So the next question is why the movie musicals are also so howlingly second rate. To me the movies are a source of endless astonishment; no matter how bad they get, they still turn out first-rate entertainment more steadily than any other institution I know (with the not-

Continued on page 174

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Lament for Music Makers

Continued from page 173

able exception of the great radio comedians). Yet the good musicals on film are the work of two or three men; the bad ones are innumerable. Now that color has come, the bad ones are three times as bad as before. But not so numerous, because technicolor costs money.

Two musicals which would have justified the use of technicolor did not have it: *Stormy Weather* and *Cabin in the Sky*. They are both all-Negro—which is Hollywood's odd and belated recognition of the fact that some of our most notable performers have been Negroes all their lives—by which, dear reader, I mean that they should have been featured with the white and yellow and brown performers long ago. Both are badly done—in the same way that almost all film-musicals are badly done; these have touches of simplicity and awkwardness which are rather endearing. Each has some magnificent stuff and both have Lena Horne, the most spectacular apparition in the movies in years. I do not know whether she can act or sing; but she can appear and hold every eye, with a style, a projection of personality, which even Bill Robinson and Ethel Waters do not rival. But Negro musicals in the movies are like the successors to *Shuffle Along* years ago; they are not well made, the people who make them do not know how to use the magnificent talents they can command.

But if these are lacking, they have the excuse of being small-budget musicals. The big ones fall by the wayside just as fast. The new theme is escape to the past: San Francisco or Coney Island or any place will do for a setting and I doubt whether there are a thousand readers of Esquire who couldn't write the plot. And cast the shows, too. Lamour and Hutton and Faye; Grable and Whoosiz and—one moment; among the tedious musicals there is one called *Dixie* in which Bing Crosby appears. I am in such a condition of defensive admiration for Mr. C. that I never write his name without a small nick of my head, a bow to majesty. But he comes near to stinking in *Dixie;* you even see where the red-brown wig is attached, not only to Crosby but to the story. I came in during the run of the picture and picked it up badly, thinking that Crosby was playing the part of Stephen Foster, because he talked about a girl called Jeannie who had light technicolored hair. As usual I admired the Crosby insouciance, and he can have that word for his program for nothing. But until he appears with Astaire in a new Berlin musical (which is vaguely announced and regrettably also disannounced) Mr. C. will have to take his chances with the others—meaning that he'd be better off in non-musicals as everyone else would—with the same exception, the lucky stiffs that get into any Astaire or Astaire-like musical, the simple, delightful style set nearly ten years ago, abandoned, revived, and never surpassed. *Top Hat*, of that generation, is still running, in case you're interested in financial returns.

The old-style musical, as lavish as the circus and nearly as tiring, had one thing: faith. The producers apparently believed in it. The idea was bad; the director never seemed to escape the dilemma of realism: was he putting on a musical show, as if on the stage, or something that might really have happened, with interpolated songs and dances? He didn't know. It worried him. No one else cared, but every once in a while the show would break down while the director put in bits of patchwork. The result was a prodigious lack of style, of design. The average movie-goer may not stomp out to the box-office demanding his money back because a show lacks design; but he will subconsciously respond to the design in a good show, he'll like it better; and he is a sucker for style. Dozens of musicals have flopped because they lacked style; dozens have succeeded because they had it—ask Berlin and Kern and even, at times, Goldwyn.

The Pandro Berman-Mark Sandrich-Berlin-Astaire group, in various combinations, has set its mark on musicals. RKO as a studio has done the same and now Warners has come through with a new bit of vitality, as in *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and (I gather, but I can't get in to see it) in *This Is the Army*. But the making of musical shows generally is still not a success. And considering what musicals are on the stage, that's a double pity.

What's wanted, I think, is a return to the old-fashioned religion—the religion of doing a thing well, then doing it better, and finally doing it so well that you like it and the customers like it. This should mean for the stage, starting again with cozy inexpensive productions; it should mean trying to do what the movies won't try; and it should mean getting smartness which is not rationed, to take the place of solid gold mesh dresses. (In a way, this return to first principles would mean disbarment for unethical practices of most of the people who try to put on musical shows, with a dirty idea, a catchy song, and a third-rate production.)

But I don't know how to get good musicals into the movies. To be sure, the Hope-Crosby-Lamour effect had its moments, the crazier the better; and the Marx Brothers are coming back; but the technicolored spectacle of the dull old days is still what the movies think we want. And in these times, you want what you get.

Maybe the solution is to put all the money into the Negro musicals, take a chance, and be sure of talent, at least. ⌗

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BOB: Like the trade-mark on an automobile, or any other brand of merchandise?

JOCKEY: Exactly. Now take *me*, for instance. Millions have come to know me as the trade-mark of Jockey Underwear—they know that I mean satisfaction.

BOB: I know, because I'm a Jockey wearer, too—but I'm certainly having trouble *finding* Jockey!

JOCKEY: That's because Uncle Sam rightly has first call on all raw materials. But keep looking, Bob—you'll find Jockey Underwear somewhere. It still retains the famous Y-front with its unique comfort advantages, but the war has made other temporary, minor changes necessary because not all of the materials we should like to use are available today. By ingenuity and diligent research, Coopers has produced a garment that I know will win your approval, and they back it with their signature and my picture. They won't break faith with their customers—the American people!

BOB: I believe in that principle! And I'm willing to shop around for Jockey and other branded products. But I'm glad to know that *War Bonds* can be purchased almost everywhere!

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BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

Transient

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Sunday, Monday, or Always (Columbia—Sinatra) *If You Please* (Decca—Crosby)	If there is still any doubt in your mind, buy both. If there is any doubt in your mind after hearing both, shoot yourself.
Mission to Moscow *It's Always You* (Columbia—Benny Goodman)	The Master's *Six Flats Unfurnished,* coupled with *Why Don't You Do Right?,* is also available.
Pistol Packin' Mama *Rosalita* (Okeh—Al Dexter and Troopers)	First recording I've heard of the Pistol Packin' tune. Comical.
It's Always You *In the Blue of Evening* (Victor—T. Dorsey)	A runaway success—for good and sufficient reasons.
Blue Rain *Caribbean Clipper* (Victor—Glenn Miller)	Recommended last month. See below for Miller's latest.
Pinetop's Boogie Woogie *Pinetop's Blues* (Decca—Pinetop Smith)	A variation—the first is talk with piano, the second blues singing with piano.
Double Check Stomp *Jollywog* (Decca—Ellington) *Slip of the Lip* *Sentimental Lady* (Victor—Ellington)	No month complete without the Duke's offering.

Permanent

Here are some "featured" recordings. Their relative popularity is not of consequence.

Prelude and Hula, by Dai-Keong Lee (Victor—National Symphony)	This is by a native Hawaiian composer; not the stuff you think of as tropical, but the real thing.
Sonata No. 14 (Columbia—Rudolf Serkin)	This is the "Moonlight." Serkin has also recorded the Emperor Concerto and the Kreutzer Sonata.
Bach Album II (Columbia—Stokowski)	The dazzling Stokowski has always admired—and arranged—and interpreted—the austere and simple-hearted, technically complicated old master.

Looking Ahead

Here are new recordings which will probably be up in the top brackets—or, if not, will interest you. Note that many popular pieces are now recorded with chorus instead of instrumental background—the manufacturers are playing a game of circumvention.

Rhapsody in Blue (Victor—Glenn Miller)	The familiar—and wonderful—orchestration is altered, in favor of the full band; the piece is cut to size; but it's a stunt. Incidentally, Victor has recorded the Rhapsody with Sanroma as soloist and the Boston Pops Orchestra.
People Will Say We're in Love *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning* (Columbia—Sinatra)	Two heavenly songs. The press release says that "Frank . . . bobs up with a luxuriant hunk of pleasurable music." Need I—can I—say more?
Summertime (Columbia—Pons-Kostelanetz)	From *Porgy and Bess*—a "natural"—and a pleasing combination of talents. A Brahms' Waltz by the orchestra alone is on the other side.

Looking Back

Not new—but good. For every new record you buy, go back and play one of your old ones. If you haven't any good old ones, here are a few:

Ellingtonia, Vol. 1 (Brunswick—The Duke and his famous orchestra)	Here are Bubber Miley, Barney Bigard and others of equal note—*Mood Indigo* and *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* are among the numbers.
Bach to Boogie Woogie (General—Sylvia Marlowe)	This is our favorite jazz harpsichordist—who can also play Bach.
Songs of Free Men (Columbia—Robeson)	The perfect combination of a great voice and perfect understanding of the significance of each word.

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Chauve-Souris, Murder Without Crime and opera with jam fail to amuse this tired playboy

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

"I keep wondering what our post-war life is going to be like"

Since it is now more or less apparent that the theatre this season is to be devoted almost exclusively to attempts at popular entertainment and that there will be little in the way of quality drama, the erstwhile drama critic had best for the benefit of all concerned, including himself, temporarily change his title to that of entertainment critic and so approach the business in hand. Here, then, is your entertainment critic's report on some of the earlier benefactions.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls, by Martin Vale, and *Murder Without Crime*, by J. Lee Thompson, provided further evidence of some of our producers' firm convictions that little is more entertaining to theatre-goers on pleasure bent than the spectacle of people nastily killing other people, save only they don't do it on a battlefield. The two exhibits in point accordingly hewed to their philosophy. The former, with Elisabeth Bergner unrestrainedly acting not only the Second Mrs. Carroll but the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, the Three Sisters and the Four Marx Brothers, sought to jolly us up with the account of an artist who, whenever he felt a new romance coming on, tried to get rid of any current wife who stood in its way via the poison route. His apology for his peccadillo was his declaration that the only thing in his life that mattered was his constant and invariable quest of beauty which, in view of the fact that the two Mrs. Carrolls whom he had taken to his bosom were played by the aforesaid Miss Bergner and Miss Vera Allen, neither of whom falls exactly into the lulu category, didn't sufficiently satisfy the customers.

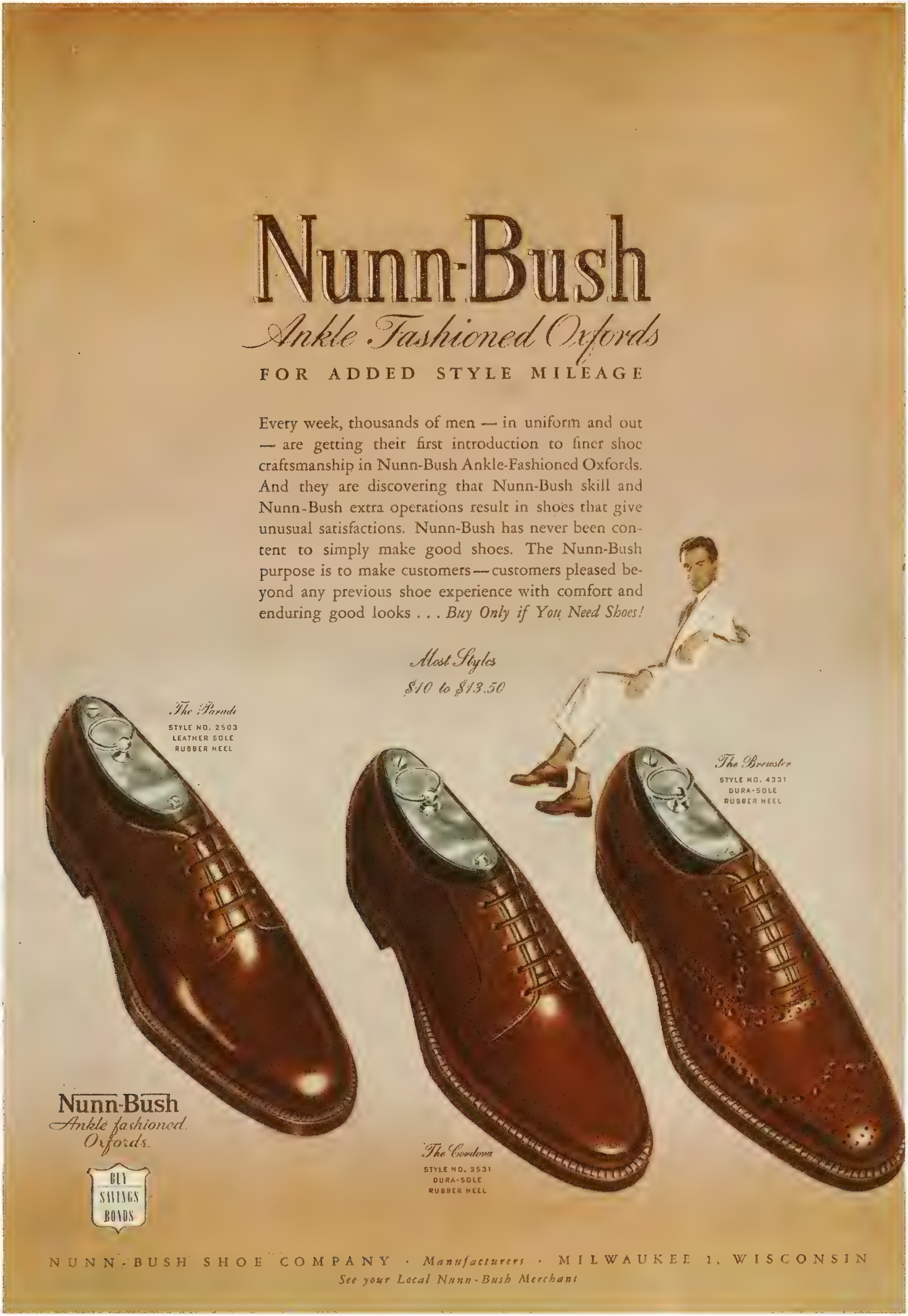
What entertains you, I naturally don't know, but when it comes to me I somehow don't seem to be able to extract any excessive delight from plays like this which seek to goosepimple me for two and a half hours over the fate of a woman who—had she been my wife and had she similarly pawed me with coy, giggling affection, kittenishly mussed up my hair and cutie-pie fondled my right ear—would have been poisoned by me in less time than it would take to play the first scene in a one-act play.

I am also pretty hard to tickle with specimens like *Murder Without Crime*. It isn't that a good murder play can't perk me; I have viewed a quota that have rattled these ingenuous old bones; things like *Rope's End*, *The Thirteenth Chair*, *The Lodger*, *The Ouija Board*, *The Spider*, etc. But when they can't dredge up anything more novel than the plot about the man who thinks he has committed a murder but hasn't and who is driven actually to plan one by way of covering up the other, as in this case, I'd rather go around the corner and enjoy myself at Pete and Mike's.

The latest revival of *The Merry Widow*, however, is another story. Here is entertainment in the genuine sense, even if the Prince Danilo on this occasion (Jan Kiepura) seems to have mistaken the exhibit for another murder play and cast himself as the corpse. Marta Eggerth, on the happier hand, except for a squeaky lapse in the lovely "Vilia" song, is one of the most thoroughly persuasive Sonias I have encountered in a round of so many Sonias here and abroad that I can't remember their number.

The usual Merry Widow, quality of singing voice aside, seeks to convey her convivial disposition through an Aunt Jemima set smile, her coquetry by rubbing the end of her nose with a fan, her physical allure by so adjusting herself to a sitting posture that her tight gown will give her the aspect of a languorous cervelatwurst, and her

Continued on page 180



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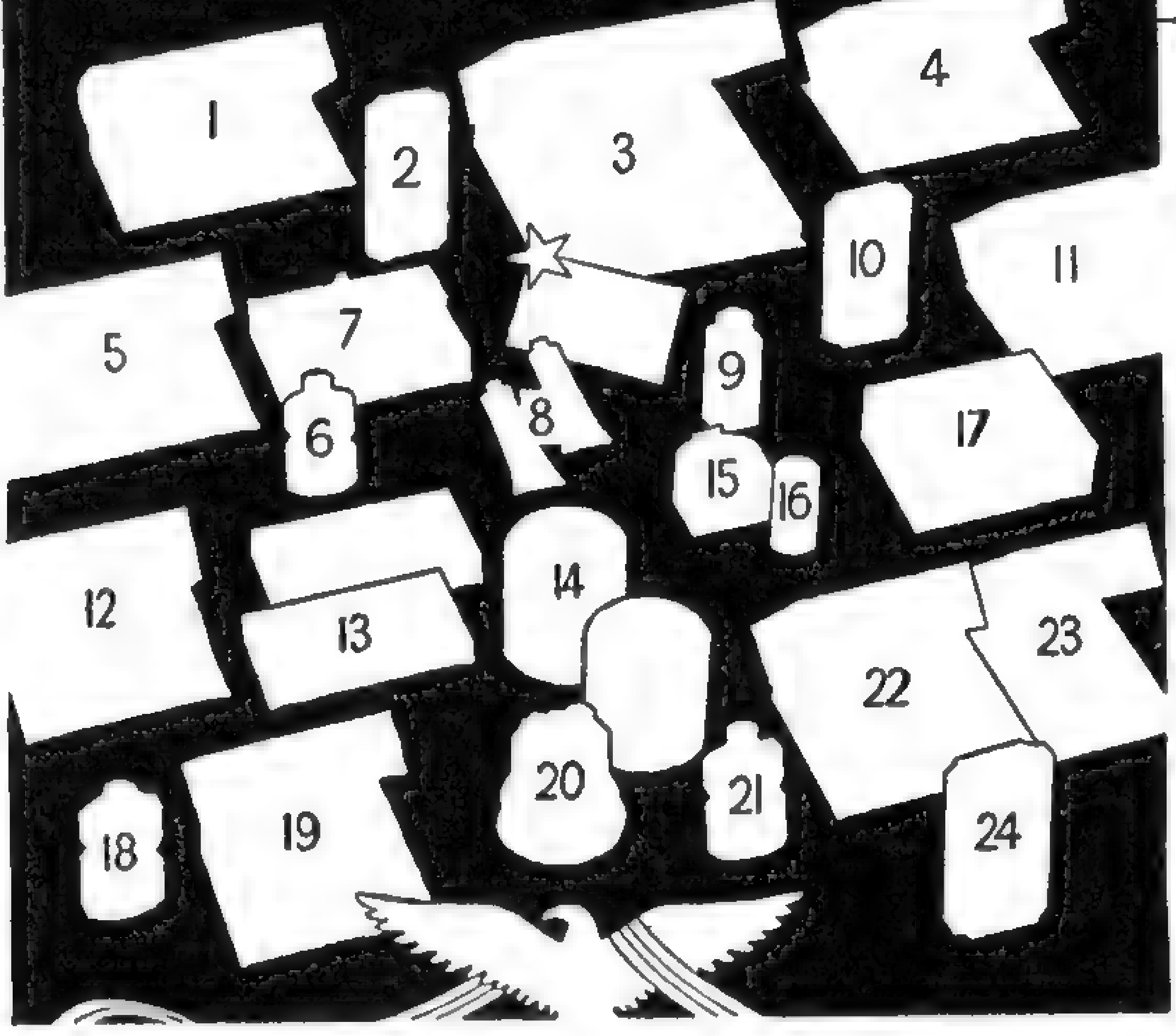

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1. ***Gift Shaving Set:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Shaving Bowl, and After-Shave Powder	$3.00
2. ***Eau de Cologne,*** de luxe decanter	$2.50 and $4.00
3. ***Master Gift Set:*** Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, and Scalp Stimulant; Bowl of Shaving Soap, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and Soap	$4.85
4. ***Gift Set:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Men's Soap, and After-Shave Powder	$2.25
5. ***Gift Set:*** Shaving Stick, After-Shave Powder, and pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion	$2.65
6. ***Eau de Cologne,*** pinch-bottle	80c
7. ***Travel Kit*** in genuine leather, black or brown: Fitted with Shaving Stick, After-Shave Powder and After-Shave Lotion	$3.10
8. ***Shaving Cream,*** lather and brushless. Each	50c
9. ***After-Shave Powder,*** in wood container	$1.00
10. ***After-Shave Lotion,*** de luxe decanter	$2.50 and $4.00
11. ***Gift Set:*** Shaving Bowl, and pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion	$2.00
12. ***Gift Set:*** After-Shave Powder, with matching Bowl of Shaving Soap	$2.20
13. ***Men's Soap,*** 3 cakes	75c
14. ***"The Three Musketeers"*** (Hunt Presentation, closed): Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, and After-Shave Powder	$1.95
15. ***Shaving Soap,*** in wood bowl	$1.00
16. ***Shaving Stick,*** in wood container	65c
17. ***Gift Presentation,*** closed.	
18. ***After-Shave Lotion,*** pinch-bottle	80c
19. ***Gift Set:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and Shaving Stick	$1.65
20. ***"The Three Musketeers"*** (Military Presentation): Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder, "Tanbark" Cologne	$1.95
21. ***Men's Hair Dressing,*** pinch-bottle	80c
22. ***Gift Set:*** After-Shave Powder, and pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion	$2.00
23. ***Gift Set:*** Shaving Stick, and After-Shave Powder, in matching container	$1.85
24. ***"Tanbark" Cologne,*** de luxe decanter	$2.50 and $4.00

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Lenthéric

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 178

amorous nature by dreamily closing her eyes and inhaling an imaginary delicious hamburger. No such nonsense for the fair Marta. Her merriment is a sly inner merriment; her flirtation has in it a reasonable resemblance to what makes fools of men; and her physical attraction has small need of Delsartian monkeyshines. Far from beautiful, she creates the illusion of beauty, as by underacting she creates the illusion of having more than it takes.

The revival has numerous other points of merit, notably Balanchine's choreography; the direction of the delightful Lehar score by Robert Stolz, who directed it at its first hearing in Vienna almost forty years ago; one of the few ballet dancers, in the person of a girl from Oklahoma who calls herself Milada Mladova, with calves one can look at without being reminded of a couple of Hermann Goerings; settings by Howard Bay that suggest a past era without hitting you in the eye with it; and a comedian in Melville Cooper who is successful in making the affective role of Popoff if not humorous at least not too objectionable.

Our colored brothers and sisters are apparently to be called upon in considerable degree to assist the season in its entertainment purposes. A revival of Hall Johnson's *Run, Little Chillun*, the Negro folk song picnic, led the parade and once again provided a welcome relief from the more usual darky offering consisting for the major part of jokes about fried chicken, hoofers who patronize Fred Astaire's tailor, beaming ladies who sing mainly with their teeth, and skits in which a towering Ethiop scares the hell out of a diminutive one until the latter, unable to take any more of it, cries out that a ghost is creeping up behind the big boy, suddenly jumps with both feet on his trembling vis-à-vis' amplitudinous brogans, causing him to howl in anguish, and then nonchalantly walks off with the comely soubrette who was standing where the feared ghost was supposed to be. Johnson's choir is a stimulating aggregation; the frenzied pagan choreography that concludes the first act is exciting stuff; and if the dramatic portions of the evening are frequently flat, the net effect is nevertheless a relatively superior one.

With Paul Robeson heaving and tossing in the role of Othello, with Bizet's *Carmen* turned negroid under the title of *Carmen Jones*, with *Porgy and Bess* again brought to view, with vaudeville purveying Ethel Waters and all kinds of lesser colored lights, with Lew Leslie busying himself with another *Blackbirds*, with such shows in preparation at the time of writing as a jazz version of Offenbach's *La Belle Helene*, *New Georgia* and *Razzle-Dazzle*, and with various well-known Negro bands warming up for their day in theatrical court, the season's picture looks black, happily, let us hope. A Robeson may have better for critical comfort sung Othello than acted it and it is further possible that some entertainment addicts may even become a bit fed up on swing versions of the old operas and operettas, however good, but Ethel Waters is bound to be a honey whatever she does, a new Lena Horne may conceivably show up somewhere on the premises, the melodies of a *Porgy and Bess* still retain their great popular appeal, the new *Blackbirds*, when it eventually comes along, may pleasure the vision with some freshly discovered Joyce Beasleys, and we can be sure of some of the hottest dancing this side of the levees.

Jumping to the Russians, the next time they again try to entertain me with that Parade of the Wooden Soldiers number, I am going to make a scene. If they succeed in quieting me and thereupon again try with the number called *Harvest Festival* in which a group of them yodel and squat-dance as if the hay field were the Stork Club, I am going to make another and even louder scene. And if they manage to subdue me a second time and then try again to make me happy with the number called *The Nightingale*, in which a female toe-dancer with legs suffering from the mumps twirlingly confuses a nightingale with a Ringling Brothers' performing Shetland pony, to say nothing of the male choir number in which a fat Slav excruciatingly pretends to pull the tones out of the singers' mouths with his undulating hand, I am going home and get a gun.

All this agony was retailed once more in a hypothetically new version of the *Chauve-Souris*, unloaded on us originally some twenty-odd years ago. It is, I think, time to call quits. I admire the Russians in many directions, but my admiration for them is something slightly less than colossal when they invite me to a theatre and offer me nothing but the old, stale sit-down-and-kick dances, the over-jolly cavortings to an accordion, the conferencier who speaks a halting and broken English and glares with a whimsical fixity at me by way of registering his supposedly comical delivery, the quartet of adipose women in fancily colored shawls who joyously shout songs that are essentially as merry as malaria, the gypsy number, and the folk dance in which everybody is so gayly and exuberantly folksy.

Several other dishes offered up also didn't make your entertainment reporter bust wide open with glee. I shall not go into unnecessary details about them, but shall, on both our behalfs, await the advent of more auspicious bequests. ⌗

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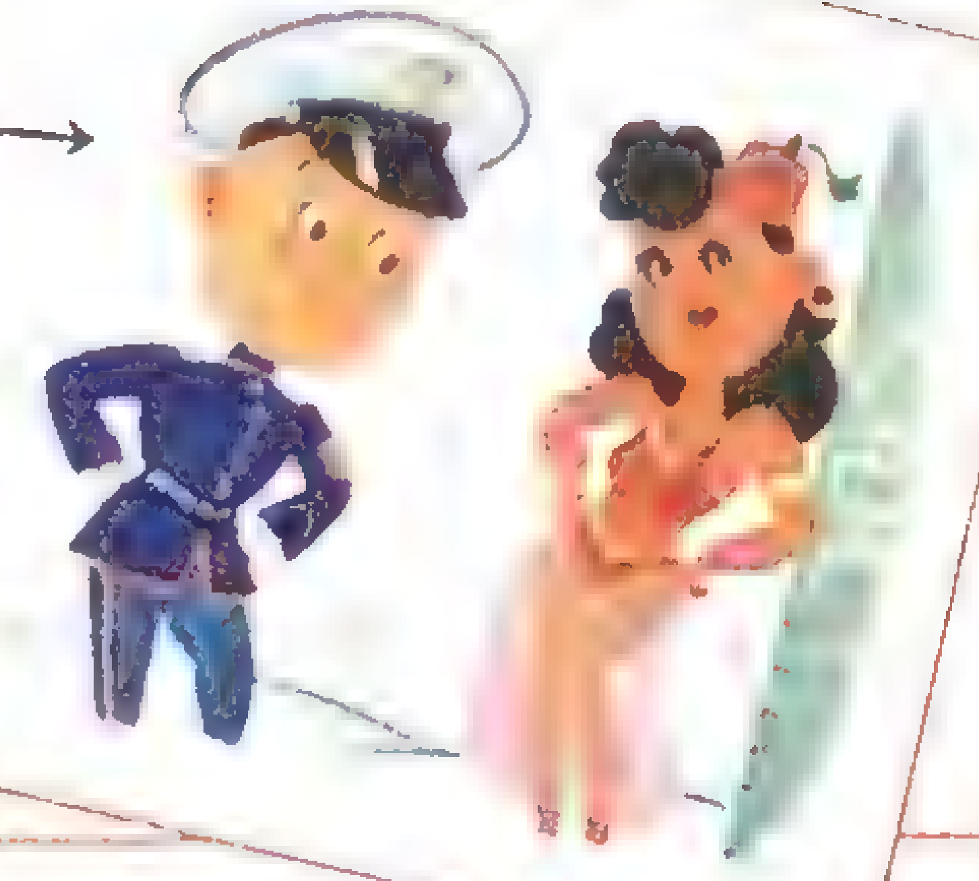

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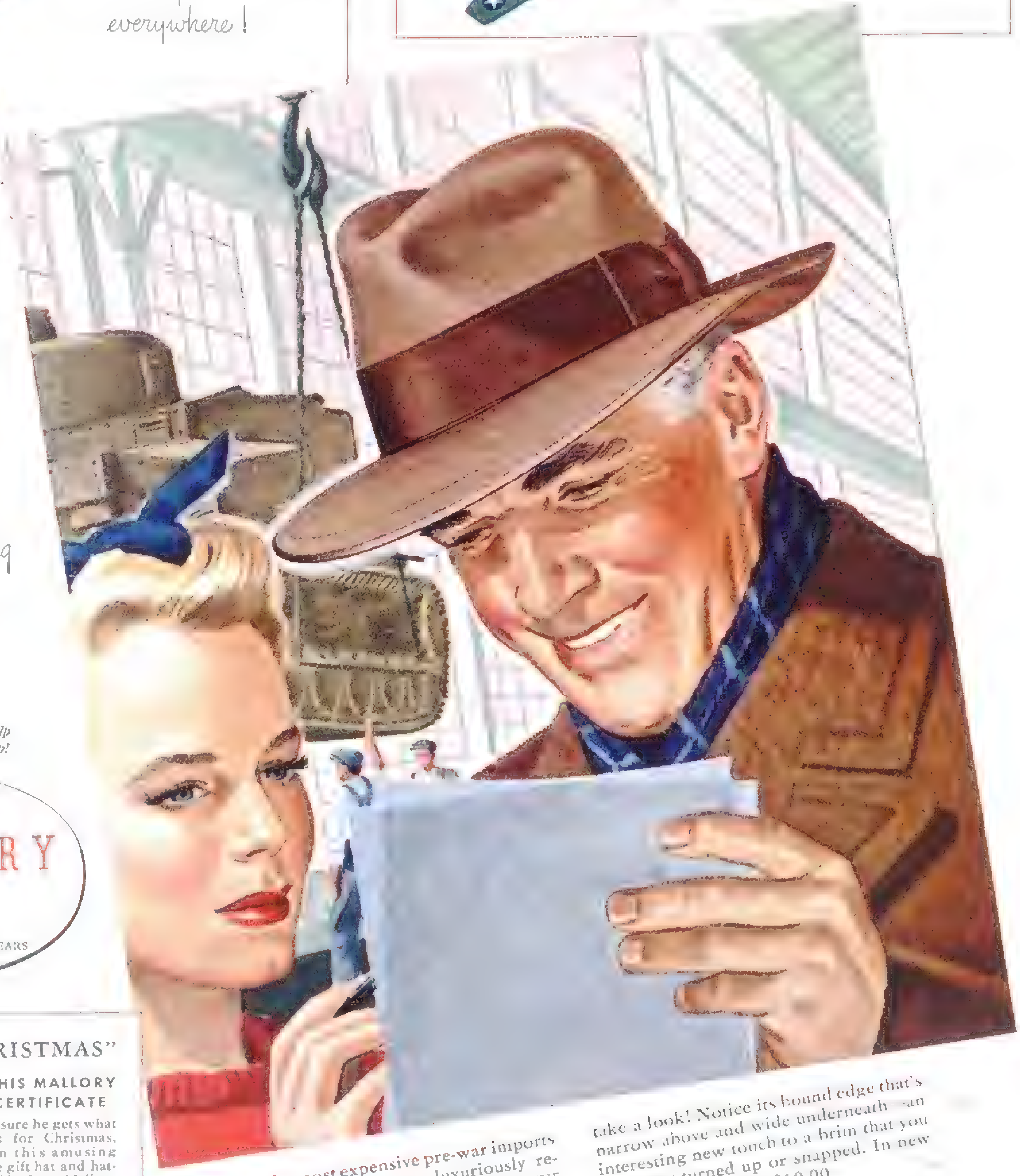

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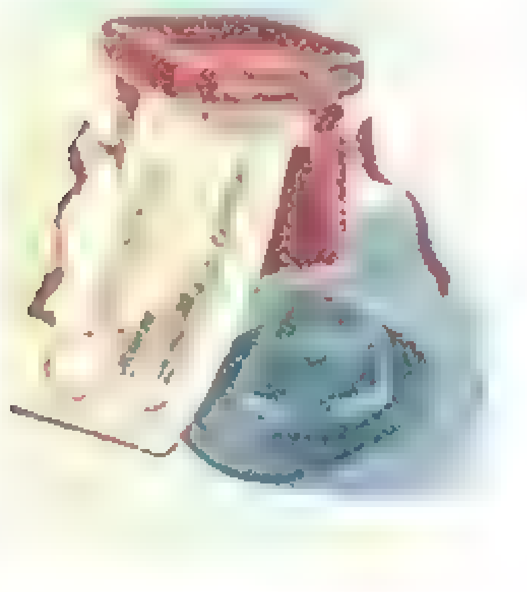

To make sure he gets what he wants for Christmas, give him this amusing miniature gift hat and hatbox. Inside is a Mallory Gift Certificate that he will exchange for a life-size Mallory in the exact style and shade that he likes best.

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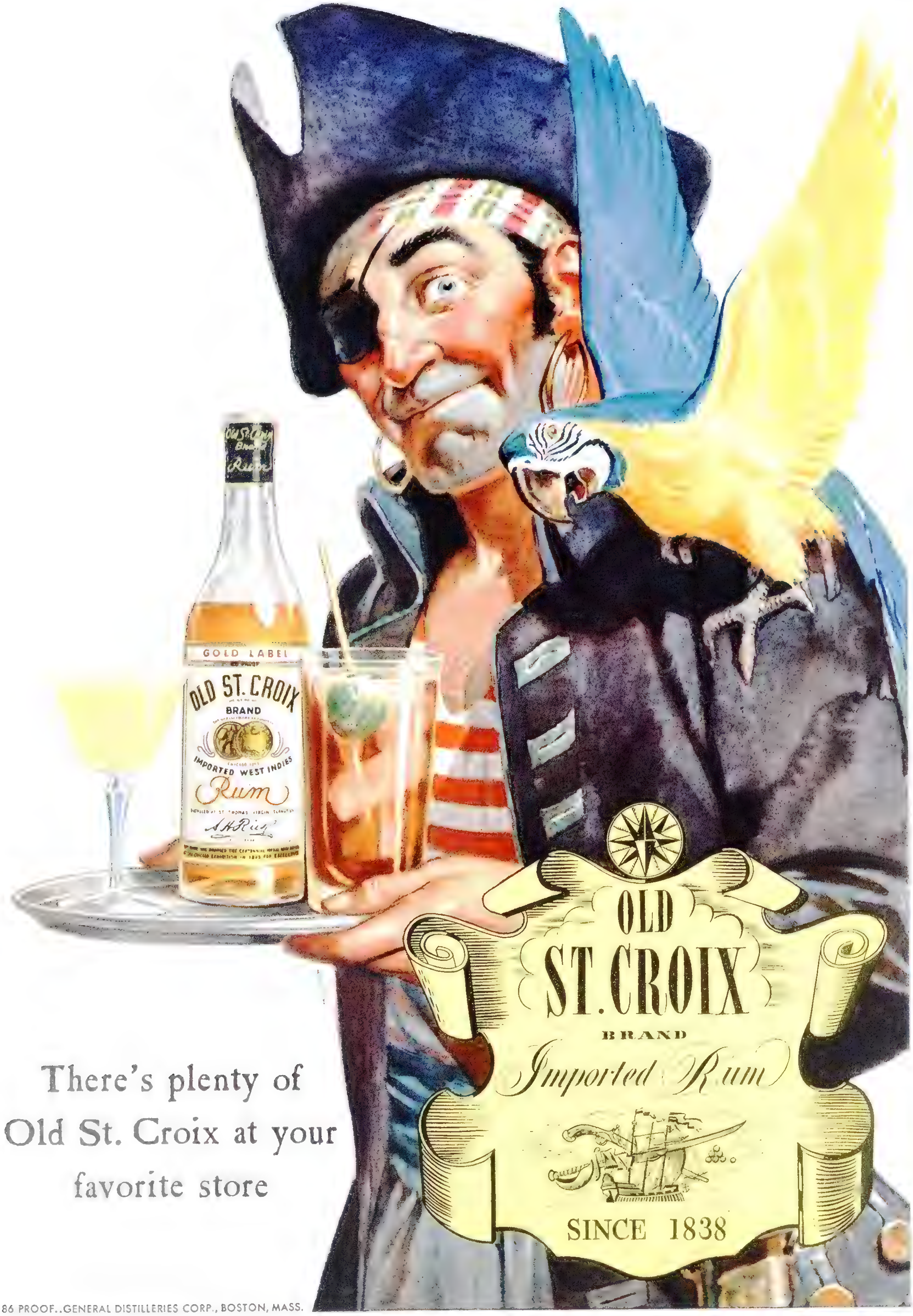
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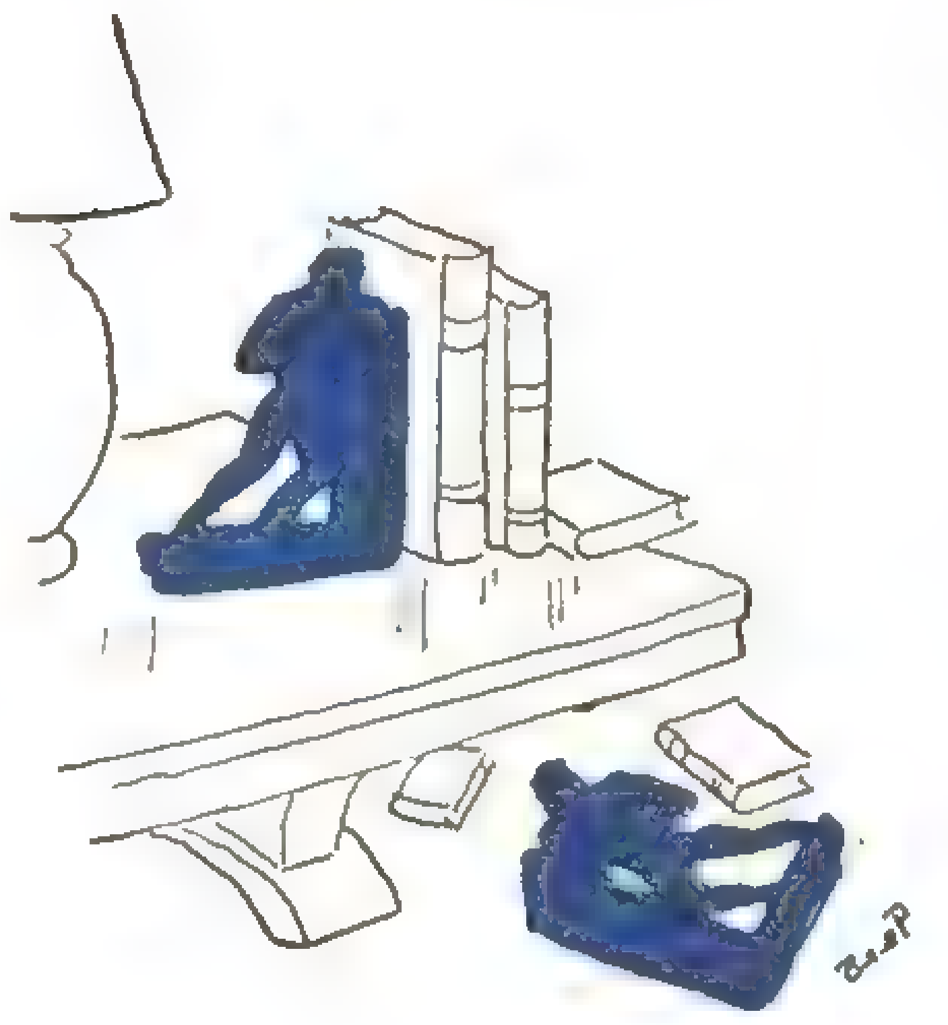
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Of current reading trends, *So Little Time, Under Cover* and a bright saying of Al Smith

by BENNETT CERF

·BOOKS·



THREE months before John Marquand's new novel, *So Little Time*, was published, everybody in the book business knew it was going to be a great best-seller. Its selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and the announcement by Little, Brown that advance printings had reached the astronomical figure of 450,000, were taken as a matter of course by shrewd critics who recognized clearly that Marquand not only knew the subjects he chose to write about inside out, but that these subjects invariably were the very ones in which the public was most interested. High-society folk, theatrical magnates, newspaper editors, top-flight authors, Hollywood glamour girls, publishers—these are the people who populate Marquand's world. He presents them with humor, understanding, and compassion. His delighted audience asks for nothing more.

John Marquand is one of those rare personages who made it appear that changing horses in midstream was the smartest thing a man could do. He plunged into his Rubicon astride an ordinary nag and galloped up the opposite bank on Whirlaway. "Babe" Ruth turned from pitcher to outfielder in mid-career, and John Barrymore gave up a lifetime of comedy leads to star in *Hamlet* and Galsworthy's *Justice*. Marquand's leap from detective stories and light magazine fiction to a position among the country's leading novelists was even more spectacular. His best-known detective creation, the suave Mr. Moto, was the first Jap casualty of the decade; Mr. Marquand interned him long before Pearl Harbor! He was abandoned while his creator experimented with a book of a very different kind: a story about the Boston society in which he had moved for many years. *The Late George Apley* was its name, and when Mr. Moto read the reviews he must have sighed heavily and known that he was a dead duck.

Mr. Apley was such an intriguing portrait that even the capricious and hidebound gentlemen who constituted the Pulitzer Prize committee succumbed to his allure. Marquand went ahead on his newly plotted course to write *Wickford Point* and *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* Good as they were, these books turn out to have been merely preliminary canters leading up to the main event. *So Little Time* has just about everything.

Mr. Marquand's new hero, Jeffrey Wilson, is a successful play doctor, an appealing and perceptive fellow who remembers with crystal clarity the horrors that he lived through in the first World War. He would like to spare his young son in Harvard a repetition of those experiences, but the date is late 1940 and early 1941, and he knows that the boy has so little time before he too will have to drop everything that his heritage has entitled him to enjoy, and repeat his father's pilgrimage to battle-fields abroad . . . The author is in no hurry to develop his central theme, however, and it is his frequent detours and excursions that will delight the reader most.

There is a foreign correspondent, for instance, named Walter Newcombe, who is an entrancing compound of the half-dozen most famous examples of the breed now extant. If you haven't met one of them in person, you must have heard them on the lecture platform. At least, you have read their articles and their books. "As I predicted six months ago," they say blandly, ignoring the fact that they made so many predictions that a few of them were bound to come true. They have known one sector of the world thoroughly, and written a penetrating book about it. This has earned them immediately the title of "expert authority," and qualified them to write equally emphatic tomes about other countries that they dashed across in three or four days, lingering long enough to have a quick romance with the best-looking newspaper gal in the capital, gobble lunch with the richest man in the coun-

Continued on page 186

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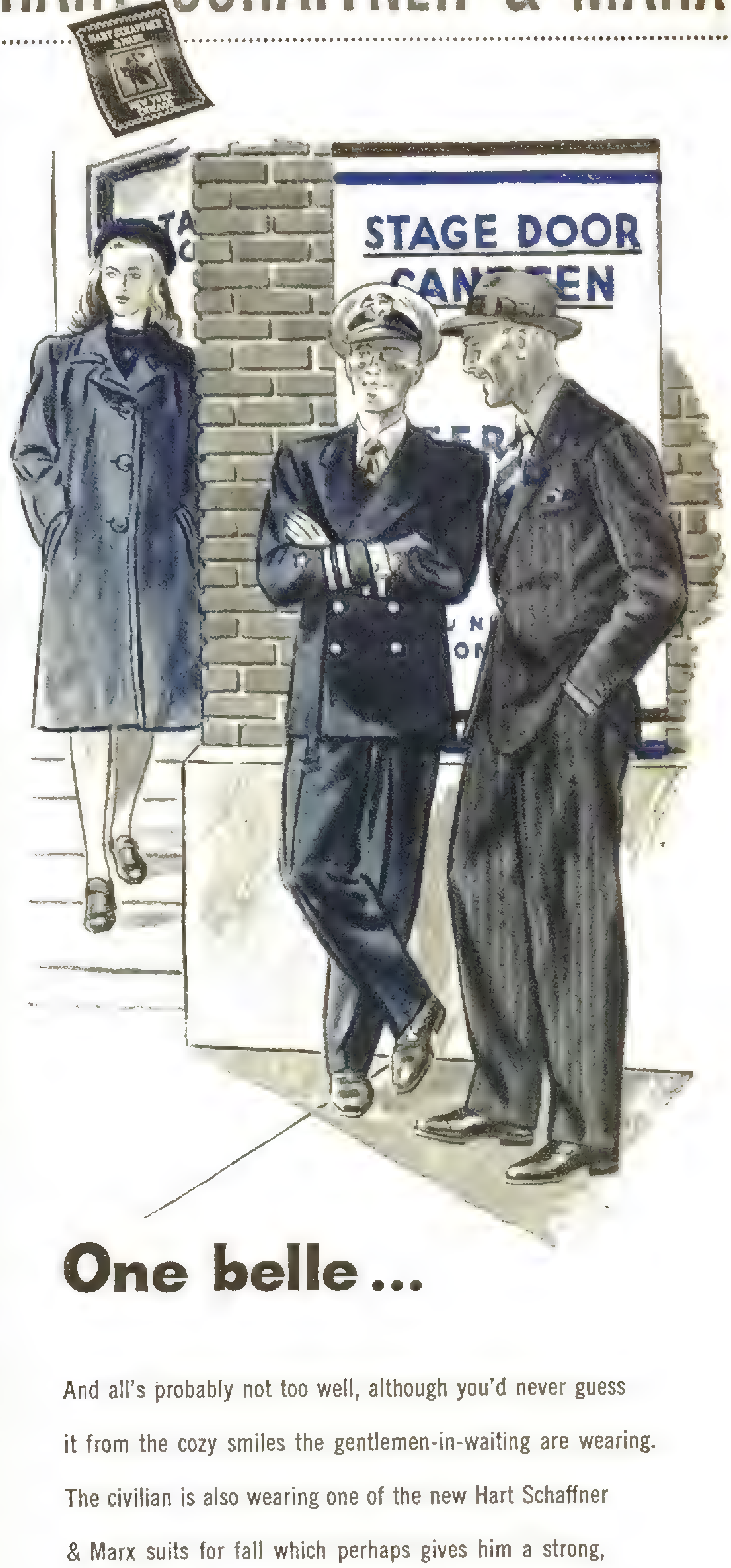

One belle . . .

And all's probably not too well, although you'd never guess it from the cozy smiles the gentlemen-in-waiting are wearing. The civilian is also wearing one of the new Hart Schaffner & Marx suits for fall which perhaps gives him a strong, competitive feeling. Could well be, because Hart Schaffner & Marx craftsmen have done a job in styling and tailoring which definitely puts these fine clothes at the head of the hit parade. For first-hand evidence, track down the nearest Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer.

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BELTS · BRACES · JEWELRY

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 185

try, and call the president (or king, or dictator) and prime minister by their first names.

There is a publisher, named Sinclair Merriwell, who shanghais his competitors' authors with typical palaver about his keener appreciation of their art (not to mention his superior methods of promotion), and stages typical literary teas where a few critics and buyers, and a vast horde of outsiders (most of whom were not invited) get pie-eyed and meet everybody but the guest of honor.

Do you like to believe that the beautiful actresses you see on the stage and the screen are imbued with equally heavenly natures and characteristics? Mr. Marquand gives you such a creature in the person of Marianna Miller. Marianna is another version of the Marvin Myles of *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* and the Leora of Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*—that dream girl who gives all and asks nothing, who understands, excites, satisfies, soothes, and adores—and, of course, has never existed on the face of this earth. If you cannot meet her, the next best thing is to read about her!

All these characters enrich *So Little Time*—these and a dozen more just as appealing. The book simply cannot miss. By Christmas, it ought to be close to the million mark. By Easter, it will probably be transferred to the screen. I commend it to you unreservedly.

* * *

Many readers, incidentally, have wondered what John Marquand has against the noble state of matrimony. Both in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* and *So Little Time* the wives of the heroes are pictured as rather dim-witted and painfully conventional society frumps, who love their husbands well enough, but understand none of their secret longings and aspirations, and drag them around with a lot of dull clunks who bore the pants off them. If Mr. Marquand wants to keep his peace with the female sex, I suggest that his *next* novel feature a wife who keeps her marriage intact by concealing from her husband the fact that she knows infinitely more about life, letters, and his own business than he does, and an actress-mistress who strings him along while she's bored and out of a job, and gives him the old heave-ho the moment a good contract is waved under her nose. In other words, John, how about a little reality in this matter of sex?

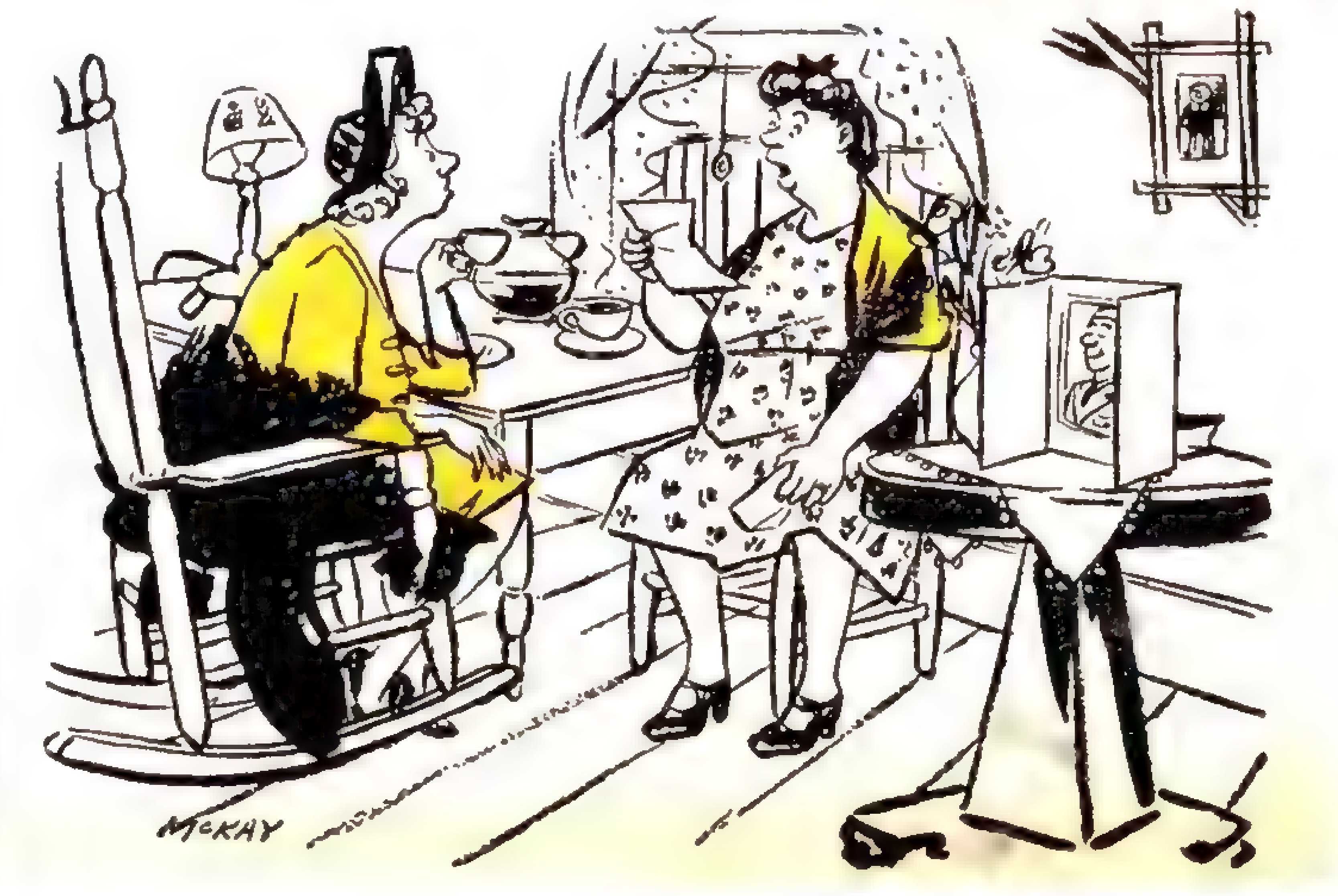
* * *

Vincent McHugh's new novel, *I Am Thinking of My Darling*, sounded like just the ticket for a cheery and light-hearted evening. Maybe it was the slick and original advertising campaign for the book. Maybe it was the general notion—everybody in New York seized simultaneously with a strange disease that makes them sally forth and do everything that comes into their heads. At any rate, the book failed to live up to expectations. Just when the action should have grown gayest and most hilarious, the author detoured into a sober essay on city government. I put my copy down with the feeling that a fine idea had been squandered; that the author, after dreaming up his plot, should have turned it over to somebody else who really knew how to write it.

* * *

Under Cover, the sensational exposé of American Fascists and Quislingites, was turned down by a dozen publishers before it was signed up by Dutton's. Every year, some manuscript that has been kicked around from pillar to post pops up as a huge best-seller. Publishers never know just where the next success is going to come from, what obscure little writer is suddenly going to blossom into another Sinclair Lewis or Ernest Hemingway. John Galsworthy used to tell about a luncheon he had with his publisher near the beginning of his career, just before he sailed to the Far East on a P. and O. steamer. "There is no new talent coming along in London," sighed the publisher. "The writing profession is going to the

Continued on page 188



"Their worst trouble seems to be with wild animals—my son writes that jungle fighting is largely a matter of gorilla warfare"

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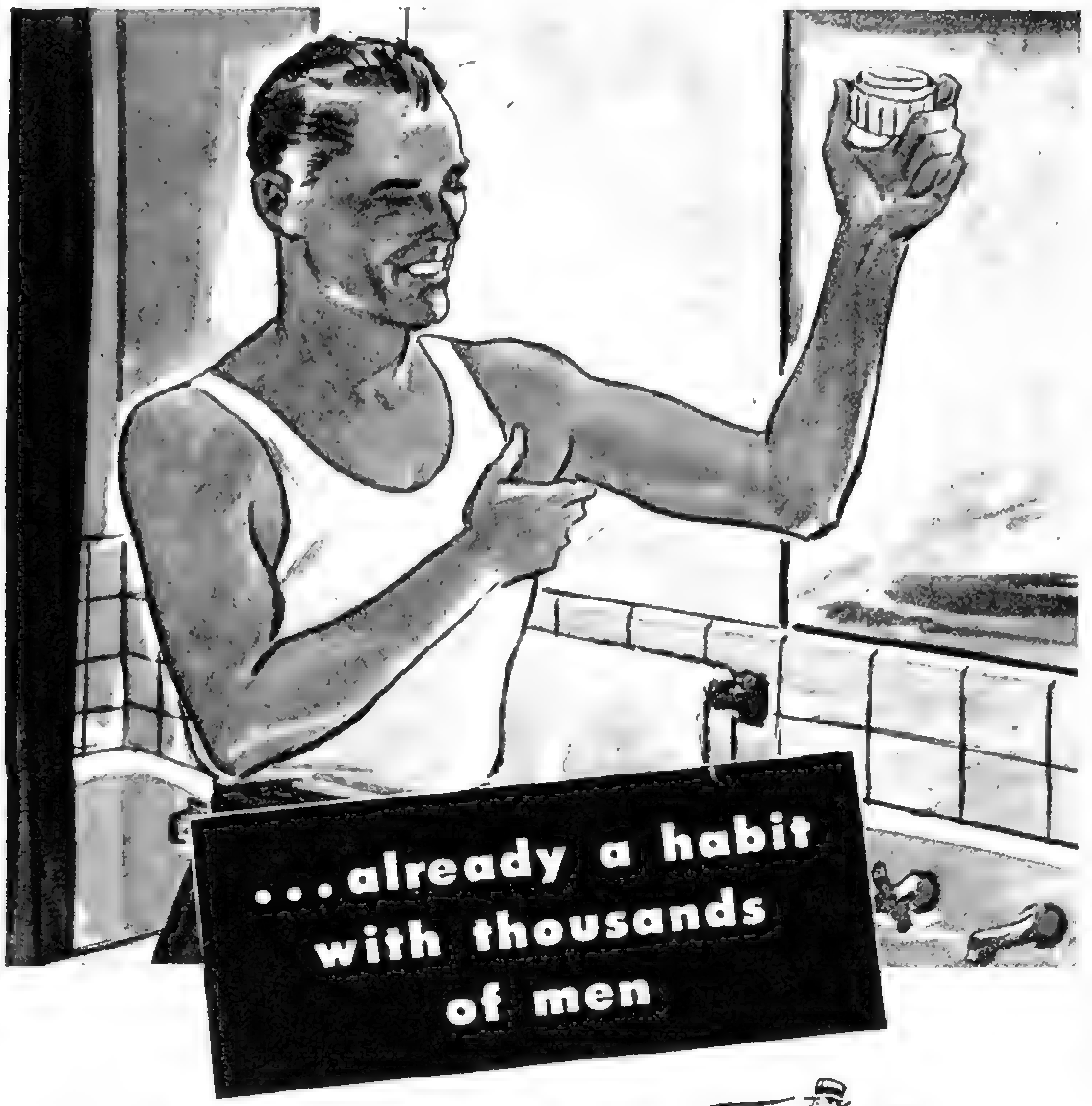

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THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 185-186

dogs." "Cheer up," said Galsworthy. "Maybe I'll run across something while I'm on my trip." Several days out of England, while his boat was steaming down the West African coast, Galsworthy was approached by a diffident ship's officer, with a manuscript under his arm. "Mr. Galsworthy," he said, "may I impose upon you to read this manuscript for me? English is not my native tongue, and I have never tried to write a book before. I won't be too disappointed, therefore, if you think I've been wasting my time." Galsworthy promised the officer he would glance through the script. The officer's name was Joseph Conrad. The book was *Almayer's Folly.*

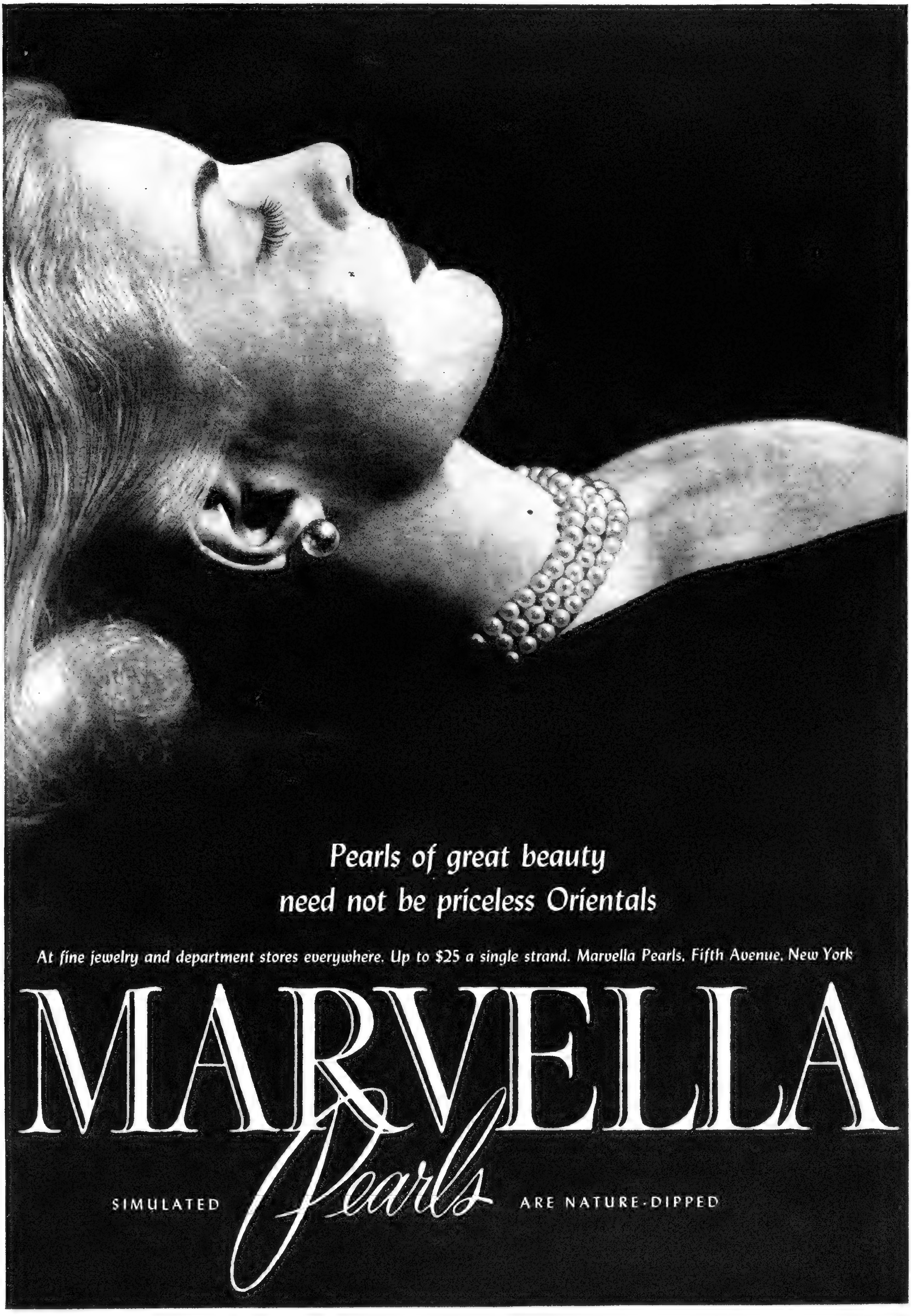
The first chapter of *Almayer's Folly* was begun on the margins and end papers of a copy of *Madame Bovary* which Conrad had been reading while his ship was lying idle in a French port. He was a mature man, a former officer of the French navy. He decided then to become a novelist. So literary careers are born. All his life Conrad cursed the English language for its fuzziness and inexactitude. He thought in French and often would write a draft in French and translate it into English. He cursed writing as an occupation for a man. "*Metier du chien*," was his final word for it.

* * *

Commentators who profess to see in the precipitous decline in the popularity of books about the war an evidence that the public is losing interest in the prosecution of the war itself are a mile off base. England experienced the same thing two full years ago. The first reporters and returning war heroes who got their experiences down on paper reaped a harvest, no matter how badly their books were written, or how obviously they had been rewritten by professional ghosters. Then the public became more discriminating. The really good war books continued to dominate the best-seller lists, but the quickies and haphazard ones began to fall by the wayside. Today even the best of them are not hitting the marks they would have reached a short six months ago. I consider Captain Ted Lawson's *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* and Colonel Robert Scott's *God Is My Co-Pilot* to be the two most exciting war stories I ever have read. Both of them are the great best-sellers, but neither of them has sold as well as it deserved. The public has discovered that there are just so many things that can happen to men engaged in a dog-fight above the clouds, or survivors of a torpedoed vessel adrift for weeks on a raft. They admire these heroes just as much as ever, they know what their efforts and sacrifices have contributed to the cause—but it simply is not as much fun to read about them any more. Picture producers, sensing the trend, have junked war-story properties whose acquisition cost them hundreds of thousands of dollars. Publishers are scanning the horizons anxiously for portents of what the reading public *will* demand in 1944. Will it be tales of inspiration and searchings of the soul? The enormous success of books like *The Robe*, *The Song of Bernadette*, and *On Being a Real Person* are straws in the wind. Will it be humor and pure "escape" literature? Homey, nostalgic stories like *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *The Human Comedy*, *Chicken Every Sunday*, and *Centennial Summer* have been going like hot-cakes. Collections of humorous cartoons have never been so popular. *Cartoon Cavalcade*, an album of funny pictures from 1900 to the present, is the fattest and most comprehensive of these compendiums. There are also new collections of Thurber, Price, Darrow, Addams, Collier drawings (*It's a Funny World*), and a New Yorker *War Album*, all vastly amusing, all made to order for Christmas gift purposes.

There are definite indications, too, that straight novels and biographies, largely neglected in the last two years, will come back into their own in 1944. The book business is prospering as it never has before. Thousands of people who closed a book for the last time when they graduated from school are rediscovering the pleasure of reading a good story. Oh, yes, they will go back to their jalopies and peacetime diversions when present-day restrictions are relaxed, but they will go on reading books too. Countless department stores and chain stores are installing book departments for the first time. It's not like the old days when only the big cities sported book stores. I remember the time when Al Smith's autobiography was published. He complained that it wasn't being exploited properly. "But, Governor," protested his publishers, "we've planted copies in every bookstore in the country." "Bookstore?" cried the governor. "Who the hell goes into bookstores?" Unwittingly, he was voicing the complaint of everybody in the book business. It will never be that way again.

The catch in the matter, of course, is the shortage of paper. Book publishers, like their fellow editors of newspapers and magazines, have taken one big cut in their paper allotments to date and the fear of further reductions hangs heavily over their heads. They have transportation problems to worry them as well. Books take up a lot of room in freight shipments. Most books for the Pacific Coast once were shipped by water; that route, of course, is out for the duration. Remember that if your bookseller takes longer than usual to get you what you want—or if he is temporarily out of stock of a current best-seller. ⧺



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DON'T show a calendar to the bronze-plumed blusterer of the barnyard. It wouldn't be tactful. But we can make our plans just the same, pondering among other things the crucial question of stuffage: shall he get a load of oysters or chestnuts, or must he be content with chopped celery, toasted bread and seasonings? And the gravy and cranberry side-issues. (By the way, how are the better berry bogs doing this year?) If these plans call for floating this Normandie of Nourishment by means of suitable libations, so much the nobler for gobbler.

Anyone who has led a carefree life and suddenly, bird in hand, finds himself faced with the responsibility of choosing moistenments to match up with such hulking magnificence, is apt to feel a bit panicky. But albino jumbo will play ball with *any* beverage. All he asks is the opportunity and an encouraging word.

Great luck for wishbone-raftered ambition when the word is Burgundy. But his Dark Meat region, its mighty drumsticks threatening to slip their tethers on either side of his sternsprit, demands sole participation rights because Burgundy is a *red* wine and "hence has no truck with anything anemic-hued; the White Meat district no less vigorously insists that "second-joint and side-bone riffraff and their ilk" are "lower class, socially and anatomically out of bounds," and that a distinguished wine like Burgundy wouldn't "go beyond the pale." Thus the situation is deadlocked. We can only hope that the special committees scheduled to draw up chairs shortly will somehow overcome it.

Apparently the question of who gets the Burgundy is a chronic one. It was actively contested by the ancient Gauls vs. Julius Caesar's legionnaires, with the result that the latter forgot to go home to Rome, and their heirs and assigns, operating the "only original" clique of official hill-slopes, retained a Burgundy monopoly right down to the 20th Century. If a grape was born one millimeter outside the fold, its plight was of a pathos that shouldn't happen to a pooch. It hadn't the soil, nor the climate, nor an inkling of what Burgundy was all about.

In California, where European grape breeds can write their own tickets as to soil, rain and sun, this frustrated Burgundian (of irreproachable Pinot Noir lineage) would take on flavor with the ease of a locomotive taking on water. Friend Strut and we, his voracious admirers, would meet it in good American Burgundy. Chances are it wouldn't figure there singly, for American vintners have discovered that the most revered grape types soar to higher palate levels as crew members than as solo flighters.

Speaking of wings, maybe if we consulted the Bird himself he might confide a penchant for Claret, or Cabernet, or lusty Chianti.

What's that? Why not Sparkling Burgundy or Champagne? The old scoundrel! Well, he shall *have* his bubbles—we'll decide later which kind it will be. (In any case, we won't humiliate him with a chisel brand he'd blush at.) And with the pudding, Sweet Sauterne—*quite* sweet (an "Haut" or "Chateau" edition), well chilled.

As to the beforehands—the events leading up to the main bout—these are of infinite importance. Without them, ye Gobbler would be sprung upon in cold fury by inhuman monsters. It is their job to loosen tensity and generally put the gang at ease.

What these drinks consist of will depend upon what's in Father's medicine chest, a receptacle which currently is none too bottle-congested. Dare I presume that Sir Gin, the well-known party whip, is still of the assembly. Really? This is indeed gratifying: practically three-fourths of a "fifth" of *yellow* Gin, fit for the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank. Well, gentlemen, what is your pleasure? Shall we spend it now in Martinis? (Gin and Dry Vermouth 50-50,

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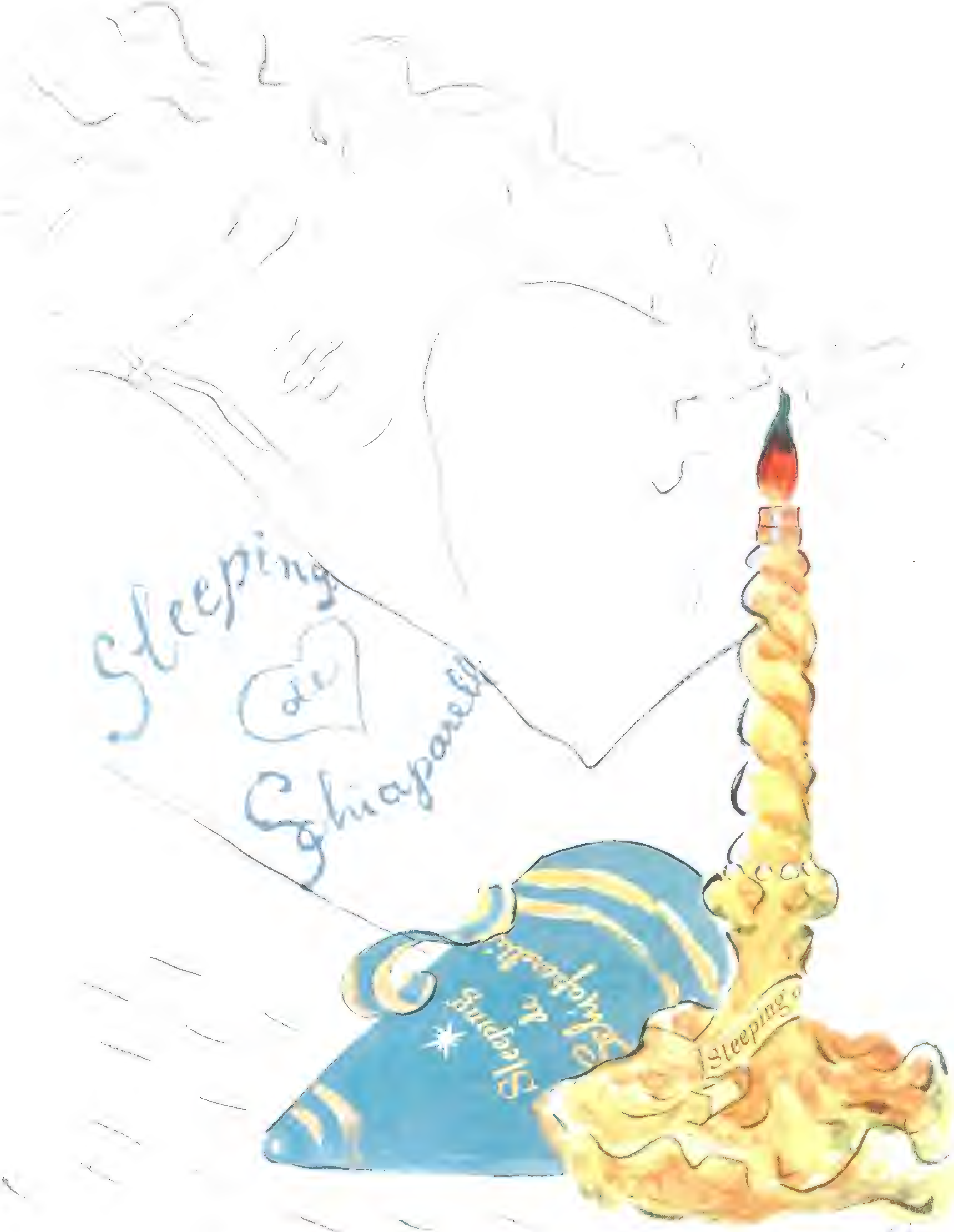
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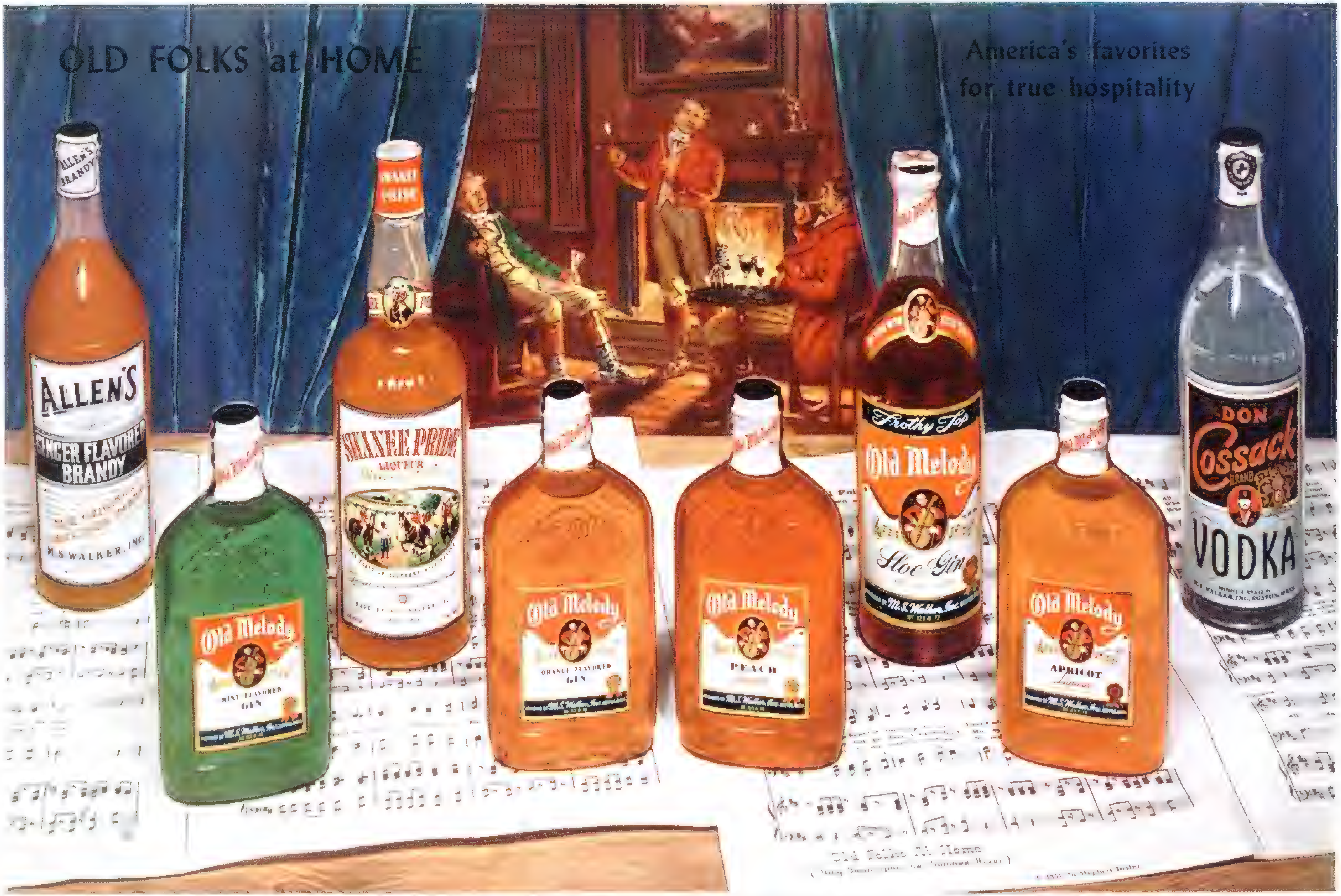
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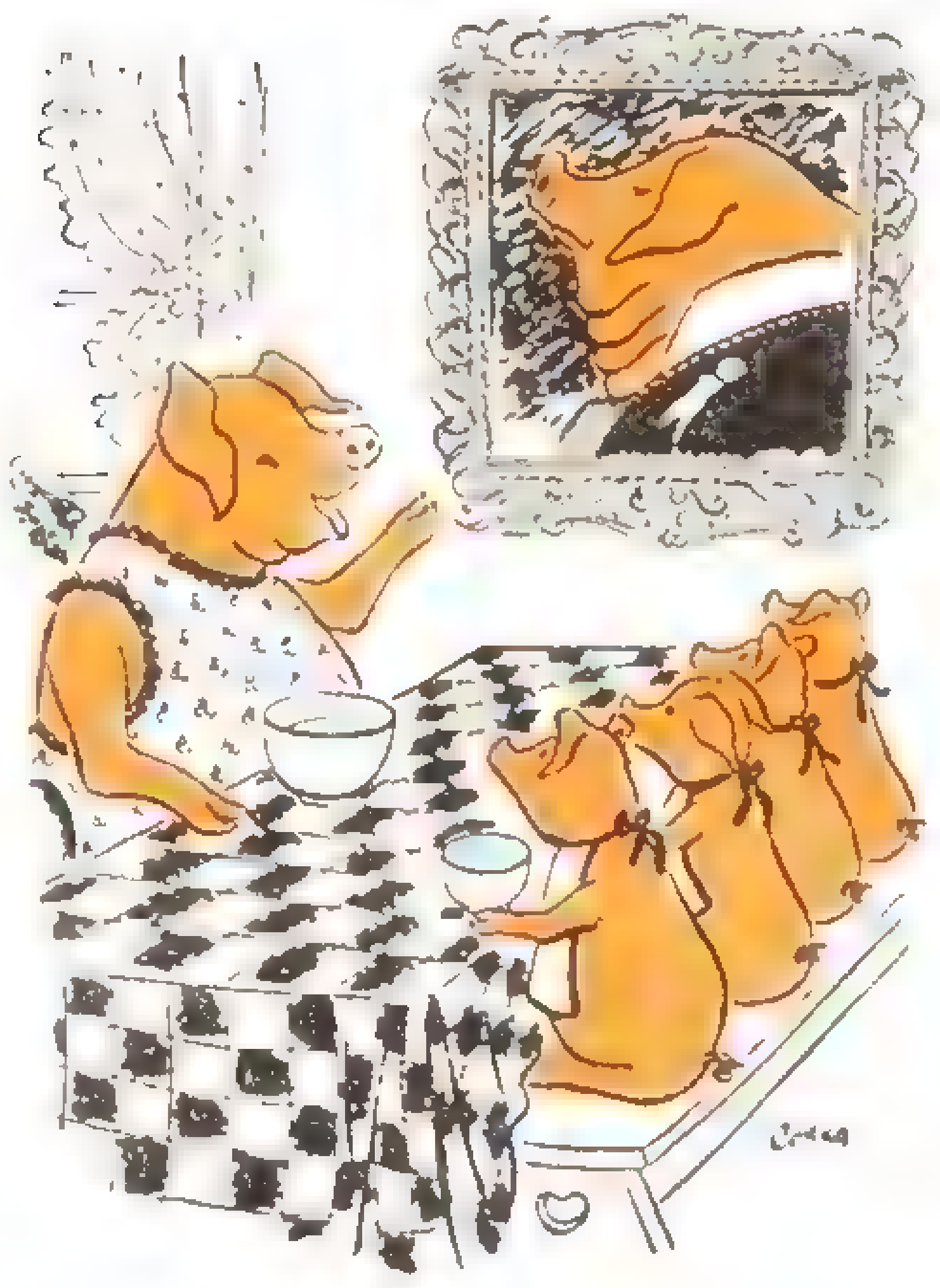
Man the Kitchenette

Of Potatoes Clemenceau, Purée of Split Peas, Whiskey Nut Cake and French cuisine in general

by **ILES BRODY**

EDIBLES



"Today you boys have a chance to be worthy of your great grandfather—he reached 96 cents a pound"

It is the Holy Season, and I shall slip a little present in your Christmas box: the portrait of an honest Frenchwoman, a cook. We all can learn a good deal from any good French cook—in fact, I can't think of anything else that could be more useful in a man's kitchenette than the ideas and methods of a Frenchwoman. I haven't in mind (at the moment) the talents of a girl at *Chez Maxime*, or the charmingly frivolous thoughts of a grisette in the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*, or even the propensity of a Madame de Pompadour, who, by the way, spent in a few years three and a half million francs on her table. I wish to speak of the husbandry of the Frenchwoman. And even Madame de Pompadour, despite her lavishness, had some of that quality: once she bought a choice plot on the Champs Elysées and turned it into a vegetable garden. When the populace objected, Pompadour had the decency to uproot the carrots and plant roses and carnations instead.

Madame Marie Marchant Cosson is the Frenchwoman about whom I want to write a panegyric. She and her husband, Monsieur Théophile Cosson, form a "couple," serving a fortunate friend of mine, who owns a place in Connecticut. Marie is the cook and Théophile is the butler and they are a perfect team.

Marie's cuisine is really superb. I think it is the only perfect private cuisine I have come across in America. All the French culinary genius is manifest in Marie—that certain frugality which doesn't impair flavor; simplicity which is almost grandeur; an instinctive selection of vitamins without knowing or caring a hoot about the new word; the development of a light dish which prevents indigestion, yet is satisfying. Marie is a true artist.

And I want to point out that she never throws anything away. She reheats and chops and disguises and makes magnificent soups from old bones and a couple of cheap vegetables, saying:

"*Vous savez, Monsieur*, when I was a little girl and left a piece of bread at luncheon, my father said that I'd have to eat it for dinner. And I did."

I was delighted to hear that. Although I am not paid by the O.P.A., and am free to write as I like, it is my favorite theme that people in this country throw too many good things into the incinerator. I believe that the more civilized a country becomes, gastronomically speaking, the less waste there will be in its kitchens. Besides, a really great cook's art lies in making something delicious out of nothing.

For instance, Talleyrand, the famous French statesman, kept an excellent table, although he was downright avaricious. He had a certain pâté make its appearance at dinner for several months. When a ham in his household was already eaten away to the bone and only a small butt remained, he would insist on having this remnant served on top of a dish of puréed lentils or split peas. He forbade his chef to make expensive, foppish sauces, turned a deaf ear to his major domo's requests for wine for the kitchen, and saw to it that his beautiful cakes (the self-same ones) came to the table for days. They served merely as decorations, the lackeys carrying them in and out quickly when the prince declared that he was no longer hungry.

Oh, how good it is to sit with Marie in the impeccable basement kitchen and watching her, pick up some culinary horse sense! She is a large, handsome blonde, a little over forty. She comes from the north of France and they grow big there. Her birthplace was a little village, Sommaing sur Ecaillon, near Valenciennes. When I found this out I felt like a relative—I spent a miserable winter month in Valenciennes. In the last war I was sent back there from Bapaume, sick as a dog, and

Continued on page 198

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 197

the Germans billeted us in an ancient church. We lay on the marble floor with just a handful of straw to soften it, and the daily menu was an ersatz caraway soup for breakfast, two thin pieces of sawdust bread with ersatz jam between them for lunch, and "coffee" (what a joke!) for dinner.

"*Mon cher Monsieur*," goes on Marie with an indulgent smile, "you Americans are crazy. You buy just for a day. You have the food sent. You buy in small quantities which cost a lot of money. And to buy sight unseen, without touching, without careful and deliberate picking, is ridiculous."

She buys once a week, preferably at an open market, where stall touches stall, where she can smell, manipulate, argue, bargain and admonish. Purchasing food in large quantities makes it cheaper and better and you can economize with the ration points better. Marie loves to live in the country; but she misses the Italian open markets on First Avenue in New York just as much as she misses Les Halles in Paris. It would take a clever vendor to put anything over on her, as she comes from a family of *cuisinières*, and her mother was a famous one. She was taught the basis of the culinary arts by her mother, and when she reached the age of thirteen she ran away to be an apprentice to an even more famous cook. When she was sixteen she was a full-fledged cook and took her first job with a family in Valenciennes. From there it was a short step to Paris, where Théophile found her, and a longer one later to America, where I did.

Marie never looks into a cookery book, and she readily confessed that she never read anything by a food writer. She never measures anything. She works entirely by instinct, and doesn't measure time either. Sometimes when Théophile hangs around the oven, she tells him to watch out for a certain dish and turn the flame down after about ten minutes. When nine minutes have passed, she reminds her husband to turn that flame lower, although she hasn't looked at the clock. Never in her life has she sent a dish to table under or overcooked. Each week she insists that my friend, her employer, go over the bills, and the household expenses seldom exceed forty dollars a week, although my friend is a very hospitable man. Often there are six guests for dinner, and seldom less than four at table each day, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Sometimes she makes codfish cakes for Sunday breakfast. But what a difference between the usual fish cakes and the ones which Marie creates! She very kindly gave me the recipe for this tremendous trifle, light as a feather, tender as a kiss, and she even figured out the measurements, this kind woman, for my readers' benefit. Here is the recipe for four persons:

Soak overnight two measuring-cupfuls of salted codfish in cold water, but change the water twice. Then cut the fish in irregular pieces with a pair of scissors. Peel four measuring-cupfuls of potatoes, and dice them. Place the fish and the potatoes in a casserole and cover with water. Cook until the potatoes are almost done but are not too soft. Empty into colander and get rid of all the water. Now put the fish and potatoes through a sieve. Add to this a tablespoonful of butter, salt (if it needs it), pepper, and two raw eggs, and beat vigorously for five minutes. Now heat deep fat or oil in a pan, but don't allow it to get too hot, and fashioning the cakes with a tablespoon, throw one at a time into the deep fat, and cook each for one minute. Then place the cakes on a piece of brown paper until the paper absorbs the grease. Serve with warm tomato sauce.

I cannot speak of Marie's codfish cakes without unbounded enthusiasm. How marvelous such a simple and inexpensive dish can be if you do it right! For to do things right in the kitchen or the kitchenette is really important. Napoleon, who also liked simple fare, one day asked his celebrated chef, Monsieur Chandelier, to make a soldier's soup for him, consisting of beans with bread added. There was nostalgia in the emperor's tone, for this episode happened when he was already on St. Helena. Chandelier,

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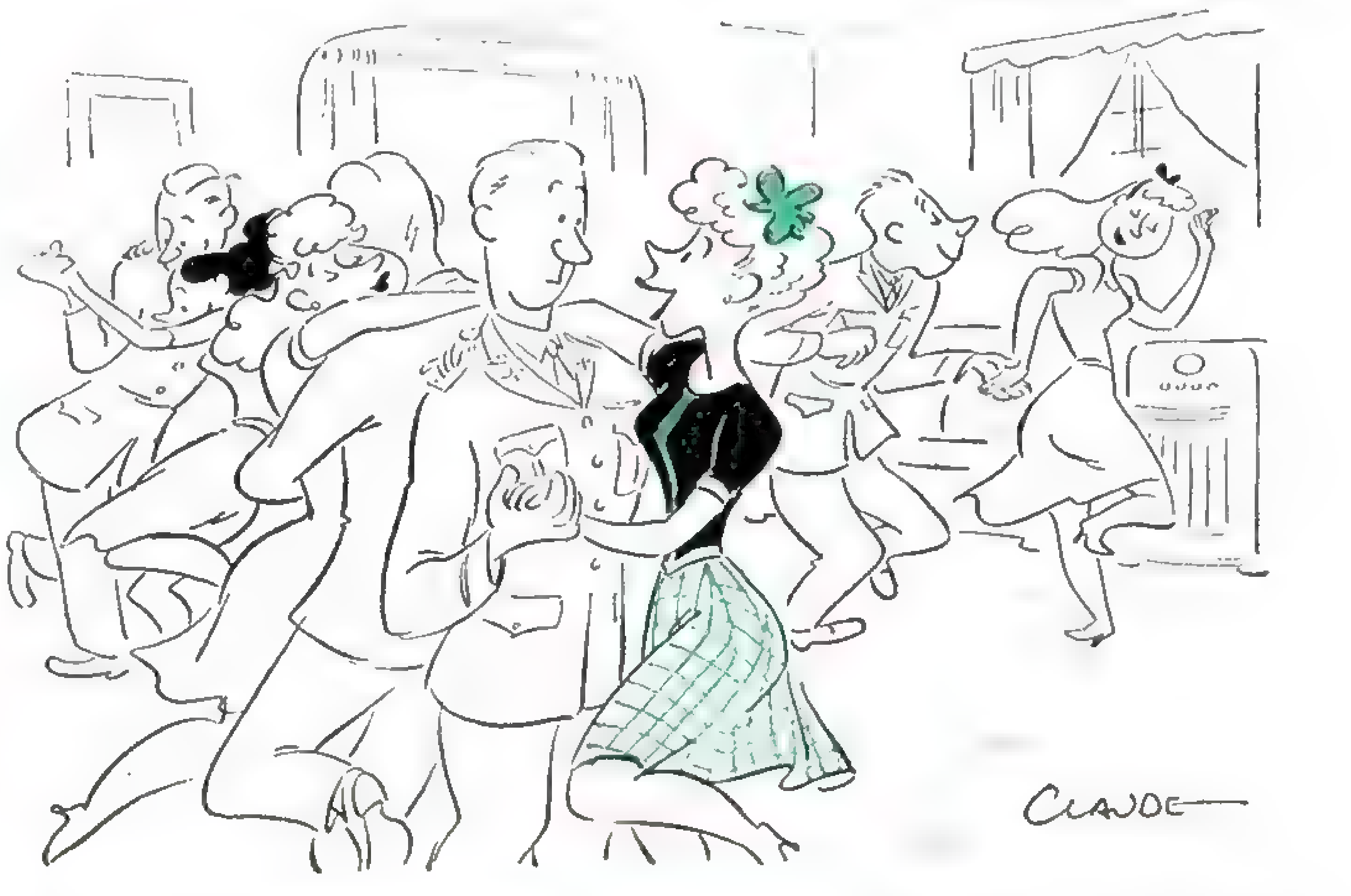
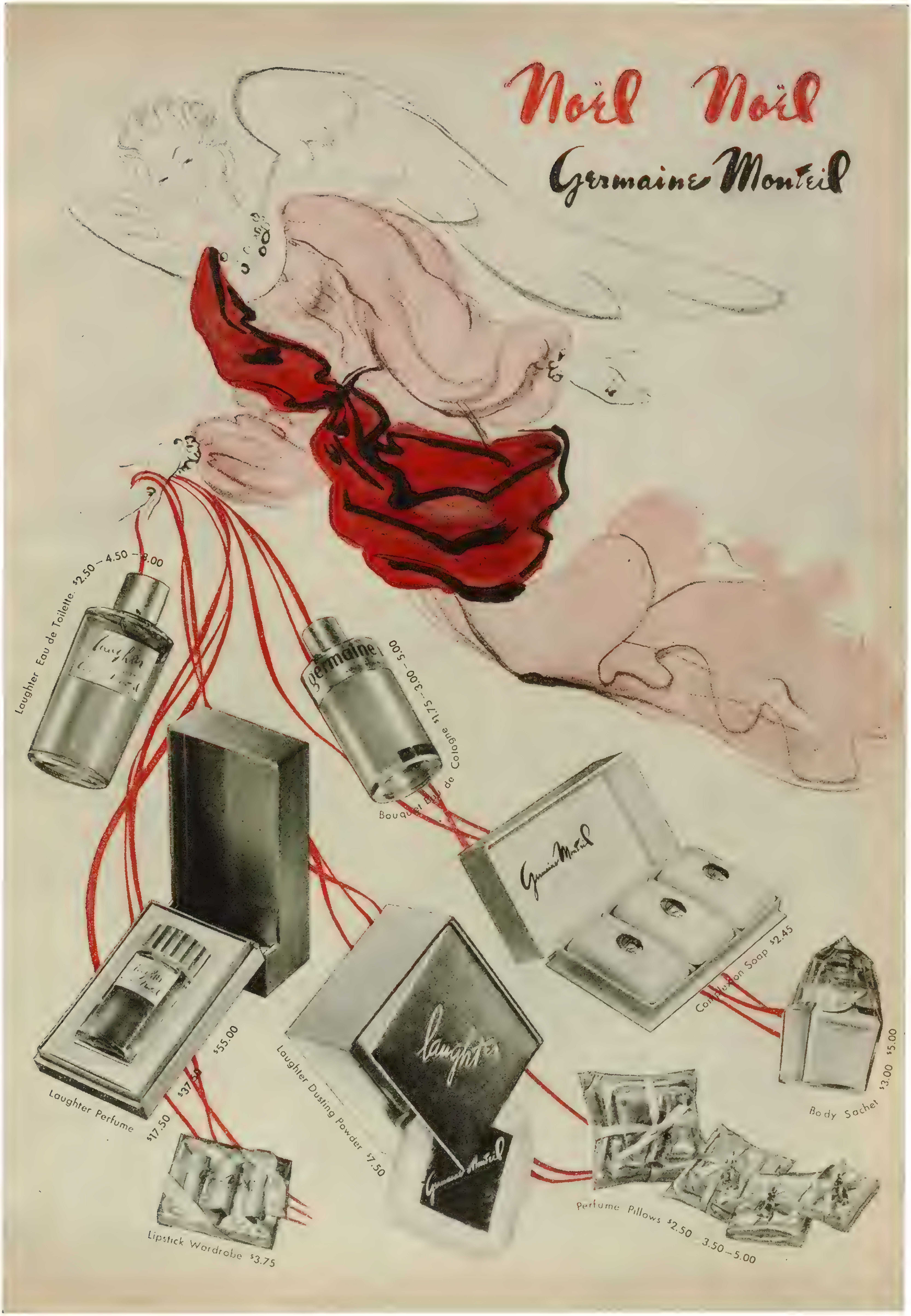


"Look under the pilot's seat on the left side—if there's an "E" in carmine lipstick, it's a bomber I made"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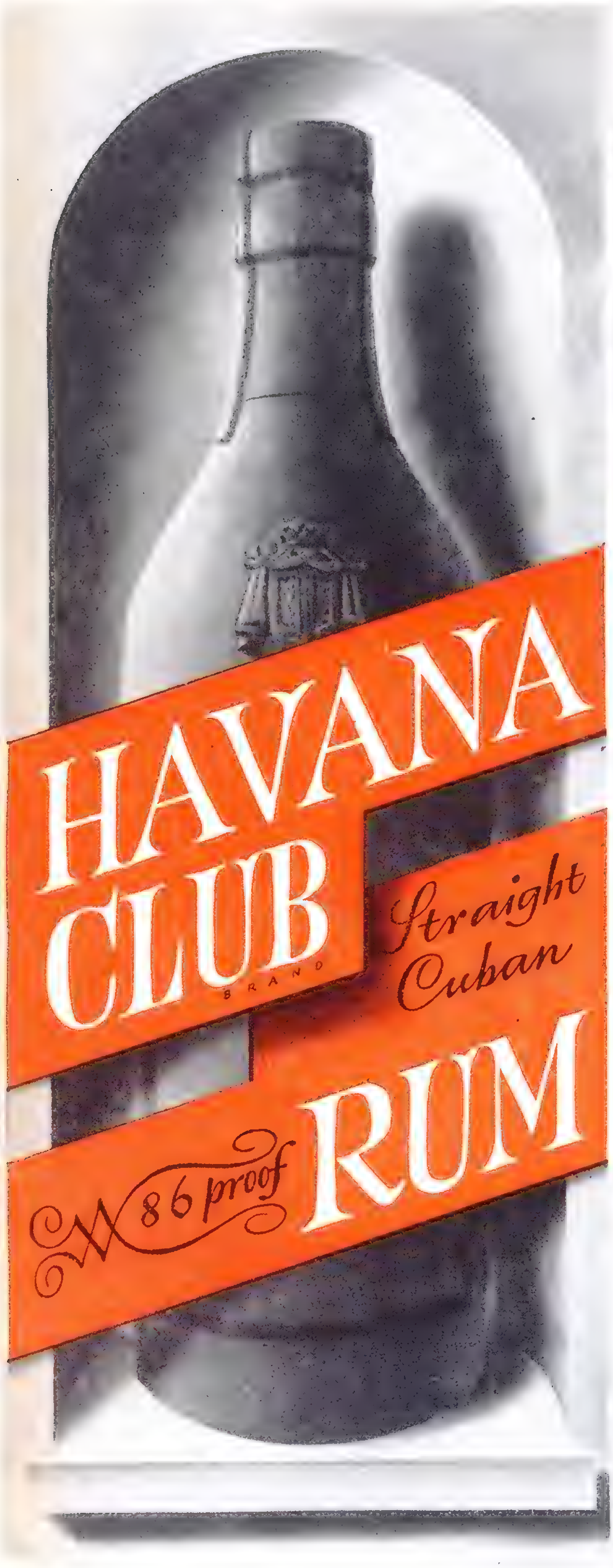

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 197-198

who tried his best to console the exile through his stomach, cooked the soup but glorified it. The ex-emperor sent for him after sampling a spoonful, and for once his tone was severe (he always talked to servants in a most amiable way). He said, "I didn't want a king's soup. I asked for a plain soldier's soup. Take it away."

Soups and vegetables are the most difficult yet greatest achievements of cooks; if she can make these flavorful, the cook is perfect. Marie's soups and vegetables are a great treat. I don't bother much with the latter because usually they are so badly prepared. But I thrive on Marie's vegetables and Théo (short for Théophile) serves them to me twice with a discreet but knowing smile on his face. Here is Marie's purée of split peas (for six):

Take a pound of green split peas and wash thoroughly. Then put in a casserole of cold water. Submerge in it a *bouquet garni*, consisting of thyme, cloves, bay leaves, and celery. Also add a large onion, and if you have a ham bone, by all means throw it in with the peas. Cook over low flame for an hour, adding a little hot water now and then. Do not cover the dish, because if you do the vegetables will be too liquid and not firm enough. After a half hour's cooking—not before—salt and pepper to taste. Pass the peas through a sieve after they are cooked, and if you had no ham bone in the dish, mix in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Pan broil a couple of slices of bacon, get the grease off on brown paper, dice fine, and sprinkle over the purée of peas together with finely chopped parsley.

There are two things that are almost indispensable in a good kitchen; stock, and *bouquet garni*. I told you all about stocks in a previous article, and as you must have found out in the interim, they are not at all difficult to prepare. But *bouquet garni*, the French expression for tied up spices and herbs, is child's play, notwithstanding the big and flowery words. Just take a small square of cheesecloth, about the size of your hand, place in its middle five cloves, one bay leaf, half a teaspoon powdered thyme, three tiny branches of parsley (not chopped), and a little diced celery. Fold and tie up the spice-filled cloth, and put it in with soups, vegetables, sauces, and stews, and throw away after the dish has cooked.

I hope that all the boys on the fighting fronts will have their fill of turkey during the Holy Season. And as the war progresses and we hear of further drastic setbacks for the Axis, I shall cheerfully eat Marie's vegetables, although I would rather eat turkey on the fighting front. But should I have to stay on the home front after all, Marie surely would provide something to eat with her superb vegetables. Perhaps a roast chicken. She makes this differently too:

Ask the butcher to split the chicken (no matter how large) just like a broiler, and wash and dry well. Put a little oil (ordinary salad oil will do) all over the chicken, salt and pepper, place in pan, and put in a very hot oven. Turn the chicken over after it has become golden on one side, and add a quarter of a measuring-cupful of white wine. Add now—not before—a clove of garlic cut in two, and baste the bird often. After the chicken has browned, reduce your flame.

Clemenceau potatoes go very well with Marie's roast chicken and they are worthy of anybody's Christmas table. For this, too, she gave me the recipe:

Use a pound of potatoes for six helpings. Peel them and cook them in salted water. When they are done, pass them through a sieve, let them cool, and salt and pepper if necessary. Add grated Swiss or American cheese, two tablespoonsful of flour, and after mixing well, put in icebox for one hour. Now place the potato mixture on a wooden board, take an ordinary water glass and using part of the rim cut off small pieces of the mixture and put them in deep hot fat to fry for a few seconds. The pieces will become inflated, delicious potato frivolities, somewhat like soufflé potatoes, but much better.

Marie gave me as an alternative the recipe for hot potato salad. Cleverly, she didn't talk to me about unobtainable dishes, since a Frenchwoman knows how to use substitutes in time of shortage better than anyone else. A Frenchwoman in the kitchen is a realist. Here is the hot potato salad recipe:

Cook and slice the potatoes. Chop an onion very finely, place in a casserole together with small pieces of bacon (one quarter pound of bacon to one pound of potatoes). After very lightly browning the onion and bacon, add the potatoes, vinegar according to taste; add salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and mix thoroughly. The mixing is the secret—to prevent the potatoes breaking, handle them as a newly married husband should his wife (this is what Marie said), that is to say, very gently. Serve hot at once. The bacon takes the place of oil.

No, Marie was always practical like a true artist. Glad I am now that I wrote down her recipe for a nut cake of which the only ingredient to make a cook thoughtful is the butter. This is what I wrote at her dictation—the very best bet for your Christmas.

WHISKEY NUT CAKE:

Half cup of butter
One third cup of sugar
Two eggs
One third cup of walnuts, chopped
One and one quarter cup of flour
One fourth teaspoonful of salt
A half teaspoonful of baking powder
Half a cupful seedless raisins
Three-fourths cup currants
Two tablespoonfuls good whiskey

Cream the butter, add the sugar, and mix very well gradually. Add one egg at a time and beat each time for a good five minutes. Next add the chopped walnuts. Now pass the flour. salt, baking powder through a sieve s that they'll mix very well; add the raisins and currants to this. Then add this to the mixture, and pour in the whiskey. Mix Take a bread tin, line it with well greased waxed paper. Place the bread tin in a not too hot oven, and when the cake begins to get brown, cover it with brown paper so it won't burn. Watch your flame and cake, and reduce flame when warranted. Cooking time: one to one and a quarter hour.

God rest you merry, Gentlemen. ##

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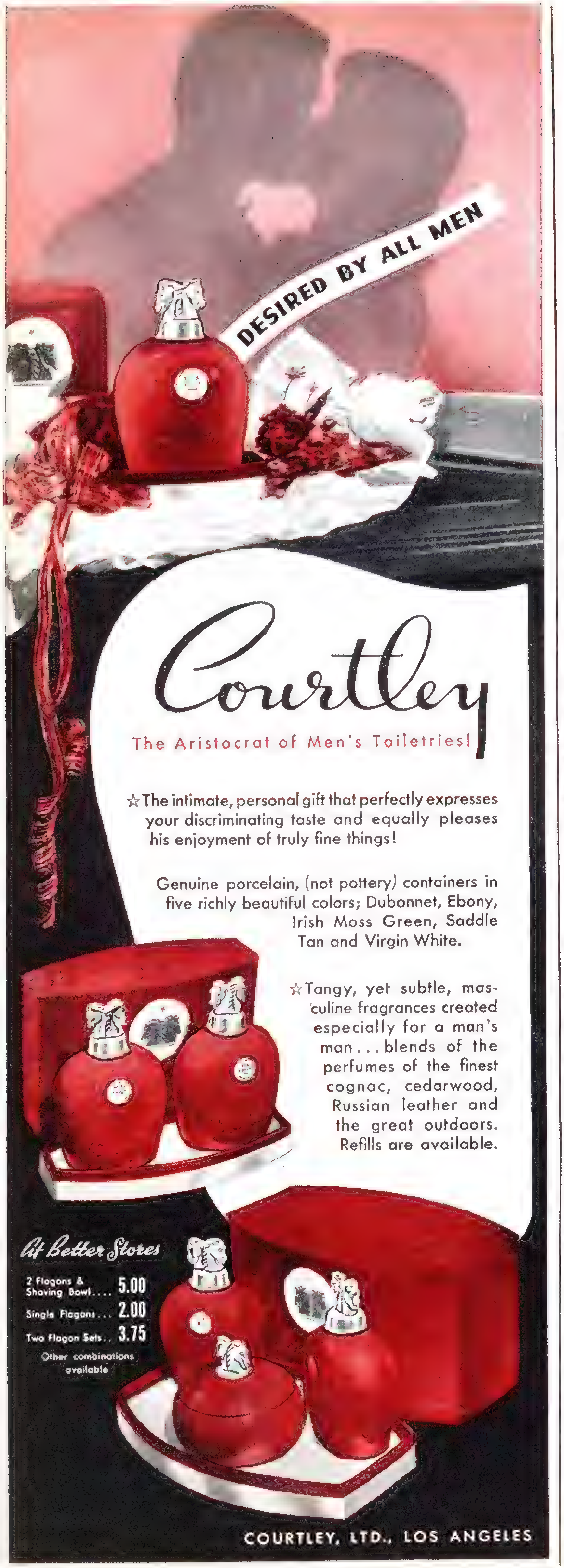

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The Sporting Scene

Citing benefits to soldiers and ball players in spring training at military posts

by HERB GRAFFIS

•SPORTS•

SPRING training of National and American league and American Association baseball clubs in 1944 should be at Army and Navy camps in southern and southwestern states.

Such gearing of top-grade professional baseball into the war plan would receive tremendously enthusiastic endorsement from the soldiers and sailors and would distinguish historically the excellent wartime record of the baseball business.

The men in Uncle Sam's uniform are the most fervent and important fans. They deserve all that baseball can give them. Organized baseball already has demonstrated that it will go the limit in supplying all possible satisfaction of the baseball hunger inherent in the typical lively young American—the sort of citizen who is preserving baseball and everything else that constitutes the American way of living.

The Army and Navy are doing phenomenal jobs of providing their men with the best in sports and entertainment features and physical education. Esquire's sports polls, the Army's Camp Newspaper Service polls and other surveys repeatedly have proved that baseball is, by a long margin, the most popular item on the recreation program of men in the armed services. The proposed spring training at the Army and Navy establishments would introduce an entirely new headline attraction on the bill presented to give the lads what they need, deserve and have earned.

It doesn't call for much imagination to picture the delight of the American youth who would get a chance to toss a baseball back and forth with a baseball notable who's previously been known to the lad merely as a name in the newspapers or on the radio, or at best as a celebrity rather remote from the customer in the stands. And don't think that the players themselves wouldn't get a kick out of being regarded as one of the team by the fellows who would be in training for The Biggest Game.

On one hand you would have soldiers and sailors eager for more big-caliber baseball—baseball of the sort that most of them never have seen or possibly never would see. On the other is the determination of the game's governors to furnish this large and select group of baseball's most essential supporters as much of baseball's choicest performance as it's possible to provide.

So, putting the two elements together, there is the set-up for a spring sports production that will bring to hundreds of thousands of fervent fans an interesting and unique close-up of baseball's seasonal preliminaries.

Spring training of leading professional ball clubs at military establishments would have the lasting value of giving servicemen benefit of the most expert coaching in baseball. That factor would be certain to aid in the development of potential major league talent that is available, to a surprising extent, at the Army camps and Navy stations. That'll be very much to the advantage of the warriors and the game itself.

In view of the achievements of the Army's Special Service branch and the Navy's corresponding department for sports and recreation, arrangements for fitting baseball's top class spring training into the entertainment and physical conditioning programs would be just another of the multitudinous jobs the able and energetic men take in stride.

A tip-off as to the informed policy of these men in supplying their outfits with the best that sports can furnish is in the contrast between the baseball equipment furnished for armed service recreation in World War I and the current war. In the warm-up war equipment was cheap and went to pieces quickly in use. The lads got disgusted, many of them gave up baseball and fell victims to boredom. This time the lads have the best equipment it's possible to make.

It is entirely within reason to believe that putting the ball players in proximity to young men in G.I. uniforms who also are under-

Continued on page 204

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 202

going training of a strenuous and prolonged character will have a beneficial effect in conditioning the diamond's athletes.

The truth is that a great majority of professional ball players (and other professional athletes) take to heart their inability actually to participate in the war. They have been deferred for valid reasons. Yet, as men engaged in a field that puts a premium on physical skill and strategic thinking, they are confused and embarrassed at not being fitted into the big doings. This disturbed attitude is a credit to their conscientious ambition to do their share for the country, but, during the 1943 season, it likewise was an element in diminishing the traditional blazing competitive spirit of baseball.

By the spring training trips definitely attaching ball players to the armed services for at least a month of their specialized work, the ball club performers would be bound to experience a lift in their own morale and a consequent pepping-up of their work.

From 32 to 42 men usually are carried on the spring training trips of major league clubs. The larger camps to which the clubs could be assigned for the greatest good to the greatest possible number wouldn't have any trouble in caring for that number of men in addition to the thousands already housed and fed at the establishments.

But what about the major league player changing from the comparative luxury of training camp hotels to the simple but adequate facilities of the camps and stations? Would this be unbearable? It is to be doubted that any player who might feel the Spartan simplicity of the military establishments was beneath him would say so out loud—or even whisper it. The players would be proud to have the chance to share what the soldiers and sailors get in the way of training camp living.

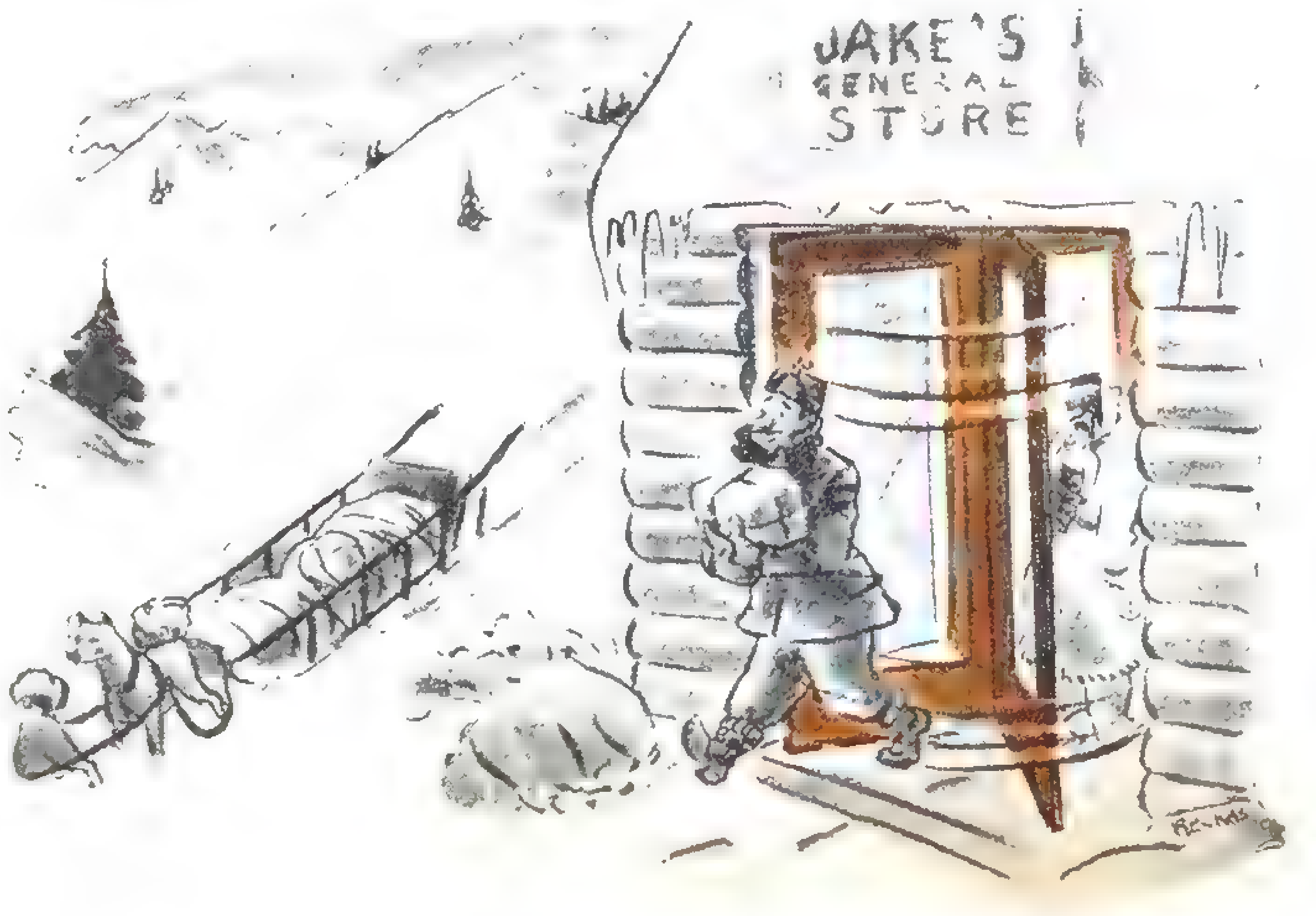
What probably would happen is that players sampling the Army and Navy routine would find themselves in better physical condition than they have enjoyed at the start of any previous season. What military life has done for the lads in Uncle Sam's uniform it also could do, to a lesser but noticeable degree, for the ball players during their month of association with the warriors.

Spring training trips in the past generally have been regarded by the public as ballyhoo rather than effective training. Last Spring, when Judge Landis and the club owners called off the long trips of the ball clubs to training camps, there were no appreciable casualties that could be blamed on working the kinks out in the cooler sections of the nation. And that despite the fact that many of the athletes were supposed to be of ages and other disabilities making them somewhat brittle of limb and sinew.

As far as the club owners themselves are concerned, they'd probably be doing a great job for the men in camps and saving themselves money by putting on spring training and exhibition games in southern and southwestern camps. The spring sessions have cost ball clubs as much as 12,000 dollars, and not often get into the black.

Nobody could figure how much the spring sessions of the ball clubs would be worth to the lads at camp who, after hard training work of their own, could see a considerable part of the ball players' training. This would require a revision of the usual hours of the baseballers' spring training schedule, but such revision shouldn't be difficult or inconvenient to make, especially considering the revision the young men in G.I. uniform have had to make in getting adjusted to Army and Navy life.

The idea of spring training of the leading baseball clubs at the military establishments of the nation's southland is something for Messrs. Landis, Harridge, Frick, Bramham, Trautman and the club owners to take up with Army and Navy authorities without delay. #



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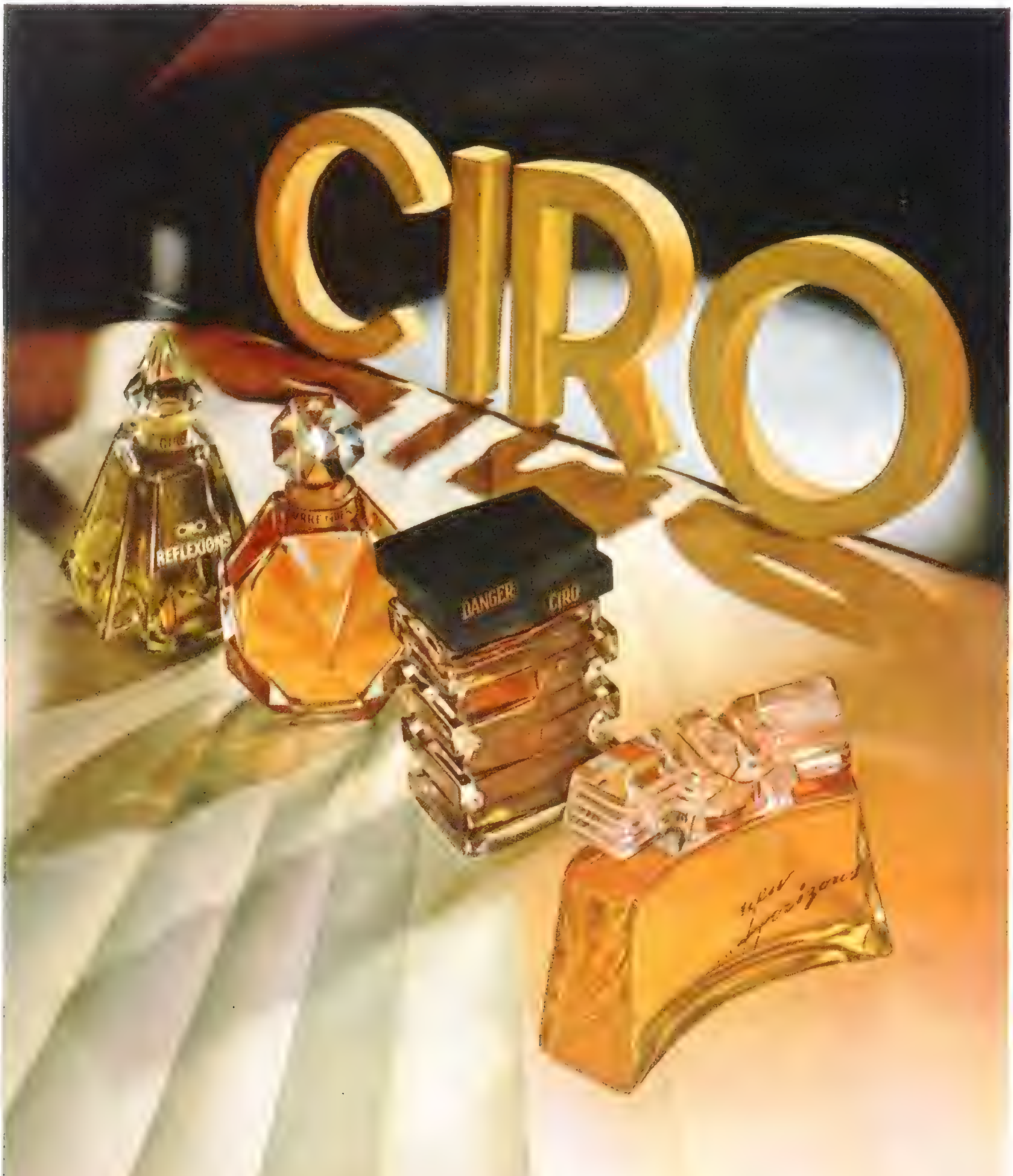
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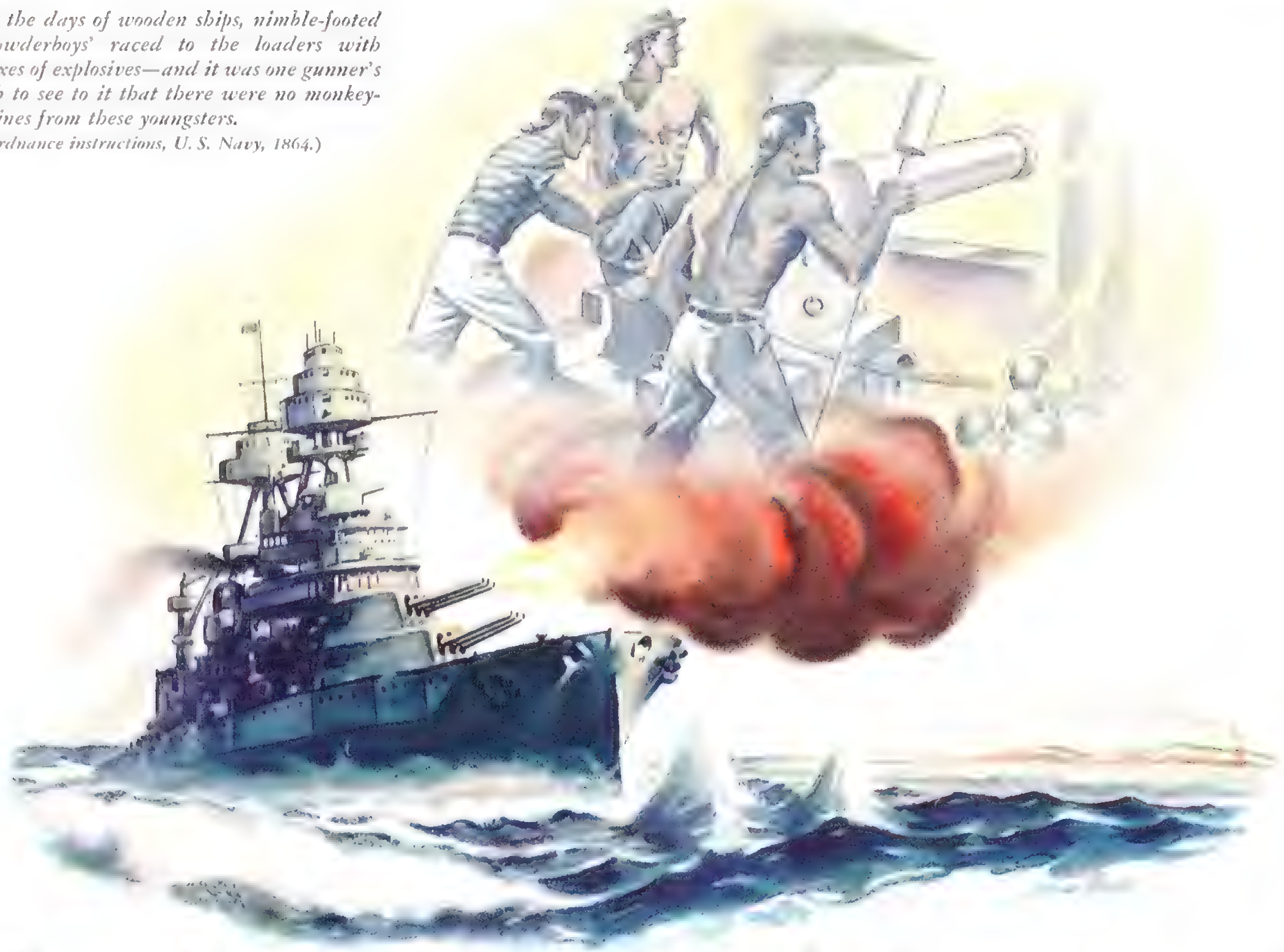
SHIRTS: M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York • FABRIC: Cohama Woolens, 1412 Broadway, New York



In the days of wooden ships, nimble-footed 'powderboys' raced to the loaders with boxes of explosives—and it was one gunner's job to see to it that there were no monkey-shines from these youngsters.
(*Ordnance instructions, U. S. Navy, 1864.*)

The Ammunition is being passed

There's no monkey-business about the way the ammunition is being passed in this war, either. For example, the Navy's 5-inch 38 caliber gun throws shells at planes or surface craft at a terrific rate. Its powder and shells must come to the gun in a steady stream. How is it done? With an ingenious hoist whose tolerances are so close that the mechanism is comparable to the movement of a fine watch.

* * *

Ammunition hoists for the Navy are being produced so fast and efficiently by the Busch-Sulzer Bros. Diesel Engine Company that the organization has been awarded a second star in its Navy E pennant. Busch-Sulzer, which made engines for submarines in the last war, was founded by Adolphus Busch, the founder of Anheuser-Busch. He was the first to build Diesels in America—and the first American-made Diesel went into the Home of Budweiser. Now as then, the quest for better methods and facilities to produce the world's most popular beer never ceases.

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In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch provides materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

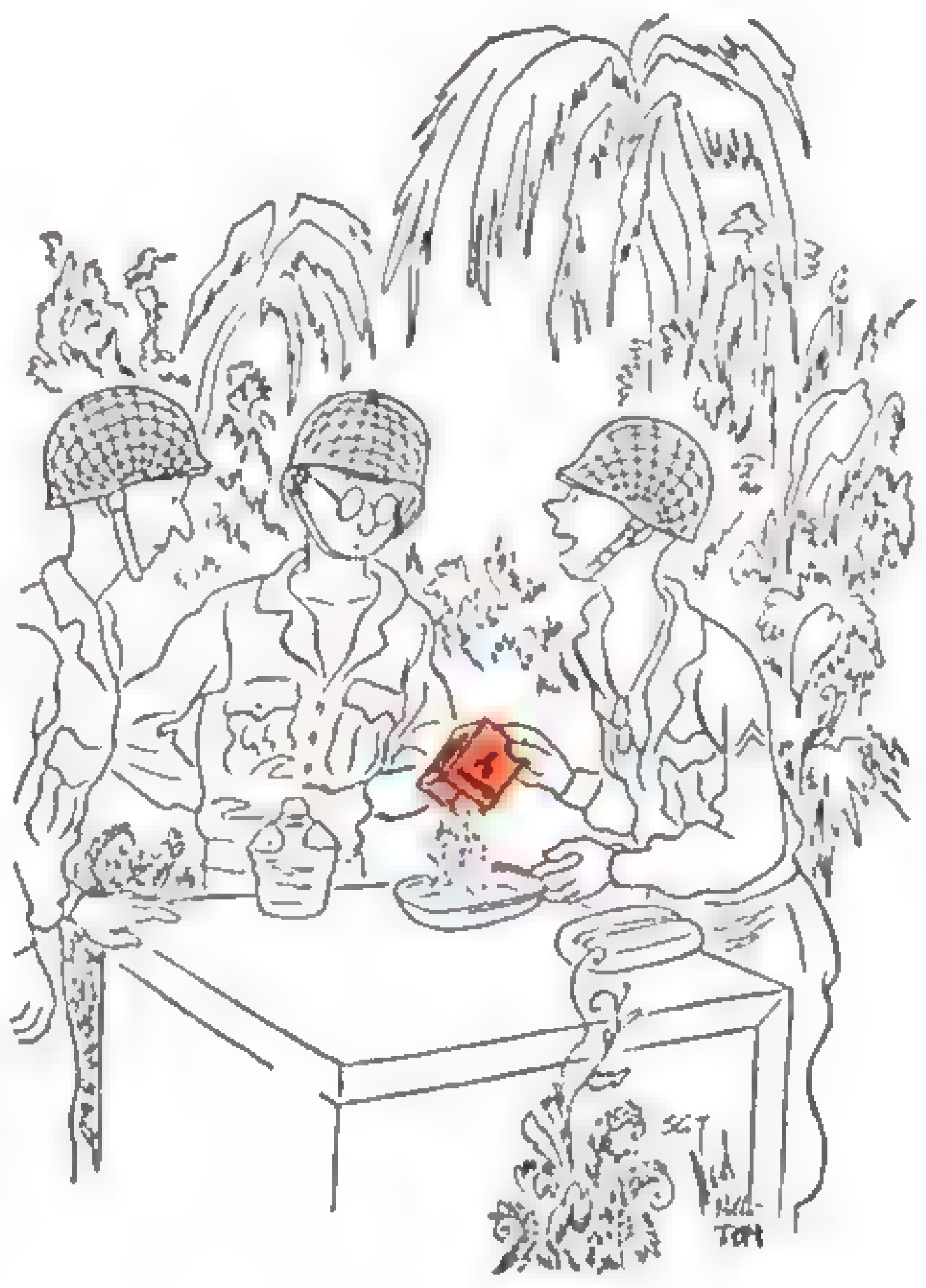
Japan's "Do-and-Die" Devils

Continued from page 164

sent for six months to a field-unit in Northern China for *Gen-eki*, first-line duty, where he developed the noble habit of driving tanks over the bodies of helpless Chinese.

This seemed okay with *Bushido* and the young officer was recommended by his c.o. as a candidate for Hokkaido. He went there—after the Thought Police and the army's Intelligence had carefully scrutinized him.

From the moment Lt. Nakamura entered the school, he ceased to be a human being. He was ordered to forget his name, his family, his pre-military past. As in prison, he was given a number. He was not allowed to write home, to communicate with the outside world, to drink *saké*, to see his geisha friend. There was no leave, no week-end pass. For recreation, there was swimming, fencing, wrestling. The rigid school discipline would make the most severe Prussian military standards look sissy. A bowl of rice with a slice of *daikon* (pickled radish) and a cup of tea was his food, day after day. It can be very cold in sub-arctic Hokkaido, but the tiny room which he shared with two students was not heated. He was ordered to spend much time in the "cold cell," where the temperature was 25 degrees below, and in the hothouse (temperature 110 degrees, 85 per cent relative humidity). He now was thoroughly trained for any kind of climate.



"All you do is mix a little water with it, and bango—crêpes suzette!"

Each day begins with the *katana* ceremonial. *Katana*, the long Samurai sword and symbol of *Bushido*, is "the steel bible of the Japanese warrior, in spite of tanks, planes, guns in the present mechanized struggle," as General Hayashi said. "Remember that a sword drawn in earnest must taste blood." He didn't add, "Even if it is the blood of a helpless prisoner."

Every morning the students listen to the reading of the Emperor's Code for the Warrior: "Your spirit must be stern! The foe must be utterly destroyed! Face difficulties with daring! Never disgrace yourself by being taken prisoner! Be ready at any moment to die for the Emperor!"

Most of the time is devoted to the study of the *ke-shitai* (Do and Die) spirit. The students are taught the mysteries of Japanese morale, (*seishin kyoiku*), they learn the seven soldierly duties—patriotism, honor, loyalty, morality, valor, humility, obedience.

The practical instruction is explained by the school's principle, "Before you die under torture, you must inflict torture and death on all your enemies." Experts explain how to drape oneself with garlands of bombs and charge into impregnable enemy position—the so-called "living bomb" technique. There are special courses for the suicidal use of demolition bombs, incendiary bombs, smoke bombs, poison gas shells, torpedoes, mines. But the most horrible subject is the "typhus test."

Chinese newspapers reported that prisoners from China were brought to a special camp near Asahigawa. A student of the Hokkaido school was infected with typhus bacilli and sent among the unfortunate Chinese. The Jap died; so did most of the infected victims. Medical experts were studying the spreading of the epidemic, the length of time which it took to kill the prisoners and "other important facts" on the basis of which new methods will be devised "to carry diseases behind the enemy lines."

Not all students leave the school alive. About ten per cent die in spectacular acts of self-destruction, in front of their classmates. The school command believes this will lift the students' morale. One officer was ordered to demonstrate the "living bomb" technique; another gave a realistic demonstration of How to Blow up Enemy Oil Tanks. On a nearby lake, a student was fastened to a floating mine and successfully drove himself into an "enemy" vessel.

If you'd call that senseless brutality, the teachers and students alike would protest. Why, the young men are happy to fulfill their "heavenly destiny!"

It all seems a weird, horrible nightmare. But read the diary that was found near a slain Jap infantry lieutenant, somewhere in Burma. "They say that Lt. Sanai Musubi, who was my classmate at Hokkaido, has power-dived his airplane into the funnel of an enemy warship. How I envy him! He has achieved the greatest feat. Do and Die! Life seems a dull interlude on the road to glorious self-sacrifice!"

Fanatic heroes? Glorified gangsters? Misguided fools? History will judge about that. Today they are the enemy. "Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can the Japanese be defeated!"

The man who spoke those words is Joseph C. Grew, our last Ambassador to Japan. ⌗

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Incentive on the Assembly Line

Continued from page 161

the man he now refers to as his good right hand—Commander Samuel J. Singer. A graduate of the United States Naval Academy, Singer was a successful practicing attorney in New York City before he returned to duty in the Navy in 1940 as aide to the admiral in the Office of Civilian Defense. In this capacity, the commander toured the country's industries, giving hundreds of talks on plant protection. Five days after the admiral's conference with the Under-Secretary, the two officers had instituted the Industrial Incentive Division of the U.S. Navy.

The comparative handful of officers in the Division is charged with stimulating Naval production. *Voluntary* effort on the part of management and labor alike has been stimulated to an incalculable extent.

Early in the game it was realized by Admiral Woodward and Commander Singer that absentees and apathetic workers would take a fresh attitude toward their jobs if they could be made to realize that their specific work had a direct connection with specific actions in the war theaters. Thus was born the idea of having returned service men make visits to shipyards and war plants and acquaint the workers first-hand with the part a *particular* product had played in a *particular* victory.

Personal contact between a returned fighting man and the workers who were producing the weapon or article so important to that man was calculated to be a triple-barreled stimulant. First, the workers would see just how they had fitted into the headlines, and would therefore experience a sense of pride. Secondly, the difference between a fighting man in the flesh and one in the headlines would approximate the difference between a movie star on a twenty-four sheet and a star in person. Finally, a first-hand story of action against the enemy would have an impressive quality that the written word could never hope to convey.

The personal-appearance idea went over with a bang. At the plant of one prime Navy contractor, a young seaman who had taken everything the Japs had to offer got up on a platform one lunch hour and talked to several thousand workers. He wound up by saying that if it hadn't been for the product turned out by those he was talking to, he and many of his buddies never would have come back.

When the seaman was through, one of the workers approached the Incentive Division officer who had arranged the talk. "Look," the worker said to the officer, "we been layin' down on the job because we hate the guts of the guys what run this plant. But I got a new angle after listenin' to that sailor. We been takin' it out on *him* and not knowin' it."

P.S. Production jumped eleven per cent the very next day. Within thirty days after the seaman had visited the plant, production had almost doubled.

The jump in output was gratifying but the worker's remark that he hated the guts of the management represented a symptom of serious production illness to the Incentive Division officer who heard it. Commander Singer went to the plant. He could show what Navy co-operation through the Incentive Division had done to increase production. From that example he was able to get the management to revolutionize its human relations and create a healthy atmosphere. He considers this one of his best jobs.

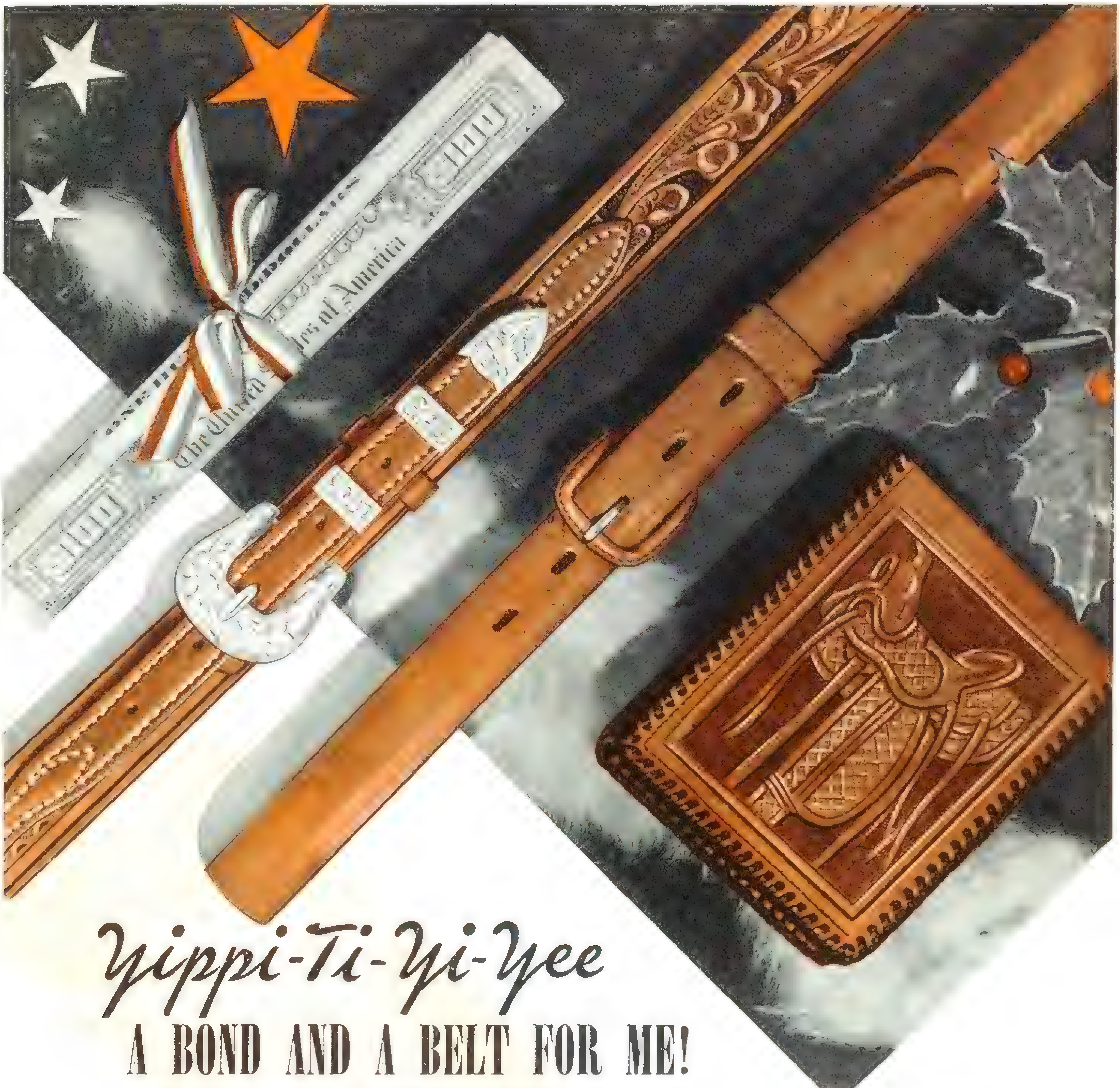
Not long ago, officers of the Incentive Division ran into something of a mystery in a large Eastern shipyard where a time-honored shipyard practice—workmen putting tools away before the whistle blows to get an early place in line to punch out—was considerably worse than usual. Some of the men were actually stopping work twenty to twenty-five minutes before the whistle. The enigma of this situation was that these men were particularly skillful workmen who had in the past broken speed records. They had demonstrated that they knew the value of ships and supply lines. Moreover, a checkup disclosed that a large percentage of them had sons and brothers in the services. Yet, the man hours lost each day at that yard would have made McNutt tremble.

The usual causes for loss of incentive were investigated. Pay was high, so that wasn't the answer. There was no friction between the workmen and the foremen or the workmen and the management. The food was adequate. General working conditions were on the ideal side. No major changes had taken place in the yard to cause a breakdown in morale.

The Incentive Division decided to look for the answer *outside* of the yard. Officers noticed that wide publicity had been given to the feats of workmen in other yards at a time that coincided with the beginning of the breakdown in morale at the yard under investigation. And there they had hit the nail on the head. The men who were now knocking off before finishing a day's work simply weren't getting public credit for a good job. No kidding, it was just that, and nothing else. They had lost their incentive to break records when they found that their work had gone unnoticed while men in other yards were being praised.

Once the trouble was diagnosed, the Incentive Division went to work. It saw to it that the yard's public relations department took cognizance of the desire in riveters and welders for recognition. Stories began appearing in the local newspapers about the out-

Continued on page 212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The gift of a War Bond and a belt by TexTan of Yoakum, Texas . . . will make the man who is fortunate enough to receive them the most grateful critter in the country. The bond is a share in America's Victory and America's future . . . the belt is a gift for smart appearance and heavy duty service. Made for MEN WHO PACK A PUNCH.

Buy the War Bond first . . . the supply is unlimited. As for TexTan Belts and Billfolds, you may have to saddle your horse and ride, beatin' the bush like a cowboy on a round-up lookin' for strays. When you corral one, you can feel sure you are giving the finest gift possible . . . a War Bond and a Belt.

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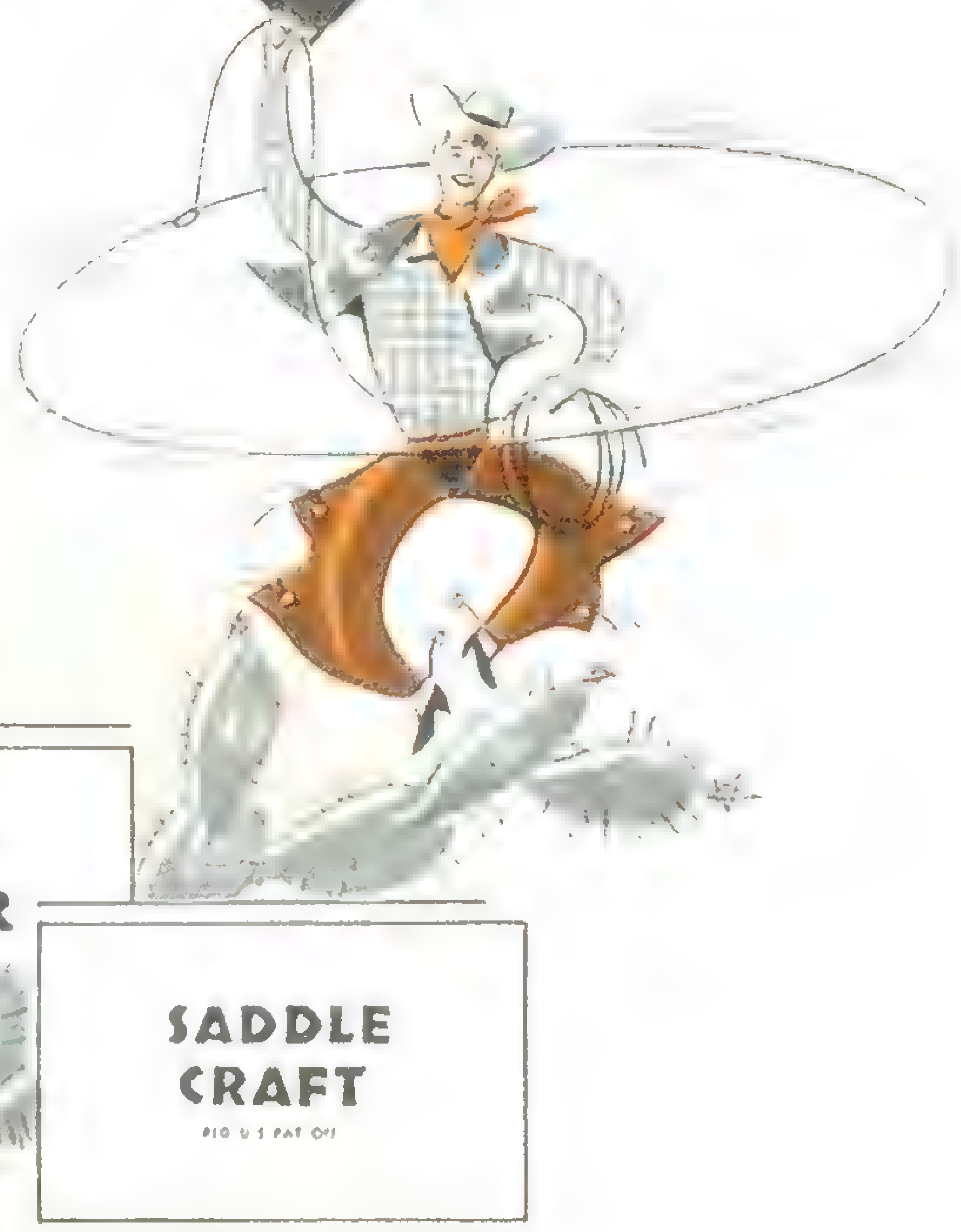

GIVE ANOTHER SHARE IN AMERICA . . GIVE A WAR BOND

★ ★ ★

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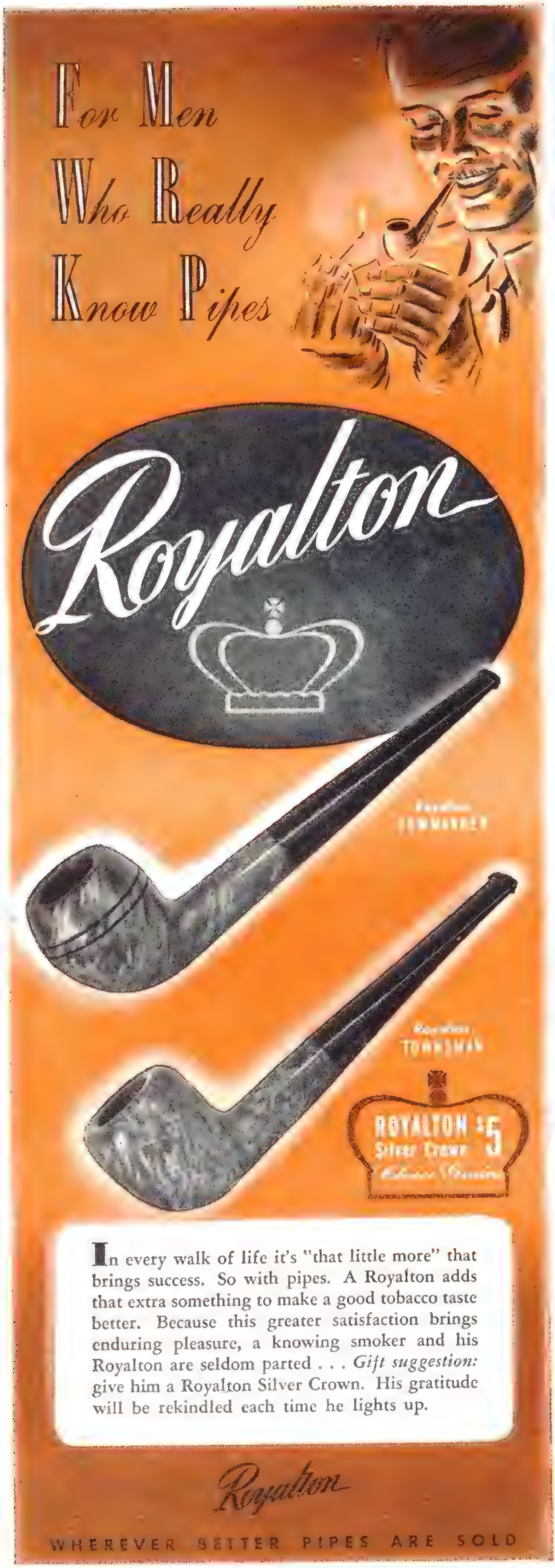


In every walk of life it's "that little more" that brings success. So with pipes. A Royalton adds that extra something to make a good tobacco taste better. Because this greater satisfaction brings enduring pleasure, a knowing smoker and his Royalton are seldom parted . . . *Gift suggestion:* give him a Royalton Silver Crown. His gratitude will be rekindled each time he lights up.

© 1943—Henry Leonard and Thomas, Ozone Park, N. Y.

Incentive on the Assembly Line

Continued from pages 161-210

standing accomplishments of the yard. The yard's house organ carried photographs of and stories about the men who had broken records. Friends and tradespeople began patting them on the back. Within sixty days proud crews were again turning out ships so fast that Adolf would have developed a violent headache had he been there to see what was happening.

Incentive Division officers recently encountered a situation in a sawmill that was typical of conditions in plants doing sub-contract work which, on the surface at least, bears little connection with the war. The workers in the mill were going about business as usual; they were neither disheartened nor stimulated. Their peacetime pace had been fifty per cent of capacity, which was just half of what the Navy wanted of the mill in its sub-contract work.

The problem here was comparatively simple. A man from a wooden Coast Guard Cutter that had tangled with a German U-boat was sent to the mill to explain to the workers that wood was in the war, too. Some of the very wood turned out by this mill, the Coast Guardsman explained, had gone into cutters that chased U-boats.

The men were told graphic stories of how the North African and Sicilian invasions were spearheaded by wooden landing vessels and assault craft. They were told that wooden sub-chasers were playing a smashing role in fighting to overcome the U-boat menace. Many of the workers in that sawmill had never known that the mosquito boats of Lieutenant Commander John Bulkeley's squadron, which sank three Jap cruisers, two cargo ships, a tanker and two barges loaded with troops, had been made of wood.

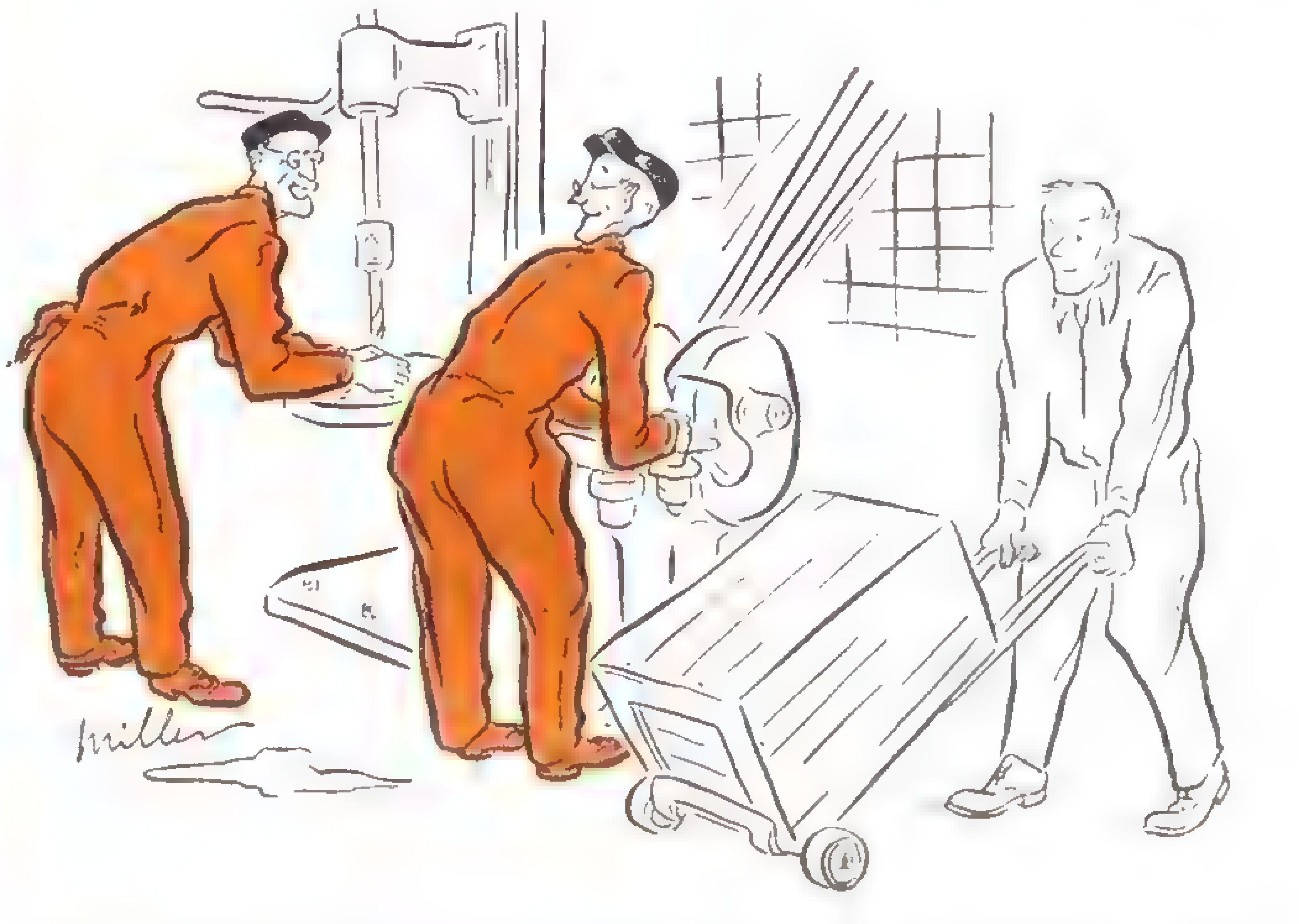
Another P.S. Production jumped twenty-five per cent the very next day and stayed there.

Showmanship in its highest form is an integral part of personal appearance tours of men from the fighting fronts to shipyards and war plants. First, the fighting man who speaks at a plant must have had a direct dependency at a crucial moment on the product manufactured at that plant. This brings the war home to the workers as does nothing else. Production zoomed, for instance, in a helmet factory after the appearance there of Barney Ross, the Marine hero, who disclosed during a rally that his life had been saved on Guadalcanal when a Jap bullet had been deflected by a helmet that had been made by the very people he was speaking to. Men from the U.S.S. *Boise*, who had fought a death duel with six Jap warships and come back to tell the tale, visited plants where parts of the *Boise* had been manufactured, and it was the same old story of stimulated production.

Officers of the Incentive Division keep a close eye on action in various theaters from the point of view of the war products that are involved in the action. Then when men from a battle wagon that has been in a big scrap, say, return on leave or to recuperate from injuries, Incentive Division officers listen carefully to their stories. Stenographic notes are taken and carefully studied for the possible effect of a specific story on a specific group of production workers.

But even if the story is just what is needed, the fighting man is not sent out unless he is just the type who would have a wide appeal in a factory or ship yard. A notable example of the type of speaker that the Incentive Division likes to send out is a kid who is currently going the rounds. His name is Basil Dominic Izzi, a second-class seaman whose ship was torpedoed November 2, 1942, and who drifted on a raft with two other sailors one day short of twelve weeks before being picked up by a Navy PC boat. Izzi is a little fellow of twenty with large expressive eyes and a husky voice with a certain dramatic quality to it. One look at him, and the average war worker knows that Izzi talks his language. The result is

Continued on page 214



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When Conestogas Carried the Freight

Continued from page 105

ancestors helped to make Conestoga wagons. To this very day the farmland in Lancaster County in Pennsylvania is rated among the most valuable in the United States.

Great caravans of Conestogas plied between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; as many as a thousand of the ponderously graceful vehicles rumbled between the two cities, over the steep and rocky trails that crawled over the Allegheny Mountains. Even today, with modern highways, the roads between the two cities are characterized by grades and curves which severely tax the finest of motor trucks—trucks that carry but slightly more of a pay load than did the Conestoga wagon.

Trains of hundreds of the wagons, some hauled by six matched horses, swayed along the stretches of rough road.

The three hundred mile length of the road saw a two-way parade of big, white-topped wagons, of matched horses that wore harnesses of superlative quality, small copper bells tinkling on the hames. On the way back, the drivers smoked long, thin cigars made in the Pittsburgh area, cigars that were known as Conestogas and later "stogies," a name that sticks to this day.

It was a picture of America expanding. It took precision-built equipment to stand the gaff; and only the Conestoga wagon answered every specification.

In 1795 the Lancaster Pike between Lancaster and Philadelphia was constructed, another contribution that can be credited to the Conestoga wagon. The Pike was sixty feet in width and had a stone base adequate to withstand the impact of Conestoga wagons carrying as much as six tons of freight. This was one of the first hard-surfaced highways in America, the forerunner of the great national system we now possess.

By 1780 the wagon industry in the Valley reached the peak of its expansion. Public freight vehicles were operating between all of the larger cities, and the operators always came to headquarters for their equipment. For three more decades the Valley was active.

American frontiers were being pushed steadily back. Thousands of settlers sought free land, rich grazing and crop lands that lay in the West. Their need for Conestoga wagons was imperative. These were the wagons that had capacity; they stood up under the grueling punishment of thousands of miles of plains and desert.

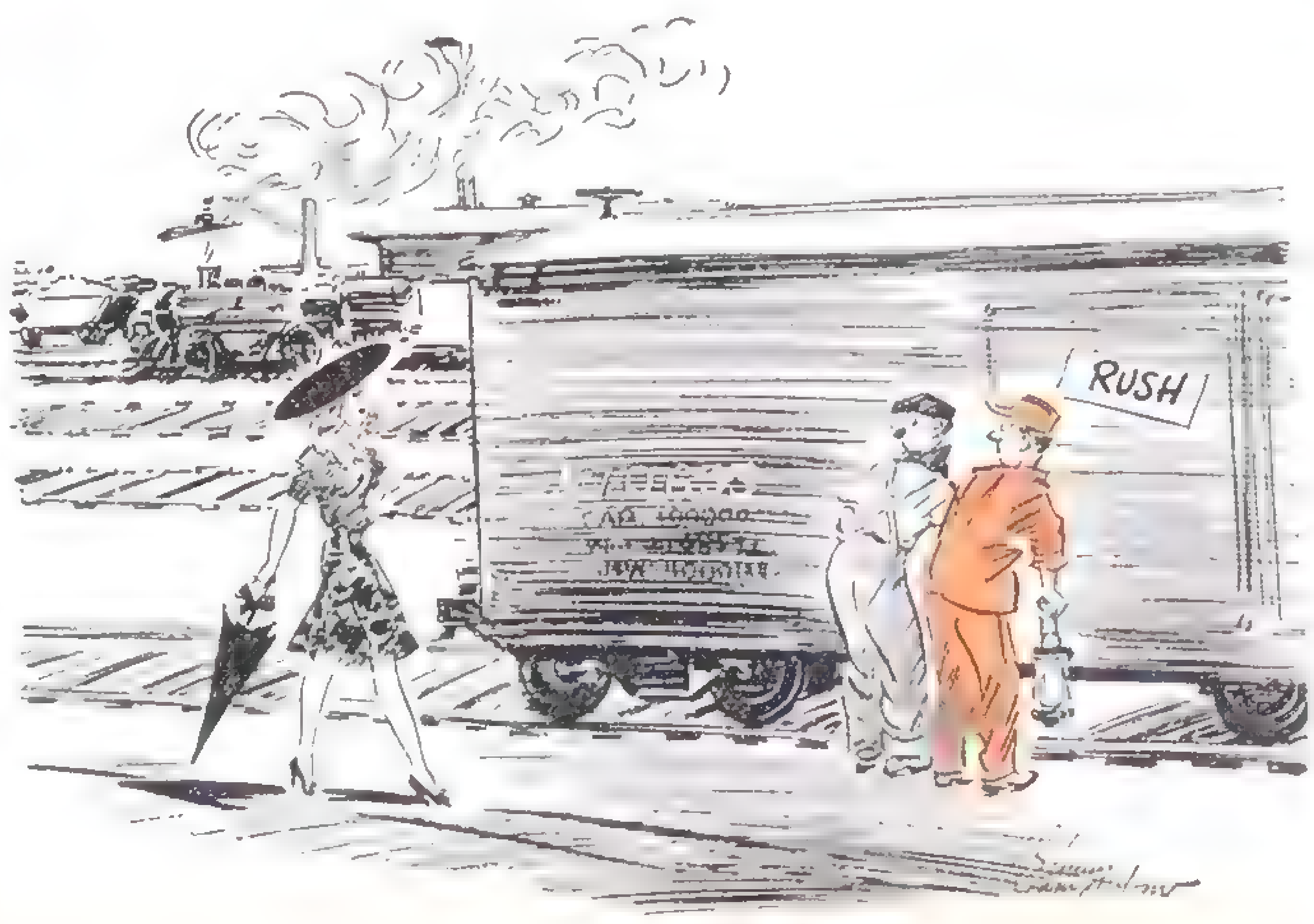
Arrived at the destination, the wagon still had years of service left. In Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Dakotas, many old wills testify that Conestoga wagons were handed down from one generation to another.

Then came 1830 and the final curtain. The mushroom expansion of railroads and canals spelled the end of this lusty rural industry. America was entering a new era of transportation. The demand for Conestoga wagons dwindled to nothing within the year.

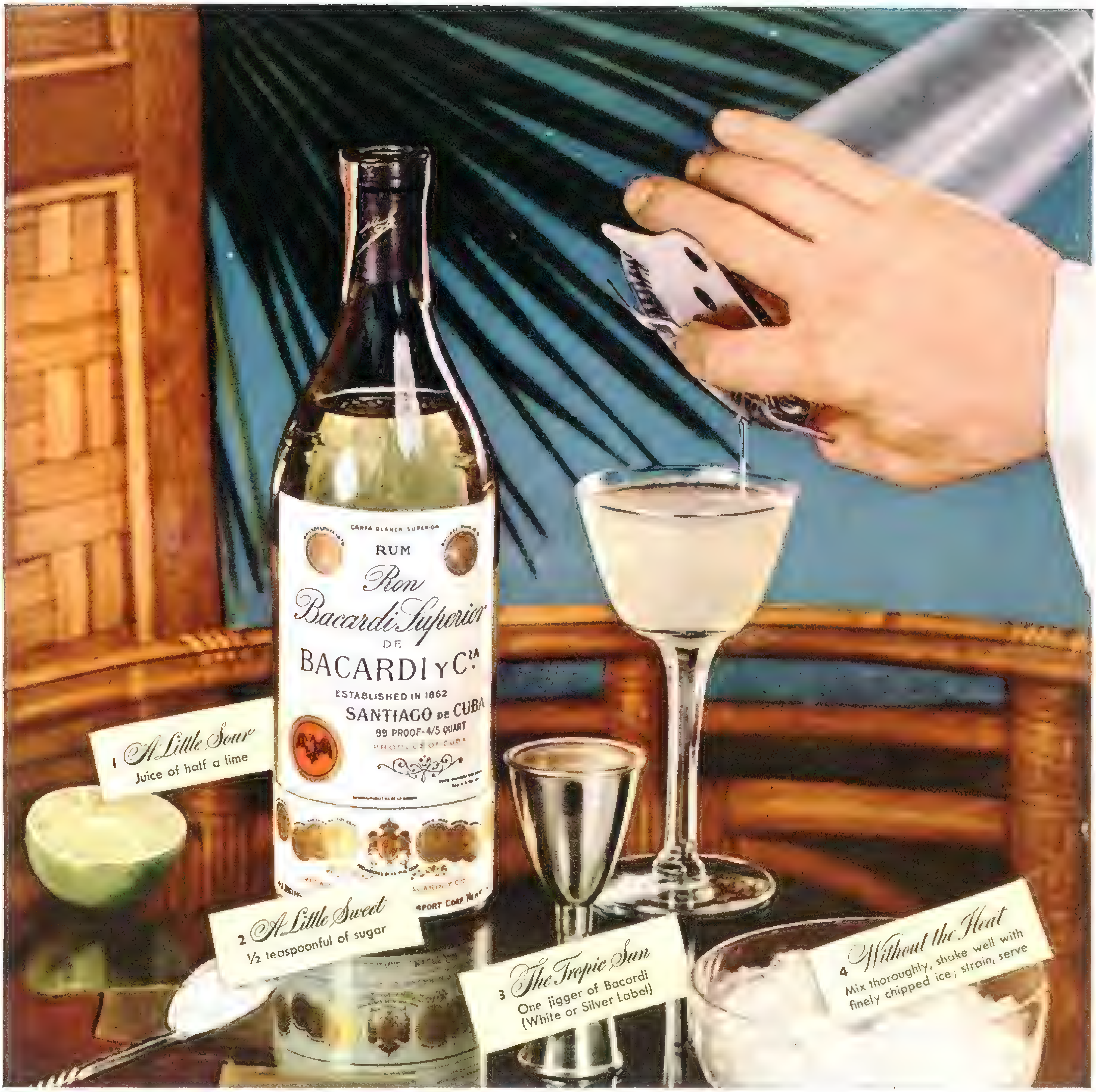
It was the end of an era. The wagon builders heaved a united sigh of relief. They went back to farming. It was the will of God that the demand was gone and they were never inclined to dispute His will. All along they had wanted to devote their time to their fine acres, to enjoy the peace and homely comfort of their farms.

Today a few of the old Conestoga wagons may be seen as museum pieces. They are still good to look upon; the ancient woods have a smooth patina. The blue of the body has faded to a dim, soft azure; the vermilion of the high wheels is no longer a dashing and defiant color—it is the dusty pink of a fading winter sunset.

Our highways today are sleek concrete ribbons. The grades and curves are calculated for modern trucks to make the most of their speed and power. Yet these modern trucks, under current law and regulation, can carry only a few tons of freight more over these smooth highways than the average Conestoga wagon once carried over trails that would stop a modern truck dead in its tracks. ⌗



"Oh, oh—here comes one of Henry Kaiser's new lady expediters!"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½ teaspoonful of sugar
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One jigger of Bacardi (White or Silver Label)
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Mix thoroughly, shake well with finely chipped ice; strain, serve

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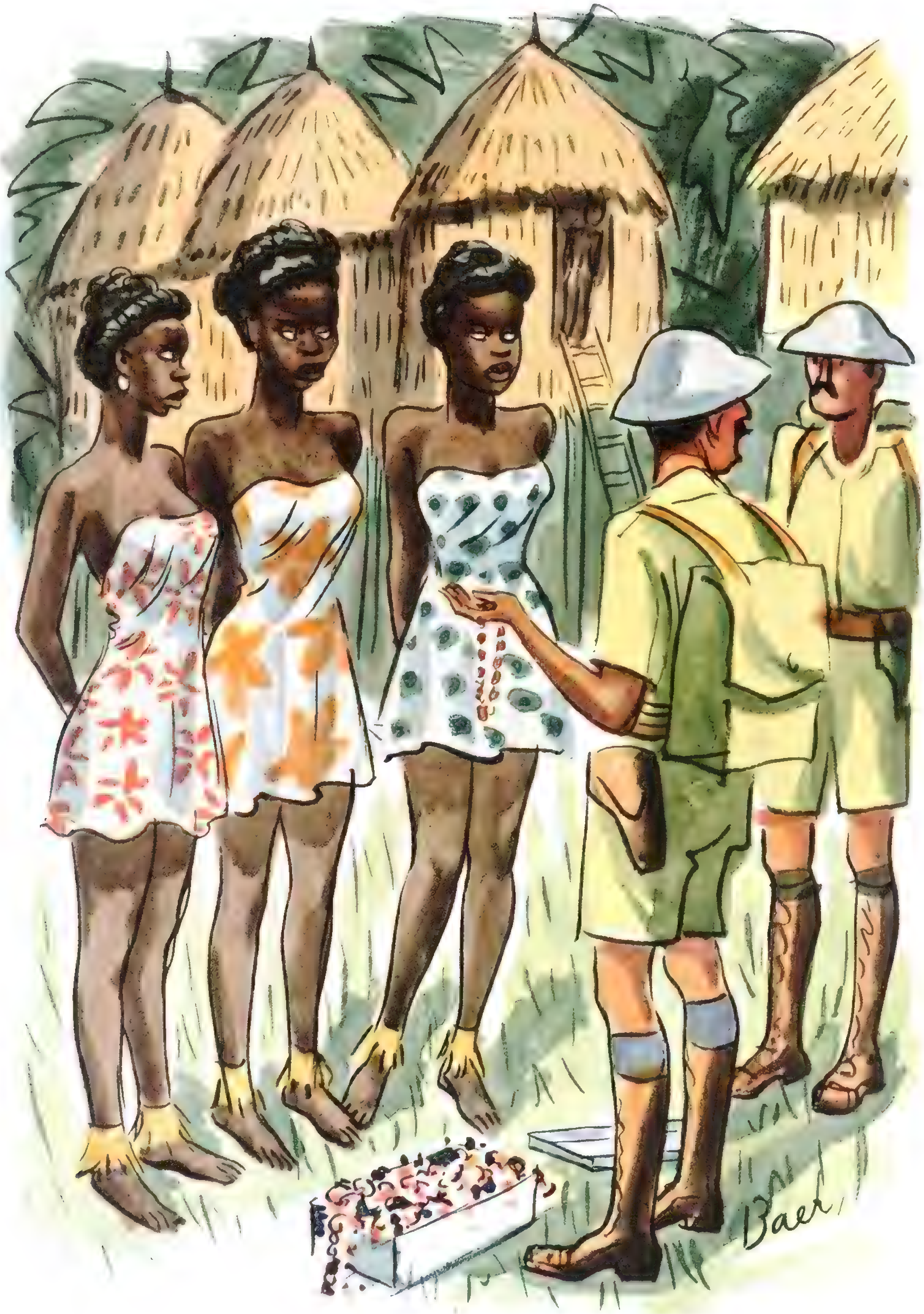
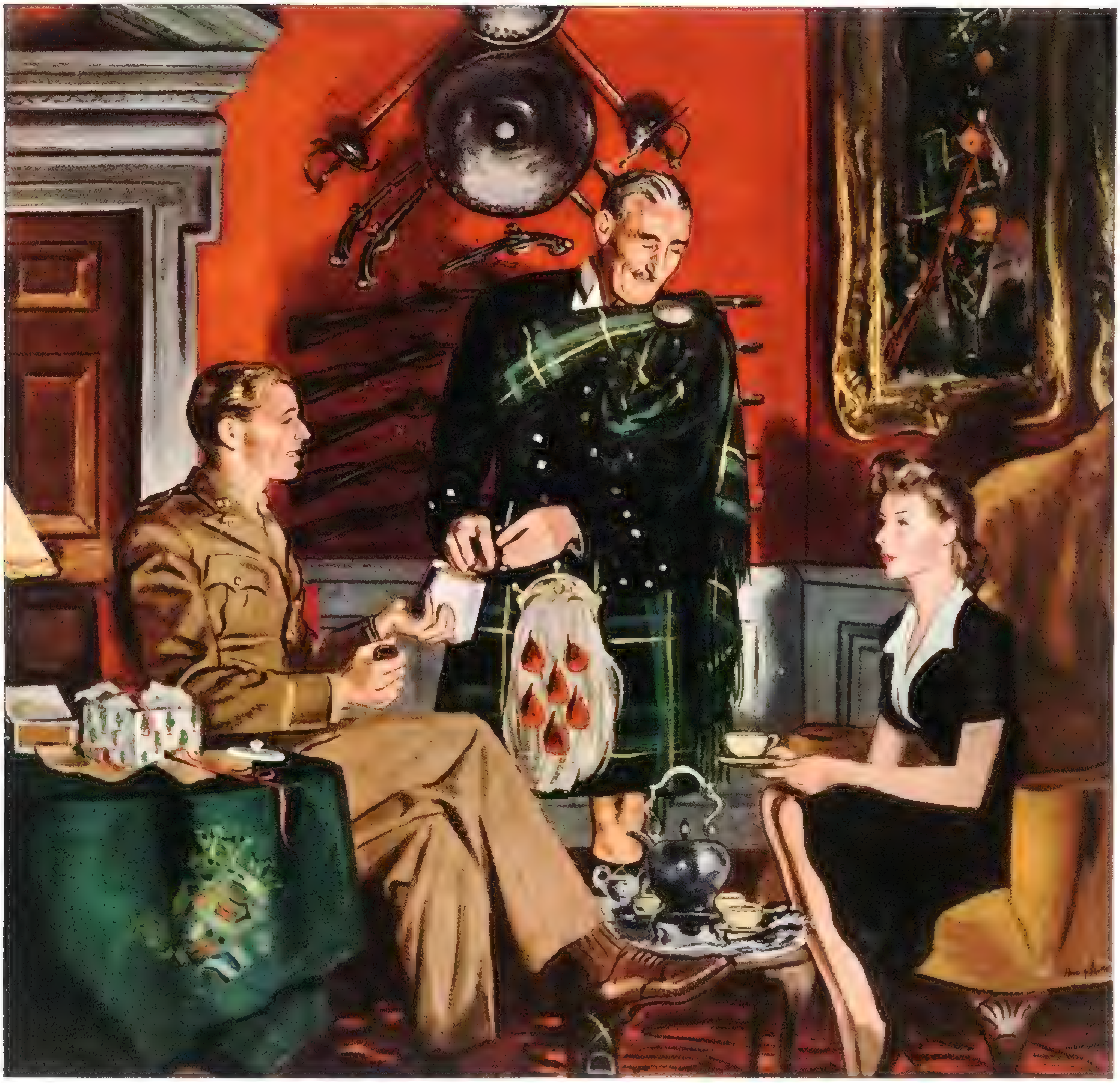


"You see, Stanhope, I said Africa isn't the same—she says she couldn't accept this from a stranger!"



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Over there or over here—wherever the Spirit of Good Will manifests itself—there's greater joy this Christmas than ever in sharing fine things. Your first choice of a gift for "him"—will be a War Bond. Next on the list will be something of real and lasting worth for his personal pleasure. Nettletons, of course.

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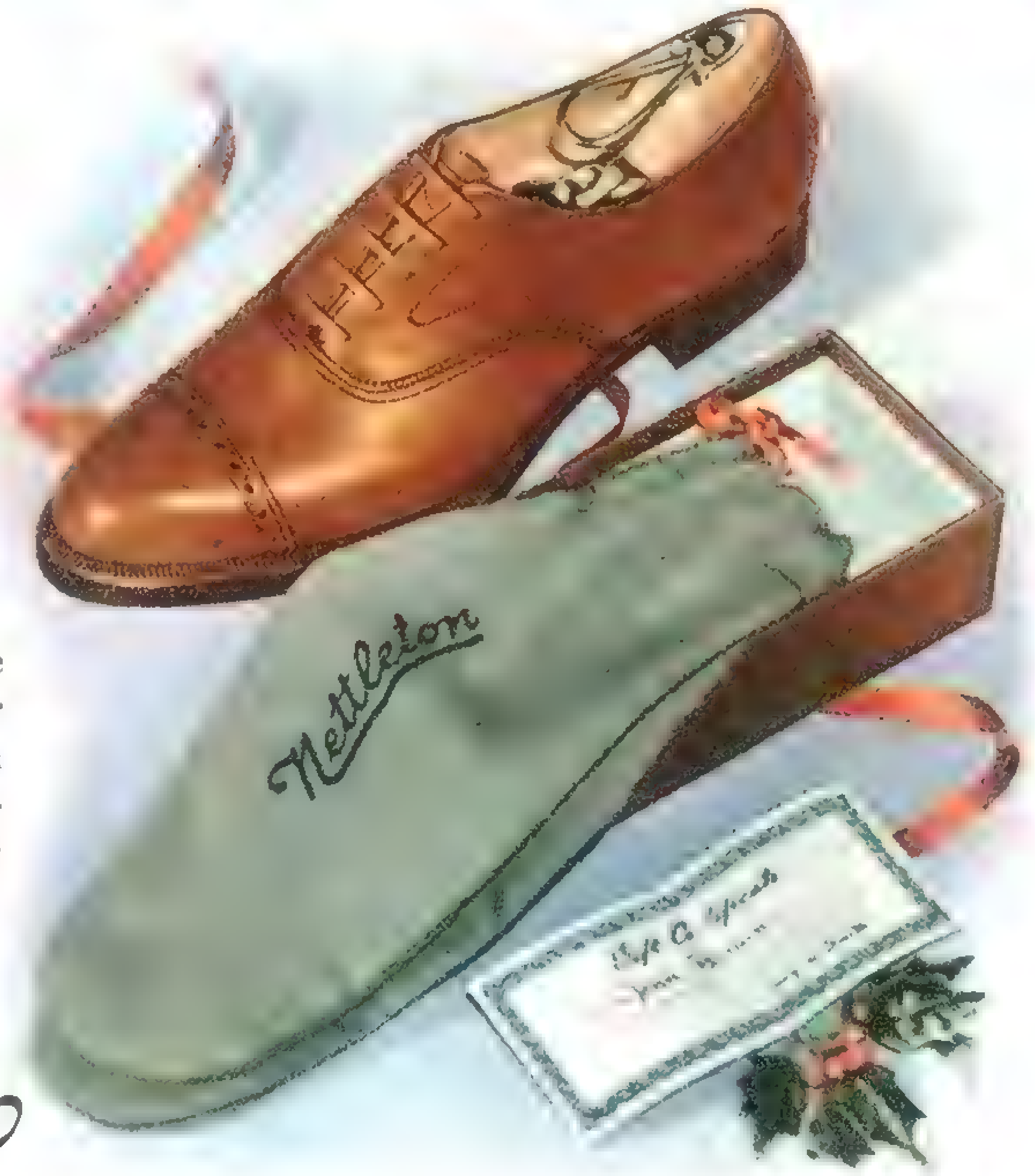
Your presentation is made easy by means of the Nettleton Gift Certificate, purchased from your Nettleton dealer. Packed in a miniature Nettleton shoe box, together with a pair of handsome Nettleton shoe bags . . . it will enable the holder to be fitted correctly in the style he prefers.



Nettleton Shoes $9.95 TO $20

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond
VSR
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
VSR
V.S.R.
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Oldetyme Distillers, Incorporated, Aladdin, Pa.
All our distilleries are concentrating 100% on the production of war alcohol

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 157

"baseball broadcasts and sport news we had up north."

Practically the entire category of sports from angling to yachting drew votes in question III.

Those who have been expecting a tremendous post-war boom in participating sports may be slightly disconcerted by figures in this poll indicating that the greatest surge will be in spectator sports.

The ranking of baseball, football and fistics in question IV doesn't differ greatly in percentage from the answers to Question III.

Private William Rich, Brooklyn, put on the dotted line the Invitation Basketball Tournament at Madison Square Garden. He wrote:

> I think that the Annual Invitation Basketball Tournament held at Madison Square Garden is certainly one of the most, if not the most, enthralling spectacles to appear on the American sporting scene. Here the sports lover sees the best in basketball, a sport which embodies all the virtues of good competitive athletics: speed, fast action, skill, teamwork, plus the element of uncertainty.

Sergeant Warren R. Johnson, Minneapolis, wanted to see a national gymnastic meet. For **Sergeant John C. Redmond, Jr.,** Philadelphia, the choice was a good ice hockey game. **Private H. P. Maguire.** Worcester, Massachusetts, specified a good horse show.

When you think how comparatively few high school or college students turned out for football, then see in the voting of the soldiers in Question V how the pigskin sport rates with men to whom sport may figure as a life-saver, you are reminded of the need of education of educators.

"As a former physical instructor," wrote **Coporal John Reilly,** New York, "I believe that sports are a deciding factor in the physical and mental standing of any individual. On the physical side, what could do a better job of conditioning than boxing, basketball, track, etc. . . . not forgetting the physiology which co-ordinates such activities as clear thinking, self-reliance and the never-say-die spirit."

Corporal Harry B. Hull, Fort Eustis, spoke for football:

> I consider football the most helpful sport of all in helping the soldier adapt himself to combat conditions. The soldier in the field must think fast, work with his fellow soldiers, plot the attack and then act. This is very true, also, in the sport of football. A young man who has played football in high school or college, who has worked with other teammates, with the one thought in mind, "Victory," already has the basic idea of what has to be done in a war. Then when he becomes a soldier he will also click in the field of combat as he did back home for the love of the game.

A plea for soccer was put in by **Corporal Eddie Busch** of Philadelphia who wanted to know:

> Why don't they have soccer in the southeast area? After all it's a better game than most sports to get a man into condition. The only chance I had to play soccer was when the R.A.F. cadets were in camp. It's true that soccer builds up the legs and wind more than anything else, but our boys' legs are weaker than their arms in this auto era. When I get out, it's back to Philly and soccer for me. I learned to play at the Lighthouse Boys' Club at the age of 12.

Corporal Leonard Z. Down, Plymouth, Pennsylvania, put in a plug for weight lifting. "Weight lifting," he declared, "gives in a minimum amount of time maximum strength and endurance." **Private M. H. Frail,** Dale Mabry Field, essayed:

> I chose tumbling and swimming because they are basically the things that one needs in the service. Also they teach co-ordination, timing, poise, and assurance. These things are not only assets, but also develop all of the muscles. Too many of our sports just develop parts of the body. In tumbling and swimming one uses all of his muscles and has to co-ordinate them to get along.
>
> While I was at an Army school I was a swimming instructor. I found out that most of the fellows had not learned how to swim for the simple reason that they were afraid of water. I also found that after they had been in the water and found out what it was really like, they really enjoyed swimming.
>
> In my estimation a boy or girl in the teen age, who is naturally awkward at that age, can overcome much of this and acquire poise and rhythm by practicing swimming and tumbling. I am about six feet three inches tall and weigh 190. Many are surprised to see me diving over nine or ten fellows, doing handsprings, etc.; but that has just come through my work in tumbling.

To us veteran poll tabulators, the percentage of 96.50% of the soldiers favoring the continuation of sports during the war in Question VI is most amazing. This is about 15% higher than previous counts we got from the civilians, sports editors and sports announcers on this same thought. It may prove interesting also to those worthy patriots who are campaigning so ceaselessly against continuation of sports.

Corporal Richard E. Biehl, Spring Valley, New York, spoke for the vast majority when he said: "I think sports should be continued even if they do hinder the war effort. Sports couldn't be enough of a handicap to do any damage." **Sergeant Veril D. Parsons,** Charleston, West Virginia, gave the minority report of: "The competition is not well balanced, and, being in the Army, I think that both the people playing and the people watching could put their time as well as their money to a much better use until such time as all of us can share in the game." "Being a soldier," wrote **Sergeant James N. Tellander,** Fort Eustis, "I personally feel that men who are capable of playing big league sports are capable of being soldiers and should be in the Army."

Comment on Question VII generally fell into two sharply defined divisions. The majority expressed

Continued on page 222

TERRY

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere.

Wallets

The Finest in
LEATHERWARE

Give them for gifts and know, confidently, that the fortunate recipient has never, or ever will receive a more practical present or a finer demonstration of esteem; for Terry Wallets are made from selected leathers and formed by skilled craftsmen for persons who appreciate the finest in leatherware.

KAYE-MEYERS CO. New York City

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 157-221

the opinion that the Army sports program had virtually forced them into sports more than they'd ever been before, and that they believed that more sports promotion would benefit youngsters. The minority were of the belief that any semblance of compulsion to sports would remove the individualistic element that is one of the greatest assets of American sports.

Here's the testimony of **Private William N. Ryles,** Cambridge, Massachusetts:

> While in civilian life, I was in business. When I came into the Army my physical condition was fair. The training which I have received has built me up excellently. I have gained 26 pounds, *solid* pounds. Therefore I do want my children to have compulsory, organized athletic activity in schools after the war. It would do all America a wealth of good.

Sergeant David Skalka, New York, agreed that: "Everything possible should be done to encourage the participation of all in some form of exercise."

A very fine statement was made on this subject by **Private Al Rumack,** Brooklyn, who wrote:

> I believe that sports in general is the most decisive point in this war and in addition will be more decisive in the future of our country. To obtain the natural lust for competition is the most important factor in the life of an individual. It urges him to be better than the next man and also in being better to be fair to the next man. In sports you have the building up of young manhood physically, morally and mentally. By all means I believe in organizing an athletic program for one and all, both now and in the future.

Remembering that these voters already had passed physical examinations prior to basic training it is interesting to note that in Question VIII more than half of them admitted they were in no better than fair condition for their new work.

The testimony as to the effect of sports in putting the fit into better condition shows that sports in the pre-military programs saved the armed services much time required to condition a man for fighting.

The results in Question IX indicate that the soldiers intend to devote some effort to keeping in their present excellent physical condition, so far as the years permit such an achievement.

Corporal James F. Byene, Philadelphia, said he would take "exercise of all kinds, especially when I don't feel like exercising." **Private Robert J. Whan,** Detroit, said he intended to keep fit "by participating in sports such as tennis, horseback riding, golf, handball, etc." **Private Benjamin Hells,** New York, aimed to concentrate on bowling and dancing. **Private Paul L. Elieson,** Salt Lake City, was one of those favoring tennis. **Private Rombert M. Loughlin,** Seattle, said "skiing, hiking, swimming and gym work." Both **Sergeant Frank E. Shipley,** Hitchcock, Oklahoma, and **Corporal Walter L. Warner,** Las Vegas Army Air Field, wanted to have their own gyms in their basements at home.

Okay with us if you want to make something out of it; swing music pulls a vote of 33.80% in Question X and patriotic airs, 1.76%. From this vote it's plainly evident that music is Number One on the armed services' ear parade. Music's charms poll approximately ten per cent higher than general and sports news. Notwithstanding the obvious bias of a sports poll asking for rating of sports broadcasts, we didn't expect that the sports communiques would give general news such a close race.

Corporal Donald J. Ripley, Haverhill, Massachusetts, wrote:

> I think all the bands that are playing for the men in the service are doing a wonderful thing. If they only knew what relaxation it gives us when they bring back to us swell memories of back home. They also give us new tunes to sing on our *little* hikes. Bands like Harry James, Kay Kyser, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey and many others will always be popular with us. We can never thank them enough.

Corporal William J. Durow, Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, appropriately specified as his favorite tune: "Hitler's Funeral March." **Private George J. Gantner,** Milwaukee, liked patriotic numbers. **Private R. B. Duford, Jr.,** Hyde Park, Maryland, liked Bach. **Private Ralph R. Lindley,** New York, favored the Guy Lombardo type. **Corporal Clarence E. Murray,** Northampton, Massachusetts, named Fred Waring. **Sergeant W. F. Hutchins,** East Point, Georgia, liked grand opera. **Private James M. Sandell,** Houston, Texas, liked music of World War I. **Private Harold E. Rice,** Pocatello, Idaho, spoke for: "jazz—the kind Benny Goodman and Count Basie used to play." **Private Wesley Pharis,** Blackfoot, Idaho, couldn't by-pass cowboy songs. **Sergeant E. D. Myers,** Grand Rapids, took Bob Well's hill-billy songs. **Corporal D. K. Eberwine,** Miami, Florida, settled for just one tune: *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to.* **Private William J. Hoff,** Philadelphia, also favored "just one song: *I'll Pray for You.*" **Private Phil Green,** Fredericksburg, Virginia, said: "definitely not the tear-jerkers." #

THIS SUPERIORITY OF

PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

PROVED
far less irritating to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Every day, new thousands CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS

A thousand letters

WHICH BREAK OUR HEARTS

LETTERS!
—THE PILE IS GROWING—

—letters from Privates, Corporals, Colonels, Generals, Seamen and Admirals—from Wacs, Waves, Spars . . . from everybody . . . everywhere.

Their urgent pleas strike a universal note . . . they say in effect:

I know of only one portable radio that will do the work out here—they say, writing from Africa and Alaska . . . from Australia and the South Seas . . . from all over the globe—Only one . . . and that is your Zenith Transoceanic Short Wave Portable Clipper. My folks tell me they have tried everywhere to obtain one with no success. Can you help me?

. . . so these letters come to us.

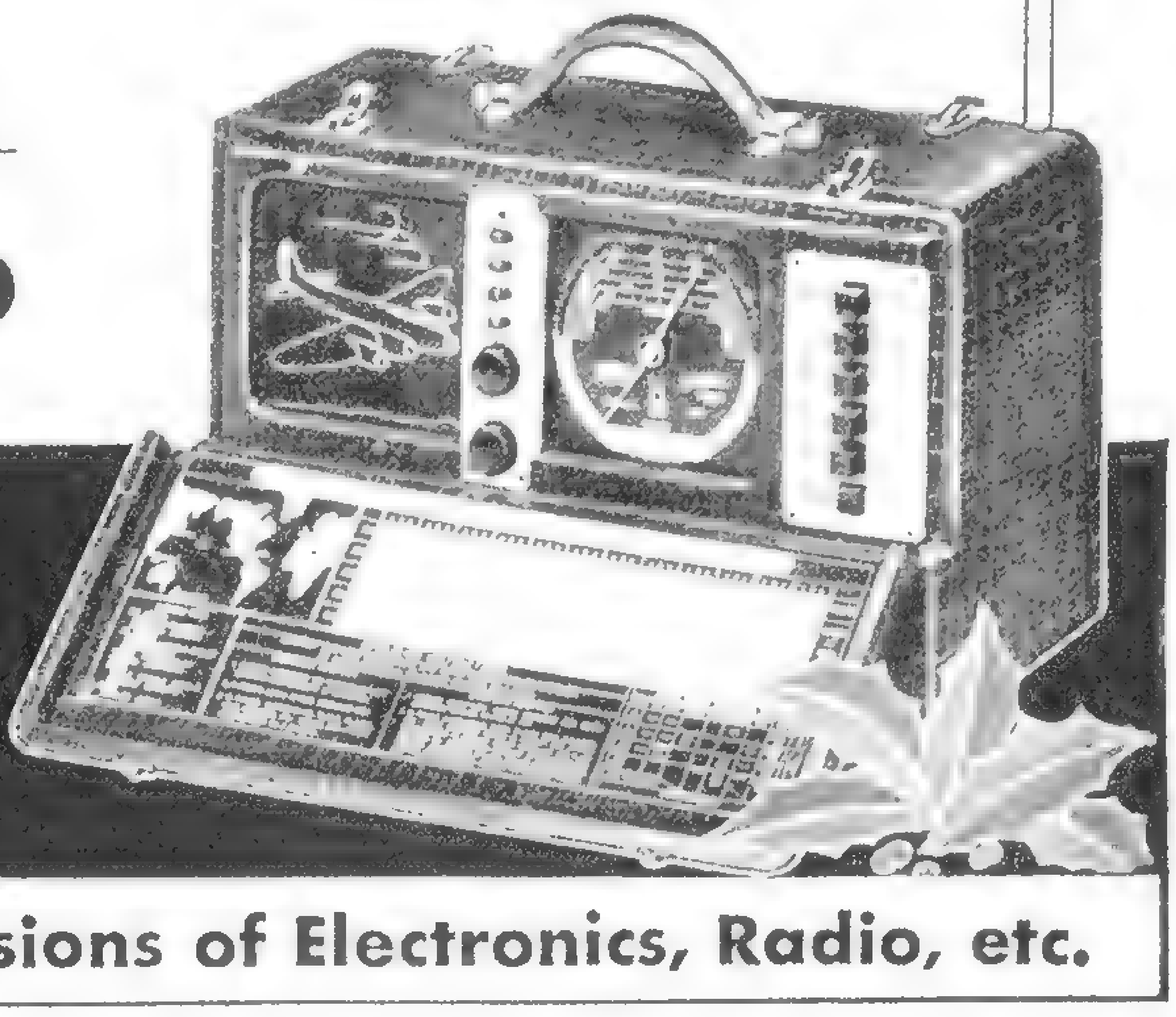
To each request must go the answer "No"—an unwilling "No"—and our regrets that this must be so. We were over 100,000 sets oversold on this one model when we ceased civilian production for 100% war work.

Nothing would please us better than to have a great plenty of these justly famous portables to ship to all who need them—especially at this Christmas season—when our thoughts turn to loved ones everywhere. For our Transoceanic Portable Clipper is a real friend to the men and women in the service. Those who managed to get them early feel themselves fortunate; they are the envy of their friends!

BUT THESE PORTABLES MUST WAIT. The entire Zenith organization is now engaged in giving all its efforts to the making of tremendous quantities of urgently needed radionics* materiel for the armed forces. These things must come first—even ahead of the tender link with home which a personal radio provides for the fighting man far from friends and family. Thus we help to speed the day of "absolute Victory"—help to bring closer the next real American Christmas . . . with "Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men" . . . when families shall be reunited—and when home life can once again resume the even tenor of its ways.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



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RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

***RADIONICS** —with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Royal Scots
(Captain)
Tangier, 1680—Blenheim—Waterloo
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HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"
Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's for excellence in Scotch Whisky.

SECURING a supply of Dewar's these days often calls for a new strategy. Several reconnaissances at your favorite Scotch Headquarters may be required. But your patience will be rewarded when you proudly serve the Scotch *that has been awarded 60 world honours!*

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12
years old
Also known as Ne Plus Ultra

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FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. *Six 9x12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 5, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, 1, N.Y., Dept. E*

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
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THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Schenley

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ©'43, Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.

Silhouette of the U. S. S. Terrier

Continued from page 73

ships. And since these men joined the Navy just after graduating from college, or even before, they realize that when the war's over all they will know is the sea.

Her doctor, who'd just finished his internship when he joined up, could make most of the *Terrier's* cruises without needing more medicine than a remedy for athlete's foot, some cathartic and a bottle of iodine. But he has performed one major operation in the ship's tiny sick bay, which is almost filled when the folding operating table is extended.

The *Terrier's* enlisted men are a cross-section of American twenty-year-olds. One of the signalmen, Oakley, though no more than twenty-one, is a veteran of the Murmansk run as well as of the struggle for existence in Brooklyn. He is positive that Iceland is the hell-hole of all creation. And frequently, when things are slack on the signal bridge, he has little conversations with signalmen elsewhere on the ship by using his hands as semaphores.

Burdette, one of the *Terrier's* machinist's mates (a machinist's mate operates the boilers and engines) is a passable boxer and the ship's champion fudge maker. He keeps a little electric stove in the boiler room for that purpose. One of her radio technicians acts as the ship's barber and on long trips has earned as much as a hundred and fifty dollars in addition to his regular pay.

A petty officer named Connor is worried because it does not seem to him that he is doing anything really serious toward winning the war. "Think of those fellows in New Guinea," he says gloomily.

The *Terrier's* chief cook, is the ship's movie operator. Because the ship is small, the movies are run several times so that all the men may see the show.

Mr. Slocum, the assistant engineering officer, is charged with the duty of being the ship's movie officer. The movie officer gets these pictures by trading in the ship's already exhibited supply at the Navy movie exchange at the end of a trip. Each film that he trades in has to be graded according to its merit. In this grading Mr. Slocum is more than charitable because he knows he cannot trade low-grade films for high-grade. And since every movie officer has the same promptings, a certain inflationary tendency manifests itself in the grading.

When the white curtain and the movie machine have been installed in the wardroom, when the first reel has been run and the lights turned on so the operator can see how to put in the next, disapproving glances, maybe even a few held noses, are frequently turned in Mr. Slocum's direction. He can only turn his hands palm upward and say, "Fellows, it was graded so high that I naturally thought it would be good."

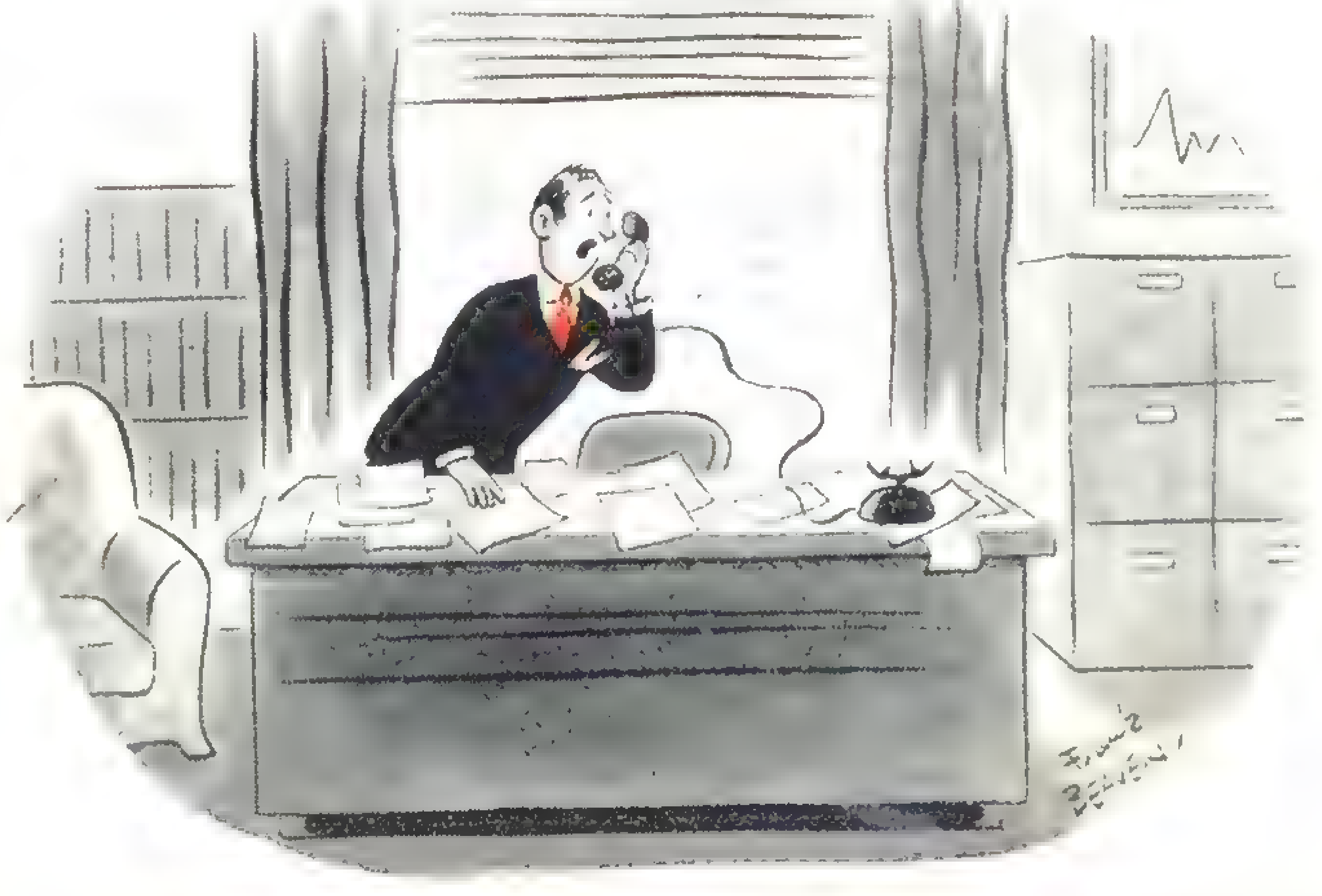
The only person aboard who does not attend the movies is the commodore in command of the squadron of destroyers. He lives and eats alone in a cabin directly above the captain's and spends his evenings on the bridge.

The *Terrier's* bridge includes both the pilot house and the "flying bridge" which runs around it. On the flying bridge the officer of the deck, who is in charge of the ship whenever the captain is not on the bridge, stands his watch. Inside the pilot house, just above and abaft the ship's rubber-ringed, spokeless, aluminum wheel, is the loud speaker and the phone which operates the inter-convoy radio circuit, a short-range system which cannot be picked up and plotted at any appreciable distance by enemy radio direction finders.

Over this circuit all the skippers in the convoy sit in on a conference each evening after dinner. If subs have been spotted, radical course changes or changes in convoy speeds may be ordered.

This inter-ship voice radio is used whenever a sub attack is made. Through it the admiral directs the whole offensive and defensive action. Let us suppose that the *Terrier's* sound detection equipment makes a contact. Cap-

Continued at top of page 226



"I'll have to call off the lunch, Ned—some relative just left me a couple million dollars and things are in a hell of a mess!"

Spruce!
Shaving Soap
Spruce!
Lotion
Spruce!
Shaving Soap
Spruce!
Saddle Club
Old Fashioned Lavender by Wrisley
Wrisley

Give a suave compliment to his smooth shaven self assurance a Wrisley gift to make a morning rite a ritual!

spruce

wonderful whistling-clean fragrance that comes from a man's world of wind and Northern pine — a really fine fragrance for a man.

Wrisley

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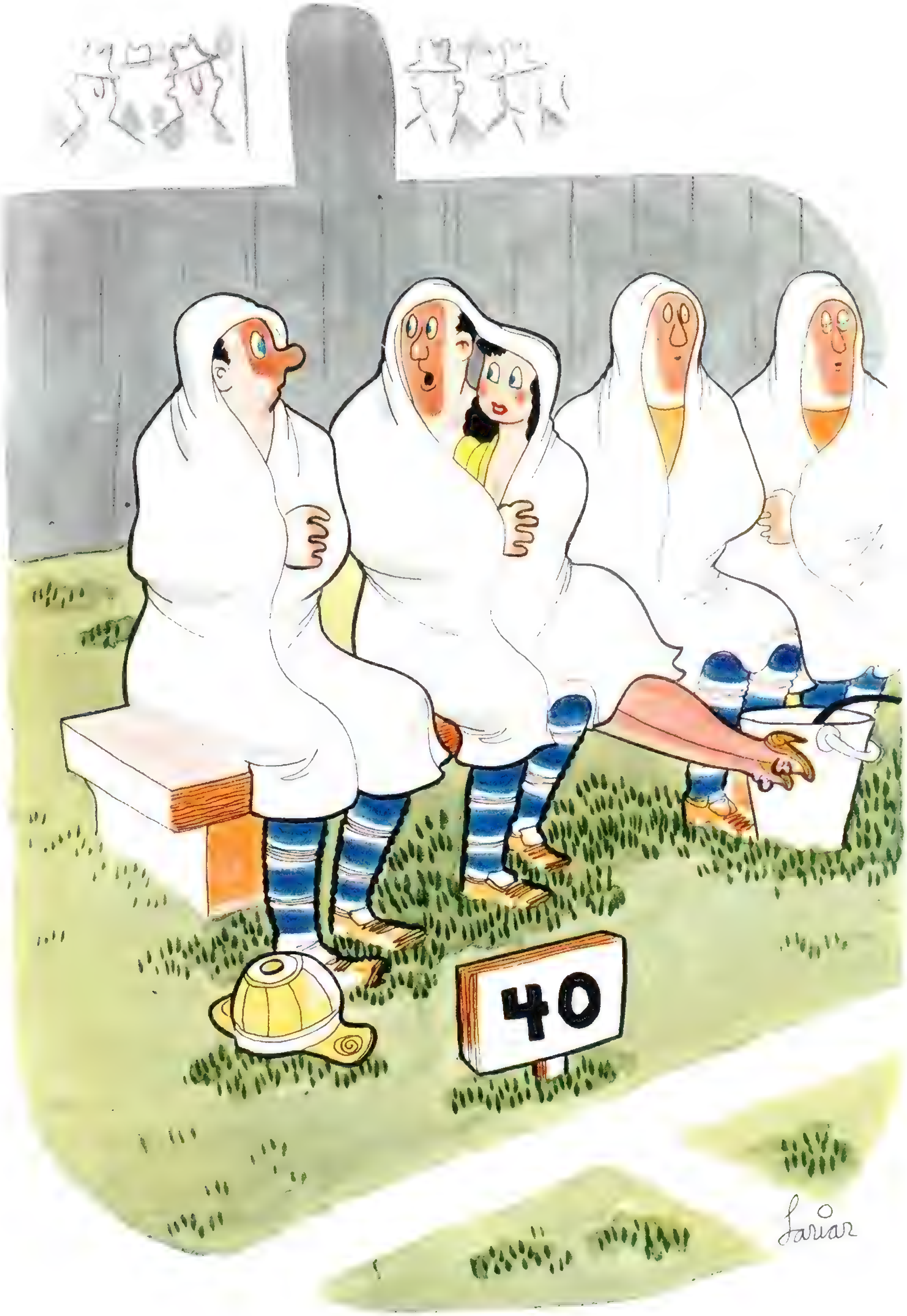
saddle club

old fashioned lavender



"She was too cold in the stands!"

THANK YOU, DARLING

What an ovation — and all I did was pick his favorite colors in soft, powdery tones . . . and I knew the fabric was wrinkle-resistant and would knot easily. He thinks I'm an expert . . . but it's so simple. Giving is the fine art of choosing what he's always liked — Sugar and Spice by Superba.

SUGAR and SPICE $1

"EVERYTHING THAT'S NICE IN A TIE"

SUPERBA CRAVATS
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anniv
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
A BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPE UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, A HALF CENTURY
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KINSEY
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86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

LET THIS TIP FROM 1892 *be your guide to enjoyment*

FIRST HUNTSMAN: Well here's one shot I enjoy taking—it's Kinsey.

SECOND HUNTSMAN: Best shot of the day. I say that even if Dick here does have a "dead eye" at one hundred yards.

THIRD HUNTSMAN: Speaking of good shooting that's something we all can learn. Good hunting, you know, means real help to the government in overcoming the meat shortage. We can't afford to miss our shots.

NOW—THE GAY 90'S SPEAK UP:

MR. GAY 90'S: *One thing you can count on, Kinsey never misses. It was that way in my day and it's that way now. The man responsible for Kinsey's better taste, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller, is still supervising the blending. So depend upon getting the same quality that made this whiskey famous in the gay 90's.*

Take a tip from the past—

"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR"

An Evening on the House

Continued from page 63

squad of cops trailing along, theoretically to protect them. Julius, who was on watch as usual at his front gate, let them enter unmolested, but they had hardly snooped their first snoop before his whole company of goons, male and female, fell upon them, and in two minutes they were in full retreat, with the cops following after to clout them as they ran. The next day he swore out a warrant for their leader, charging him with lifting a diamond sunburst worth 18,000 dollars from one of the chorus girls, and under cover of the ensuing uproar their counter-charges were forgotten. Julius had a dozen witnesses willing to swear that they had seen the reformer throttle the girl with one hand and grab the sunburst with the other, and another dozen schooled to testify that they had recovered it only by *force majeure* and in the face of wild slashings with a razor by the accused. The sunburst itself was brought into court, along with five cut-rate jewelers hired to certify to its value, and for a while things looked dark for the poor reformer, for he was a Sunday-school superintendent, and Maryland juries, in those days, always said "Guilty" to Sunday-school superintendents; but his lawyer filed a demurrer on some obscure ground or other.

Rather curiously, there was seldom any serious disorder at Sunset Park—that is, within Julius's definition of the term. Now and then, to be sure, a sailor ran amuck and attempted to stage an imitation of some massacre he had seen in Shanghai or Port Said, but he seldom got beyond teeing off, for all of Julius's waiters, as I have said, were armed with billies, and his head bartender, Jack Jamieson, was a retired heavyweight, and worth a thousand men. Even the comedians in his show lent a hand when necessary, and so did the four musicians who constituted the orchestra—the

Continued on page 234

WHERE SOCKS APPEAR ON THE CHRISTMAS LIST
GET....

"Color accurate plaids
ARGYLES
by Holeproof"

Glorious color combinations in men's socks—plaids that would win a Scotsman's heart. They're true reproductions of the exact shades, designs, and color blendings that in Scotland have remained unchanged for centuries.

Ask for Argyles and give the authentic plaids. You'll find them and a generous selection of styles and colors, including stripes, clocks, English Ribs, lightweight or heavyweight, at any Holeproof counter.

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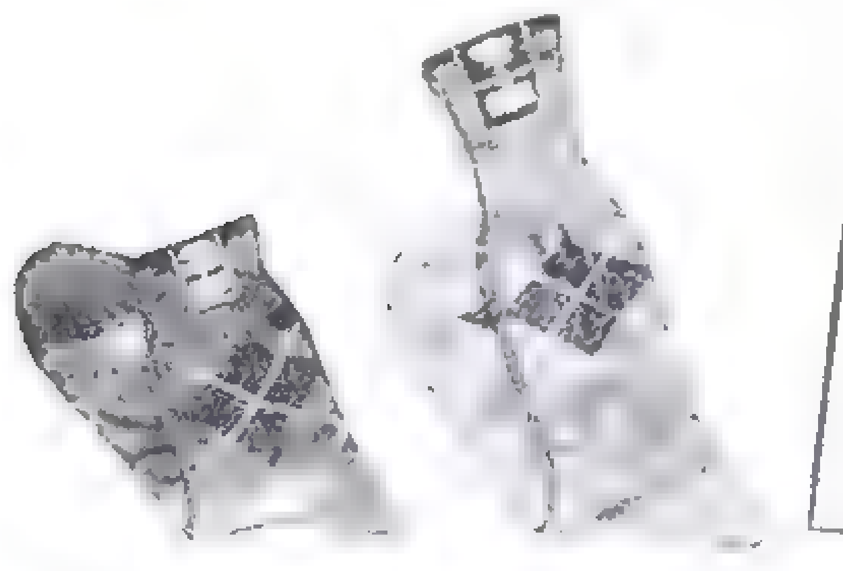
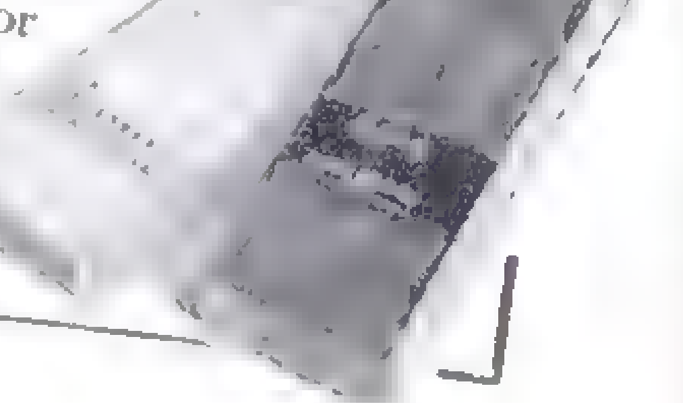


BUY WAR BONDS

FOR SERVICE MEN...
Ready-to-Mail gift package of 6 pairs Service Socks. Approved colors for Army, Navy or Marines—regular or short lengths—the box complete $2.75



TESTED HOLEPROOF SOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
KNITTING 71 YEARS

PACER (the sock with garter attached) will be back

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shoe lesson from a
waiting bench
It's FLAT where you aren't

Rounded humanity tires quickly on Flat Seats

Next time you're "benched" at a station or reception room . . . and that flat seat grows more uncomfortable every minute, think of your rounded heels and arches. They've been sitting on flat seats for *years*. Compare the "support-seat" of your shoes with the Cradle Heel Tred illustration below and you'll see why thousands are changing to this new kind of shoe. Its molded leather seat holds the foot like a footprint in sand . . . lets the natural cushioning function . . . it can't go flat. This new principle of self-cushioned support is the first to utilize nature's pattern for broader distribution of weight over the full contours of the tread-support area. The comfort difference is amazing!

Only Bootmaker Guild Shoes have Cradle Heel Tred. They're handsomely styled, richly leathered and built to be the finest shoe buy you've ever made. For your dealer's name, write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wis.

New CRADLE HEEL TRED

If your dealer's wartime quota restricts additional purchases of Bootmaker Guilds right now, remember them for '44

Most styles $11.50

Bootmaker Guild Shoes
CRADLE HEEL TRED
by FREEMAN

Also Manufacturers of
FREEMAN MASTER-FITTERS [illegible] • FREEMAN FINE SHOES [illegible] • FOR MOST STYLES

"I forgot"-

-WON'T WIN THE WAR!

BUT HERE'S A MEMORY SYSTEM

This is a ROBINSON REMINDER
Jot it down-
Do it-
Tear it out-
Live notes only!
Obtainable at your dealers

-THAT NEVER FORGETS

It's not easy to keep a sure-fire MEMORY in these days of EXTRA speed and EXTRA effort. That's why ROBINSON REMINDERS are standard at Douglass Aircraft where men and women can't be forgetful.

ROBINSON REMINDER is the original perforated coupon book . . you jot each note on a separate coupon . . . when attended to, you tear it out . . . keep live notes only. Plenty of pockets Fine leathers. At stationery, department and leather goods stores. From $1.00 to $10.00.

Fillers are standard and available everywhere.

FREE - Write for FREE catalog, sample and dealers' names.

ROBINSON REMINDERS

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ROBINSON PEN-&-INK

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[illegible] FOR LADIES

[illegible]

ROBINSON BILLMINDER

[illegible]

MAKERS ALSO OF THE ROBINSON REMINDERS

An Evening on the House

Continued from pages 63-233

leader, Professor Kleinschmidt, who doubled in piano and violin and fed the comedians; the cornet player, George Mullally; the trombonist, Billy Wilson; and the drummer, Bing-Bing Thompson, himself a reformed sailor. Julius himself never entered these hurly-burlies, but stood on the sidelines to boss his lieges. Even when a customer insulted one of the lady help, say by pasting her in the nose or biting off an ear, the head of the establishment restrained his natural indignation, and let the *lex situs* prevailing at Sunset Park takes its course. Only once, indeed, did I ever hear of him forgetting himself, and on that occasion I happened to be present as his guest, for he was always very polite to newspaper reporters, as he was to detectives, precinct leaders, coroners and other such civic functionaries.

It was the opening night of his 1901 season, and I made the uncomfortable trolley trip to the park in the company of Leopold Bortsch, *Totsäufer* of the Scharnhorst Brewery, who had to attend *ex officio*, for Julius had Scharnhorst beer on tap. Unfortunately, there had been complaints about it of late, as there had been in Baltimore proper, for it was then, and had been for years, the worst malt liquor ever seen in the town. Leopold himself, who had to drink it day in and day out on his tours of customers' saloons, and at the innumerable funerals, weddings, wedding anniversaries, christenings and confirmations that went on in their families, was constrained to admit, in candid moments, that it was certainly doing his kidneys no good. But when a Class A customer had an opening, he had to get it down willy-nilly, and at the same time he had to foment its consumption by all the assembled bibuli. For the first night of Sunset Park, which in a normal week consumed two hundred half barrels, he was expected to stage a really royal show, and to that end the brewery allowed him 100 dollars to spend over the bar. He did not know, as he marched up radiating his best promotional manner, that there was trouble ahead. Specifically, he did not know that Julius, succumbing at last to the endless complaints about Scharnhorst beer (which had by now become so bad that even the Scotch engineers from British ships sometimes gagged at it), had resolved to give a look-in to seven other Baltimore breweries. Nor did he know that all of their seven brews were already on tap at the bar, and that he would find the *Totsäufer* of each and every one lined up before it, to fight him to the death.

It was a shock, indeed, but Leopold was not one to be easily flabbergasted, and his reply was characteristically prompt and bold. The immemorial custom was

Continued on page 236

"Gentle as a Lamb"

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

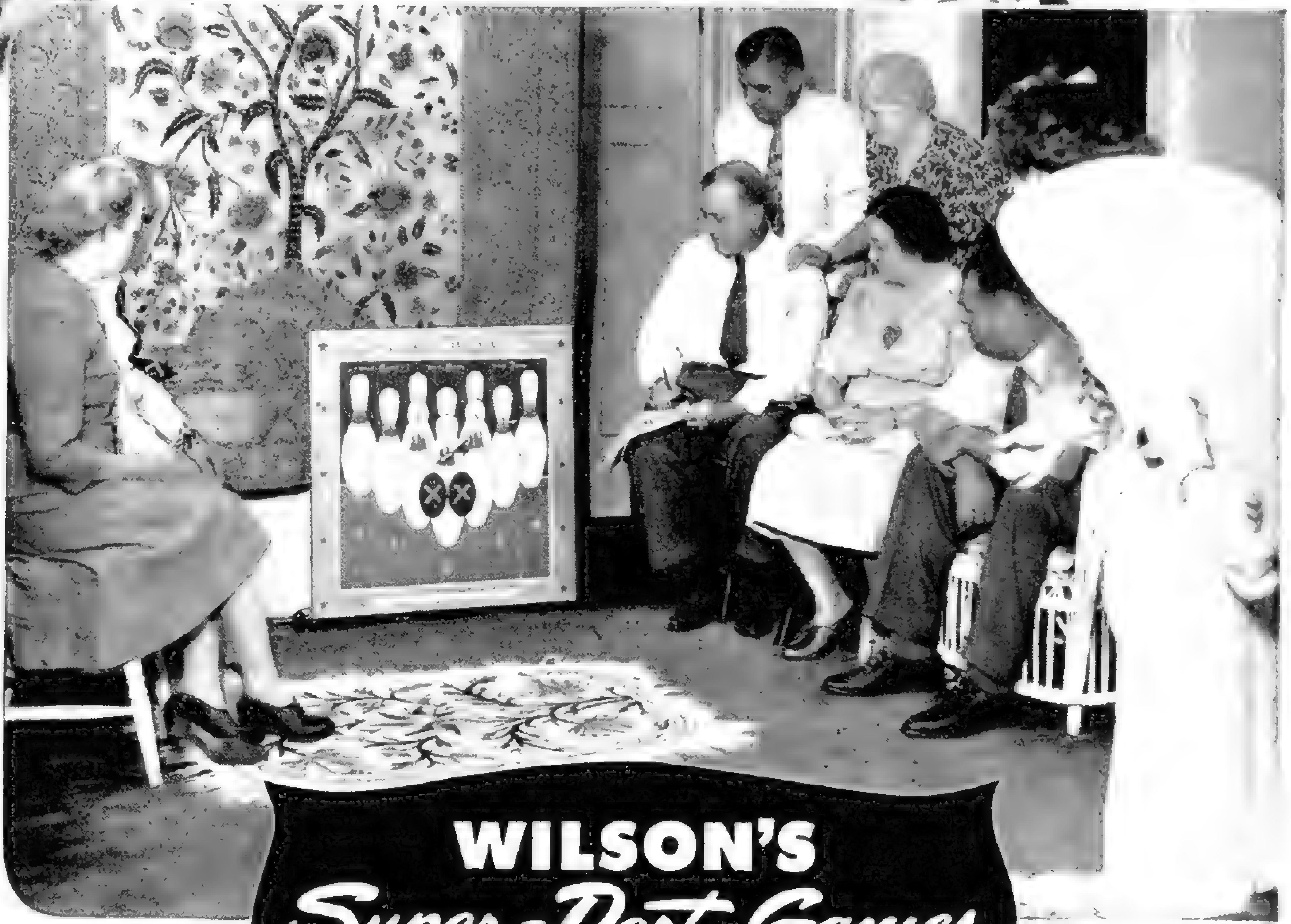
A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1845
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.

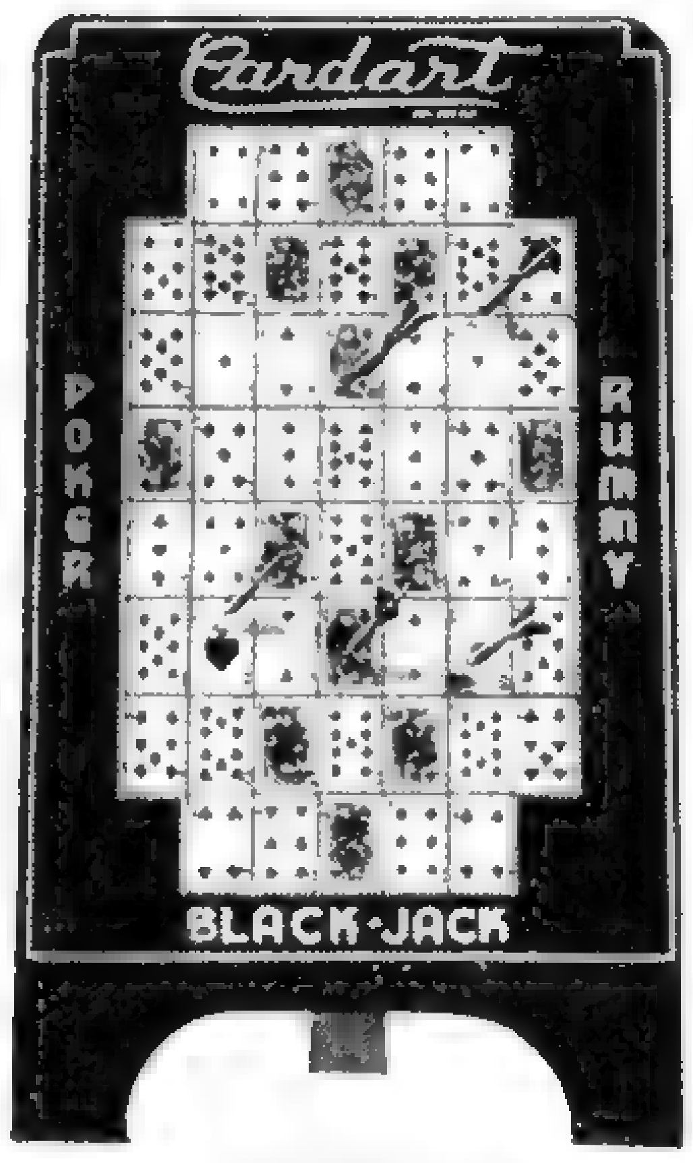
Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation • N. Y.

Listen, Mr. Jittry!!

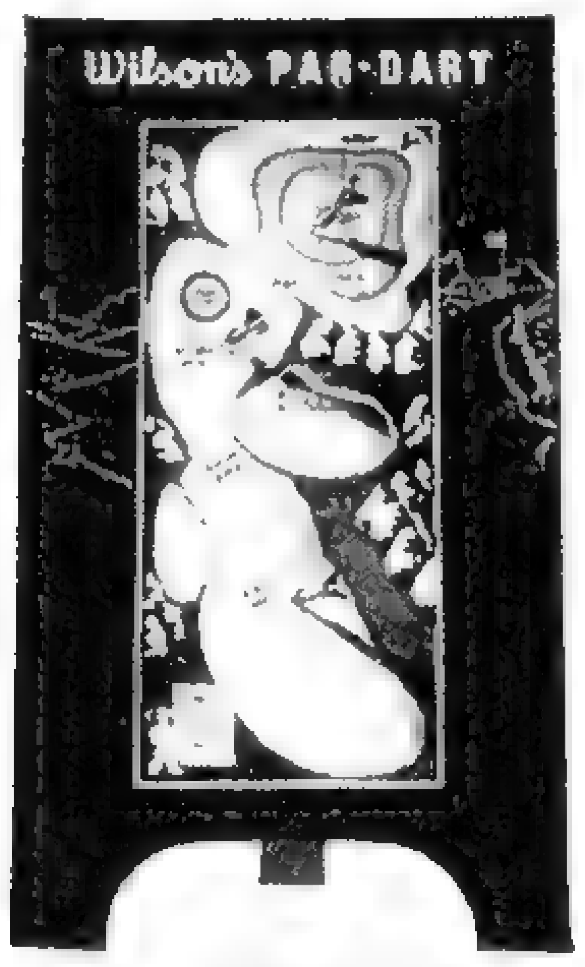
What you need is a few evenings a week of Dart-Bowling, Par-Darting, Cardarting—with congenial personalities.

Look at me! Am I nerve-bitten?





CARDART
Darts, Black Jack and Poker combined. All card players go for it. Size 24 x 40". Complete equipment.



PAR-DART
Darts and Golf combined. Appeals to golfers. Size 24 x 40". Fully equipped.

DART-BOWL
Board 30" square.

WILSON'S
Super-Dart Games
TENSION-RELIEVERS FOR WARTIME AMERICA!

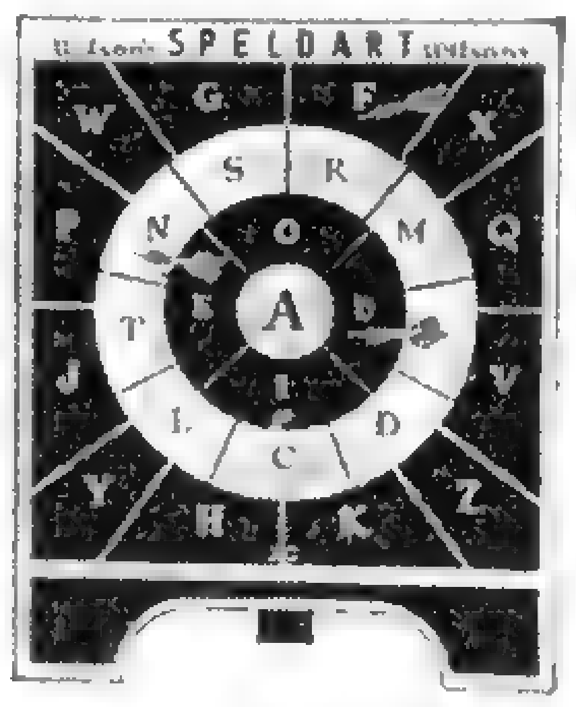
DARTS
thrown underhand —just like bowling.

A SUPER-DART GAME IN EVERY HOME

"Nerves" are nasty things. And wartime restrictions and worries help to make them raw. But, shucks! You don't need a doctor. Just get a Wilson Super-Dart Game. Set it up in the Recreation Room or Living Room. Get the habit of playing with friends or the family. Here's good sport, relaxation, competitive excitement and mild exercise that will soothe your worries and set you up for a good night's sleep.

Dart-Bowl is bowling with darts. Par-Dart is *golf* with darts. Cardart is poker and black jack played with darts. And there are many others.

Wilson Super-Dart Games are the home entertainment "hit" of this war. Get yours now for the long winter nights ahead. It may save you some sleepless nights and help keep you *in tune* for your job. Entertainment for the whole family. Featured by sporting goods, hardware and department stores everywhere. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.



SPELDART
Combines darts and a clever spelling game. Size 24 x 30". Fully equipped.

Wilson
SUPER-DART GAMES
LAST CALL FOR THOSE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

• BY THE MAKERS OF WILSON SPORTS EQUIPMENT •

The Ship is different today

English Steam Packet of the early 19th century

BUT this Passenger is still the same!

Still as distinctively mellow and smooth as the day it first came over from Scotland...that's Johnnie Walker.

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
Still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD — *Both 86.8 Proof* — BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

An Evening On the House

Continued from pages 63-233-234

for a *Totsäufer* to begin proceedings, on such an occasion, by slapping down a five-dollar bill and inviting all comers to have a beer. Leopold slapped down a *ten*-spot. The seven other *Totsäufer*, thus challenged, had to respond in kind, and they did so with panicky dispatch, each, of course, calling for his own beer. Jack Jamieson, for the opening night, had put in two extra bartenders, which, with his regular aides and himself, made five in all, but how could five men, within the space of five minutes, draw 1,600 five-cent glasses of beer? It seemed beyond human power, but I saw them do it, and while they were still shoving over the last couple of hundred—by now at least 80 per cent foam—Leopold threw down *two* ten-spots, and commanded a double ration of Scharnhorst for all hands. What would the other *Totsäufer* do now? What they would do was instantly apparent. Six of the seven saw him with crisp *twenties*, and simultaneously bellowed orders for wholesale rounds of their own beers. The seventh, Hugo Blauvogel of the Peerless Brewery, raised by peeling off *three* tens.

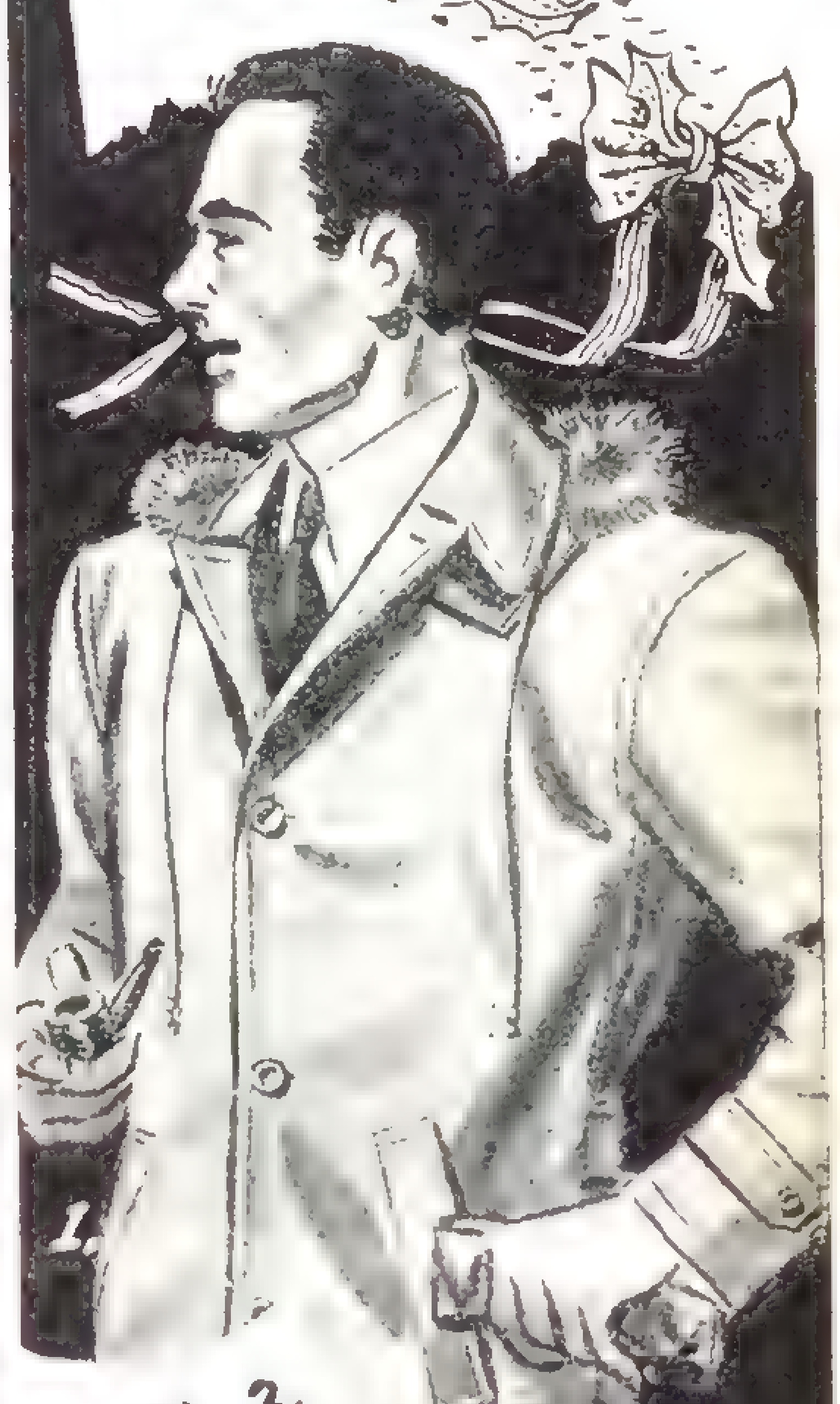
The situation, as the war correspondents say, now began to develop rapidly. Jack Jamieson relieved it somewhat by palming one of the twenties and one of the tens, and his chief assistant helped a little more by collaring another of the tens, but there remained the sum of 130 dollars for the cash-register, and a simple calculation will show that it called for 2,600 beers. Half of them had been drawn—God knows how!—before Jack thought of raising the price to ten cents, but by that time the bar was packed as tightly as a bus-load of war workers, and great gangs of reinforcements were swarming in from all parts of the park. When the news reached the hoochie-koochie show, where a hundred or more sailors from the Battleship (*censored*), then on a good-will tour of the Atlantic ports, were spoofing the performers, they arose as one man, and began a lumbering sprint for the bar. Passing the show-shed on their way, they gave the word to its patrons, and in ten seconds the girls and comedians were mauling and jawing one another to empty tables. Not a waiter was left on the floor, and in half a minute more not a girl or comedian was left on the stage, or a musician in the orchestra pit. By the time these artists arrived at the bar the crowd in front of it was twenty men deep, and all semblance of decorum had vanished. The boozers close up were so dreadfully squeezed and shoved that they could hardly get down the beers in front of them, and the later-comers on the outskirts fought in despair for better places. The sailors from the battleship,

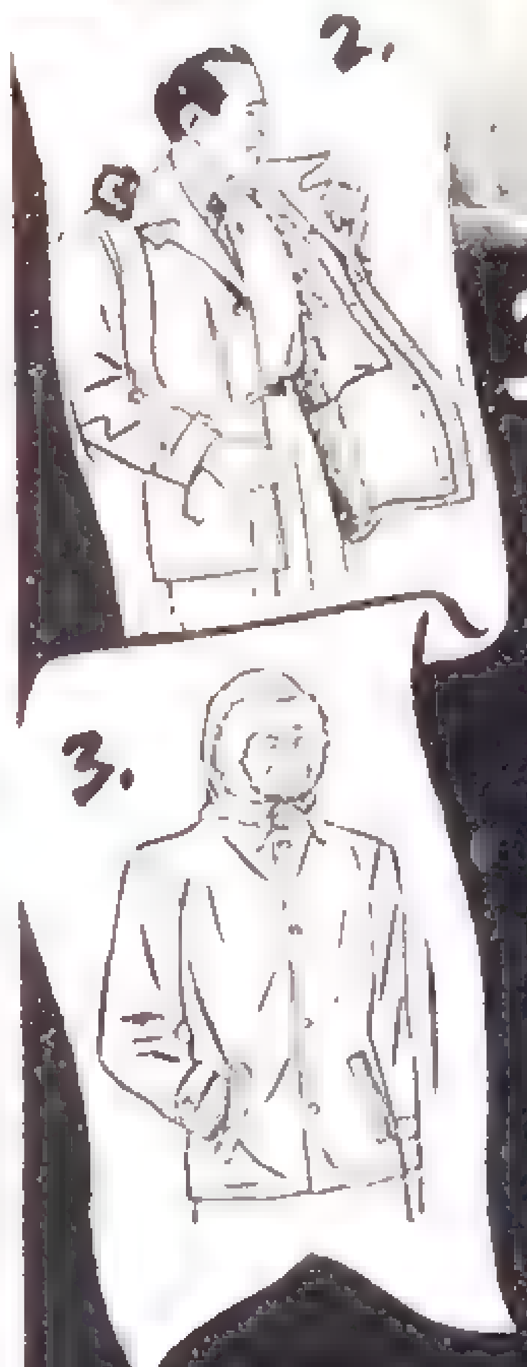
Continued on page 238

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART . . .
THE POPLIN COAT THAT HE HAS ADMIRED MOST!

the Chnook

Ideal for Christmas giving.





3 coats in one!

1. Wear it as an all-weather, single-breasted mackinaw for work or play.
2. Wear it with "buttoned-in" detachable lining of genuine wool sheepskin for colder weather.
3. Wear it with detachable fur-trimmed hood for extreme weather.

THE CHNOOK made of Zelan-treated poplin, in putty, tan, or tan-bark shade.

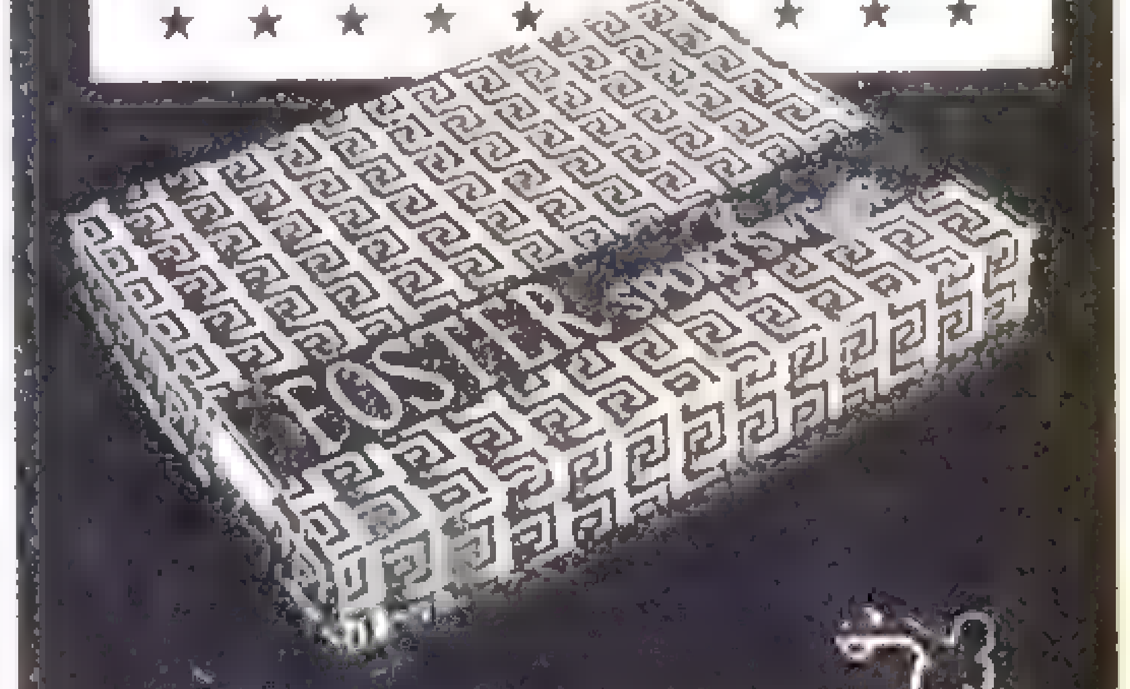
Boy's, approximately $23.95

Men's, approximately $24.95

THUS WE SERVE

86.5% of Foster Production goes to our Armed Forces. However, we shall make every possible endeavor to take care of the civilian demand. Foster jackets are in front line action throughout the world in all hot and extreme cold climates

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



FOSTER BROS.
Sportswear Co.
PHILADELPHIA · NEW YORK

win a hearty "Thank You" *with a* GIFT *by* DANCO

A high compliment to the smoker's good taste — more keenly enjoyed, longer remembered. Every item richly boxed. Available at leading tobacconists across the nation.

DANCO mark of quality

DANCO HOLLOW BOWL

LOOKS LIKE A MEERSCHAUM
COLORS FASTER THAN
A MEERSCHAUM

$1.50 A low price made possible by the large sales of this fine pipe.

Danco Hollow-Bowl has the exclusive Danco double bowl construction. Always gives a cool, dry smoke. Colors to the same rich hue as a Meerschaum.

DANCO ADAMS $2.50
A thick-walled bowl, expertly and distinctively carved.

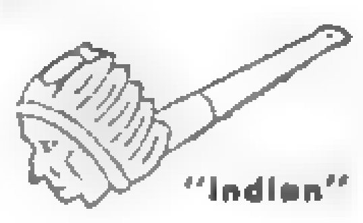
DANCO MIDWAY $1.50
Virgin briar. Small, stubby sport model—fitted with saddlebit.

DANCO EXECUTIVE $1.50
Well-figured briar in Golden Walnut finish—highly polished.

DANCO DELUXE CARVED HEADS $3.50
Carving in fine detail by master craftsmen. "Arab" model shown above.

"Skull"

"Devil"



"Indian"

"Bull Dog"

DANCO CALABASH

$5.95

African gourd, highly polished, with topbowl of Danco Hollow-Bowl construction. Both gourd and bowl color quickly. Gives a smoke cool as a breeze. A luxurious gift.

DANCO TOBACCO

An extra mild, fragrant pipe mixture. One of the finest blends of all imported leaf . . . from Greece, Syria, and Turkey.

Price of the four-ounce tin $1.00

Eight-ounce tin — a gift to delight any pipe smoker $1.80

DANCO
100% IMPORTED TOBACCO
EXTRA MILD

DANCO ROLLER POUCH

A rich gift charged with a load of Christmas Cheer

Beautifully textured tan saddle leather. Soft as a fine glove. Oilskin lined. Handsomely boxed.

$2.50

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chichi
the perfume that whispers "love me"
...witchery in fragrance...to quicken
the pulse and lift the heart
Renoir
PARFUMS, LTD., NEW YORK

BUY WAR BONDS • BUY WAR BONDS • BUY WAR BONDS

An Evening on the House

Continued from pages 63-233-234-236

forgetting chivalry, tried to climb in over the heads of the ladies of the ensemble, and the comedians, musicians and special policemen slugged it out with the waiters. Only the eight *Totsäufer* kept their heads. They went on throwing money into the whirlpool of suds that covered the bar.

Up to this time Julius himself had been at his usual post at the park gate, searching the faces of inpouring fair ones for vestiges of innocence. But he had ears as well as eyes, and though it was a good city block from where he stood to the bar, he eventually picked up the roar that was mounting there, and made off to investigate. The crowd, by now, bulged outside the entrance like a swarm of flies around the bung of a molasses barrel, and hundreds of newcomers were arriving at a gallop and trying to horn and worm their way into it. Julius accordingly ducked to the rear, and entered behind the bar. He was just in time to hear Leopold Bortsch give the signal for the final catastrophe. It consisted of the one word "Wine!" uttered in a kind of scream. "Wine! Wine! Wine!" echoed the massed and macerated boozers. "He's opening wine! He's setting up wine! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

There were, in fact, but five bottles of wine in the whole of Sunset Park, and they had been lying in Jack's cooler for three or four years, awaiting the remote chance that John W. Gates, Stanford White or Charlie Schwab might drop around some evening. The first two were duds, but the remaining three popped with magnificent effect, and as the so-called champagne seethed out of them, the last restraints of civilized society blew off, and the whole company yielded to its *libido boozalis*. In half a minute not a single sailor from the battleship was on the floor: they were all climbing over the merchant mariners and other civilians, and in dozens of cases a sailor thus climbing had another sailor climbing over *him*. Julius, with his long experience as cop and *Wirt*, saw a riot was in the making. "No more!" he roared. "Not another goddam drink! The bar is closed!"

Alas, it was a bad idea, and even if it had been a good one it would have come too late to work. As well challenge Behemoth with a spit-blower or Vesuvius with a squirt. Jack and his colleagues, in obedience to the boss's command, downed their tools instantly, but there were plenty of sailors present, both of the Navy and the Merchant Marine, who knew very well which end of a bottle had the cork, and they were over the bar in no time at all. Nor were they bound and hobbled, once they got into action, by the stiff, professional technique of Jack

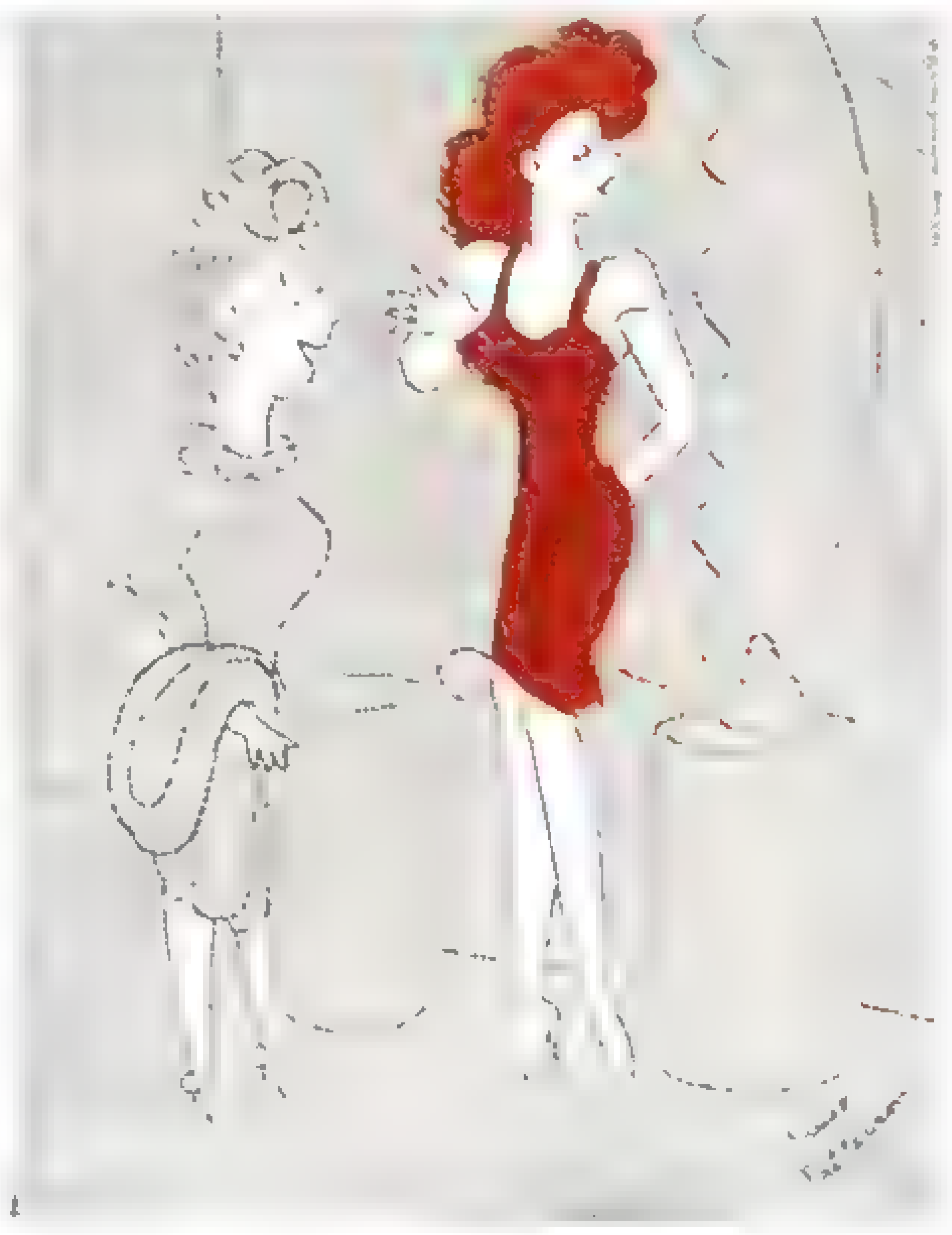
Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

It's time to shop for Christmas socks
For sweetheart, dads and brothers...
And here's a tip...select the brand
They like above all others.
They're called "America's Finer Socks"
Westminster, in stripes, ribs or clocks.

They're mighty smart with uniforms,
With worsteds, serge and tweeds,
Longer wearing, snug in fit
And *warm* for winter needs.
A gift that always makes men boast
So buy them by the box
At better stores from coast-to-coast...
And give "Westminster Socks."

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

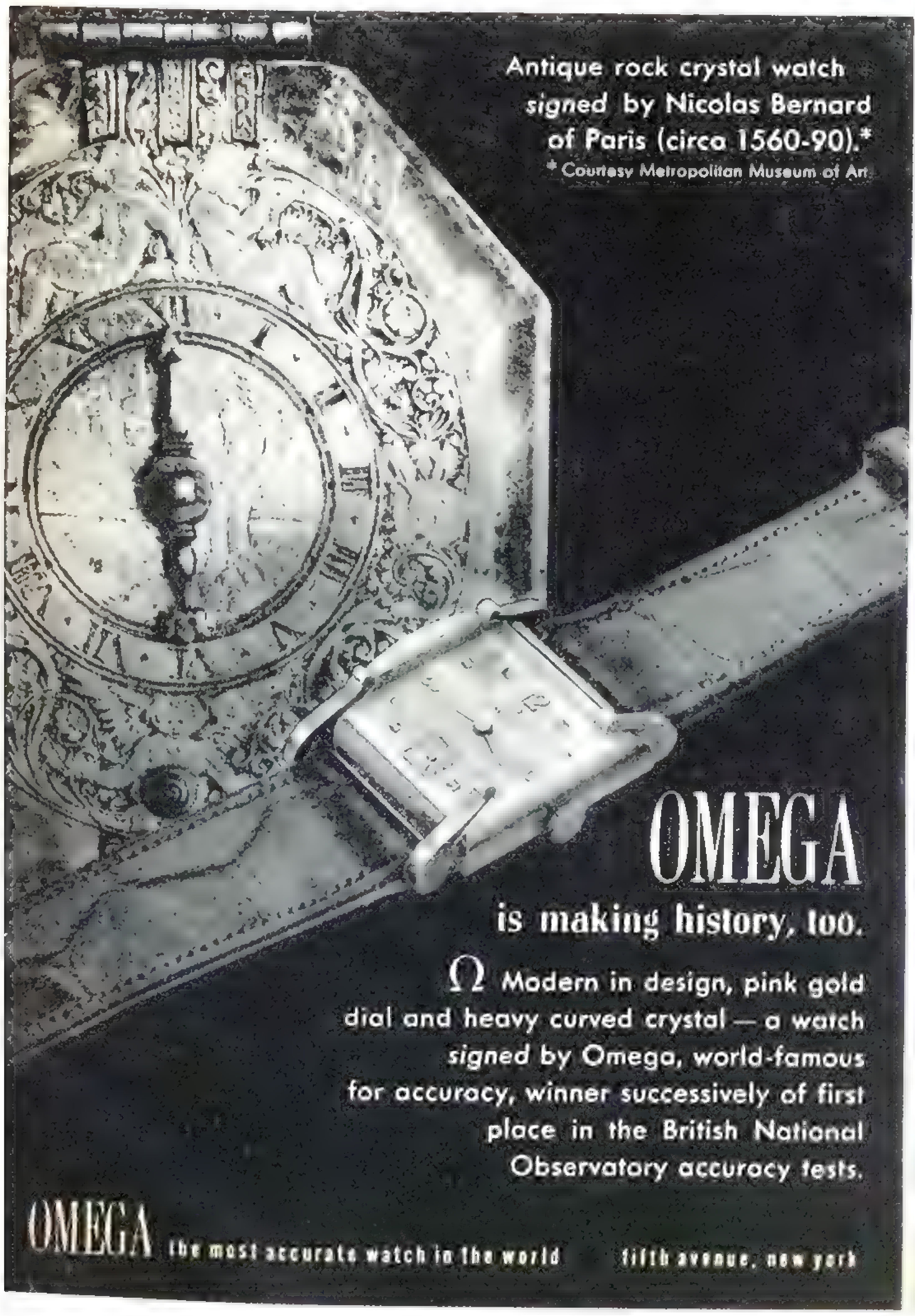
and company. When an outcry for gin came from the far reaches of the crowd they sent a whole bottle of it sailing through the air, and then another. Nor did they hesitate to use bottles on Julius's own head when he plunged into the thick of them, and essayed to lay them out. Of the details of this phase I can give you only hearsay, for I had been working my way out since the beginning of the action, and had by now taken a rather unfavorable post of observation some distance away, behind a large oak tree. But I went to the trouble during the weeks and months following to run down the full story, and these were its principal elements:


"Do you want to get a new man or hold the one you got?"

1. The rioters emptied not only every container of lawful goods in the park, from beer kegs to sprinklers of Angostura bitters; they also got down a barrel of cologne spirits that Julius used to sophisticate his five-cent whiskey, the contents of forty seltzer siphons, and a bottle of Mickey Finns.

2. Julius's first act, on recovering his faculties, was to get a revolver from his office and go gunning for the eight *Totsäufer*. All had disappeared save Hugo Blauvogel. At him Julius fired six times, missing him every time. The next day he served notice on the Baltimore breweries that any *Totsäufer* sent to the place thereafter would be shot like a dog.

3. The sailors from the Battleship (*censored*), returning aboard at dawn, took with them five of the ladies of the Sunset Park ensemble and both comedians. The officer of the deck refused admission to the ladies, but apparently swore in the comedians as mess attendants, yeomen, chaplain's mates or something of the sort, for a couple of weeks later the men of the whole North Atlantic Fleet staged a show at the Guantanamo base that is still remembered in the Navy as the damndest ever seen. Its stars were two comics of unprecedented virtuosity. From the first glimpse of their red noses to the last reverberation of their slapsticks, they had the assemblage rolling in the aisles. ⌗


Antique rock crystal watch signed by Nicolas Bernard of Paris (circa 1560-90).*
* Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Ar

OMEGA
is making history, too.

Ω Modern in design, pink gold dial and heavy curved crystal — a watch signed by Omega, world-famous for accuracy, winner successively of first place in the British National Observatory accuracy tests.

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SUPERFIN
CRÊME DE CACAO CHUAO
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PROOF 60
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UNDER SUPERVISION OF NUYENS & CIE, BORDEAUX FRANCE
DISTRIBUTED CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INCORPORATED NEW YORK, N.Y.
Join me for dinner tonight,
Cordially yours
Nuyens

You cannot hasten the making of a Nuyens Liqueur. But the resulting perfection in flavor, body and aroma is worth waiting for.

These superbly delicious liqueurs were once prepared in France to formulae developed by four generations of the Nuyens family. Today, those formulae, some of them 140 years old, are painstakingly followed here in America.

Because of wartime restrictions, you may not always be able to find your favorite Nuyens Liqueur at your merchant's. So please be patient with us.

NUYENS Liqueurs

Creme de Menthe 60 proof
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Style King
Reg. Trade Mark
Par Excellence

S. Buchsbaum & Co. invites you to see these distinctive new belts at leading dealers everywhere!

The "Santa Anita"—Top grain California luggage steerhide, extra heavy but supple. Western embossed hand-tooled design. ¾″ width. In Golden Tan. $1

The "Berkshire"—Genuine pigskin lined on cowhide leather. Completely stitched. ⅞″ width. Matching leather tongue buckle. In Brown only....$1.50

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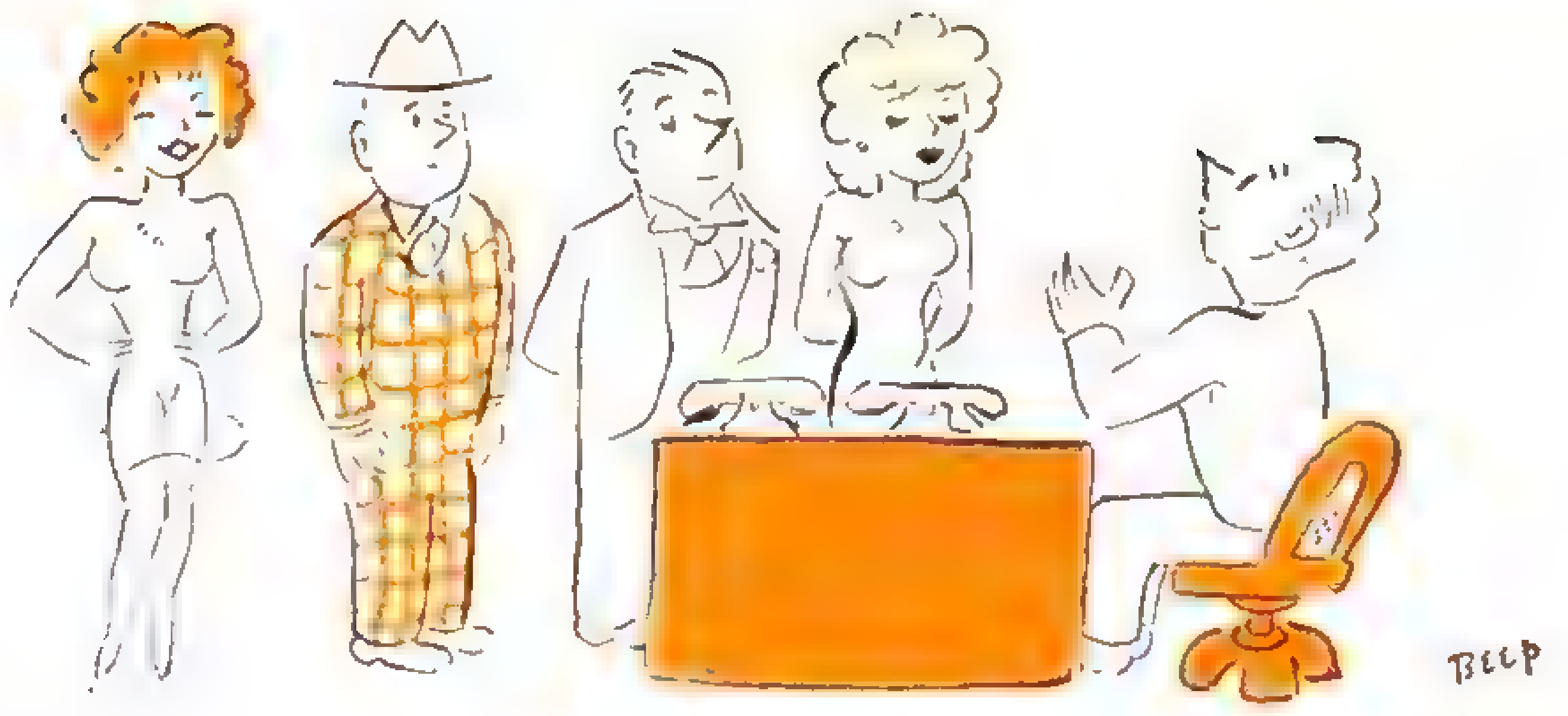


Post-War Employment Agency

"Step right this way. Now then, what did you do during World War II? Huh, nothing special, eh? Just a housewife. Handled ration-books, didn't you? Well, there's several jobs open to you. I can get you a position teaching mathematics at the junior high school or else a job doing statistical work for a research company.

"Next! What did you do? Airplane spotter, eh? I've got just the thing for you—and at a good salary, too. You're to go down to the Irvington Humpingdon's place in New Jersey and go on duty at 5:30 every evening. That's when they sit out on their lawn. Just keep your eyes open, and the minute you see a squadron of mosquitoes heading their way, just sing out how many there are and how high they're flying, so the Humpingdons can reach the screen-porch shelter in time.

"How about you there? Used to be on a local ration-board, eh? Tried to satisfy everybody in your community who thought he was entitled to more gas, fuel oil, sugar or canned goods? Well, I've got just the spot for you—head waiter at the El Swanko Club. That place is very popular right now. But there's only room for two hundred customers—all of whom want ringside tables—and there's a thousand who want to get in every night. You're just the guy to handle the problem.

"And you, ma'am? . . . Used to be a member of the women's motor corps, eh? Learned how to drive trucks and ambulances, did you say? How about private cars? . . . What's that? . . . You learned how to change tires, put in a new tube and make all kinds of repairs such as grinding valves, putting in new piston rings, overhauling the self-starter? You can do absolutely anything to a car that a professional garage mechanic can, you say? Fine! Er, I didn't get whether you are Miss or Mrs. . . . Hm. Miss, eh? . . . What? . . . . Have I got a position for you? You bet your life I have! Gorgeous, how's about marrying me?"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

From Historic New England

LORD JEFFERY INN
Salmis of Duckling

Roast 5 pound duck for 1½ hours. Remove from pan, pour grease into small sauce pan. Put 1 quart stock in a roast pan and boil. Saute 1 cup chopped mushrooms in small sauce pan of grease. Stir in 4 tablespoons flour. Add gravy stock from roast pan.

Quarter duck, place in covered pan. Pour sauce over duck and cook slowly for 1 hour.

Before serving, add ½ cup Madeira wine, 12 sliced stuffed olives; serve with curried rice.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

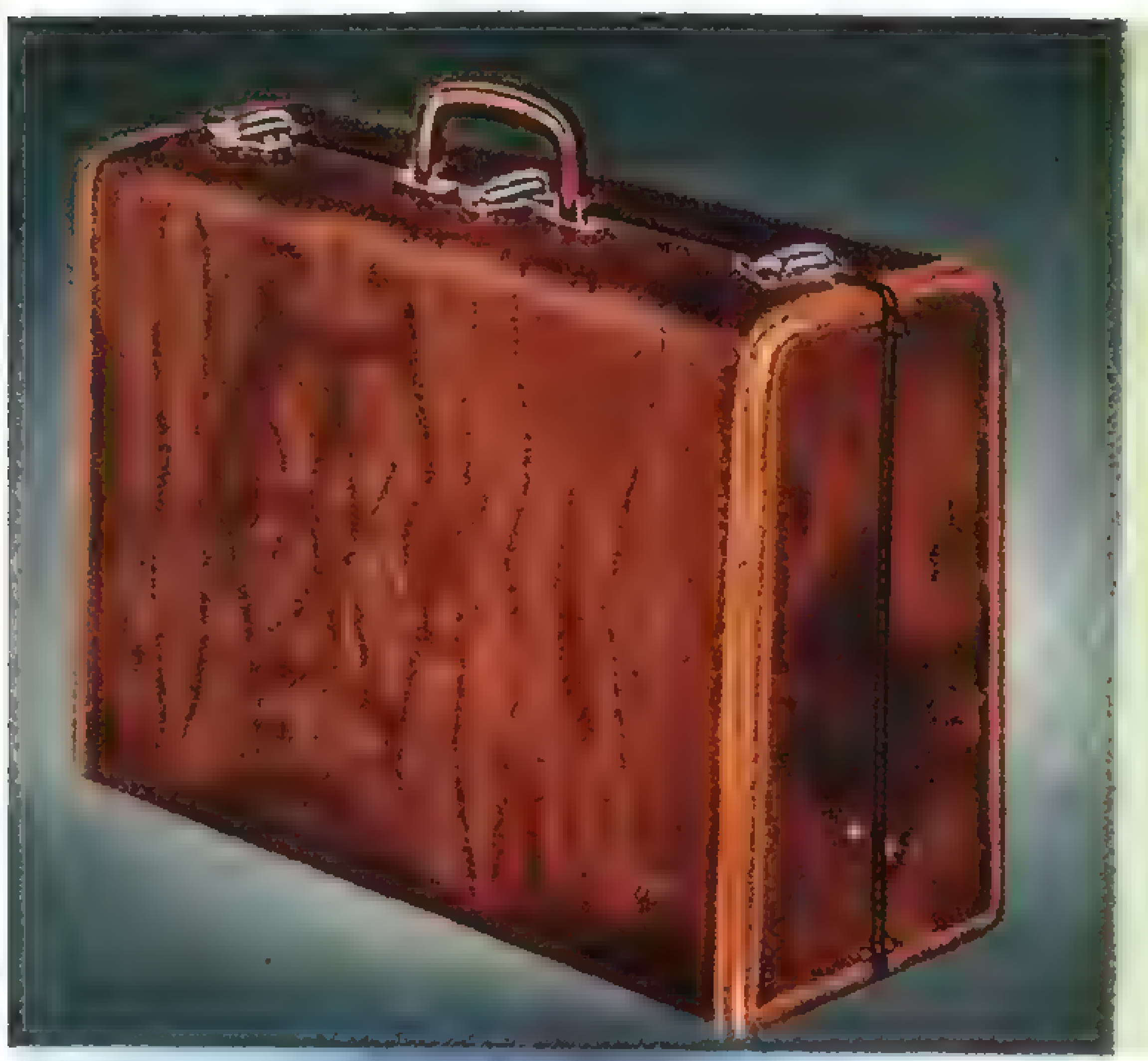
Right from the Cypress Casks of Goebel
Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Lord Jeffery in Amherst attracts people from long distances to enjoy the good taste of its New England foods. And there is another good taste you can enjoy almost anywhere. The good taste of Goebel Beer is a natural addition to fine foods, just right for between meals. When you want nationally famous good taste, be sure to order Goebel Beer.

GOEBEL Bantam BEER

Samsonite, *too!*

SAMSONITE PRODUCTS FAMILIAR TO MILLIONS . . . ARE NOW PLAYING A VITAL PART FOR EARLY VICTORY

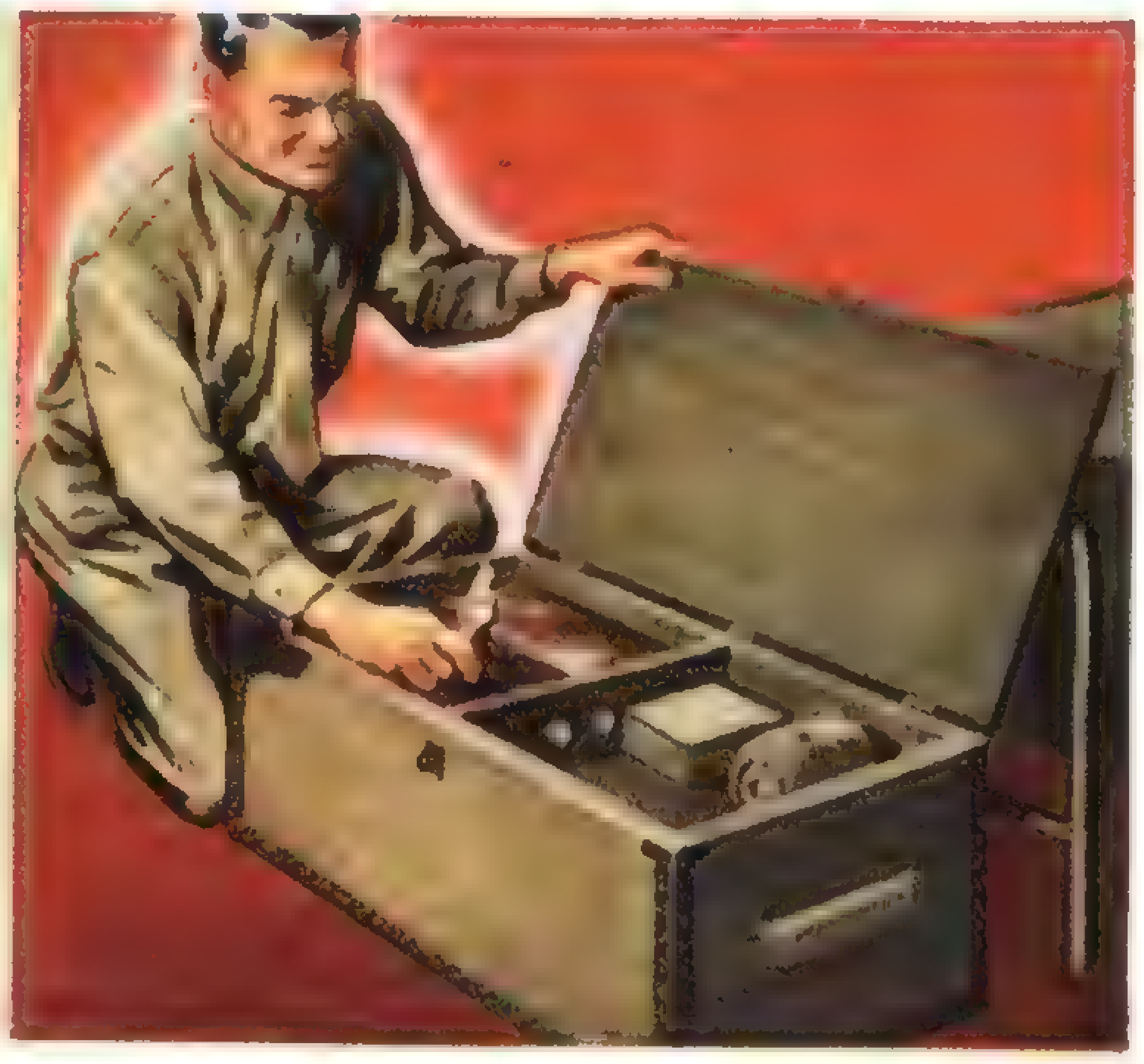


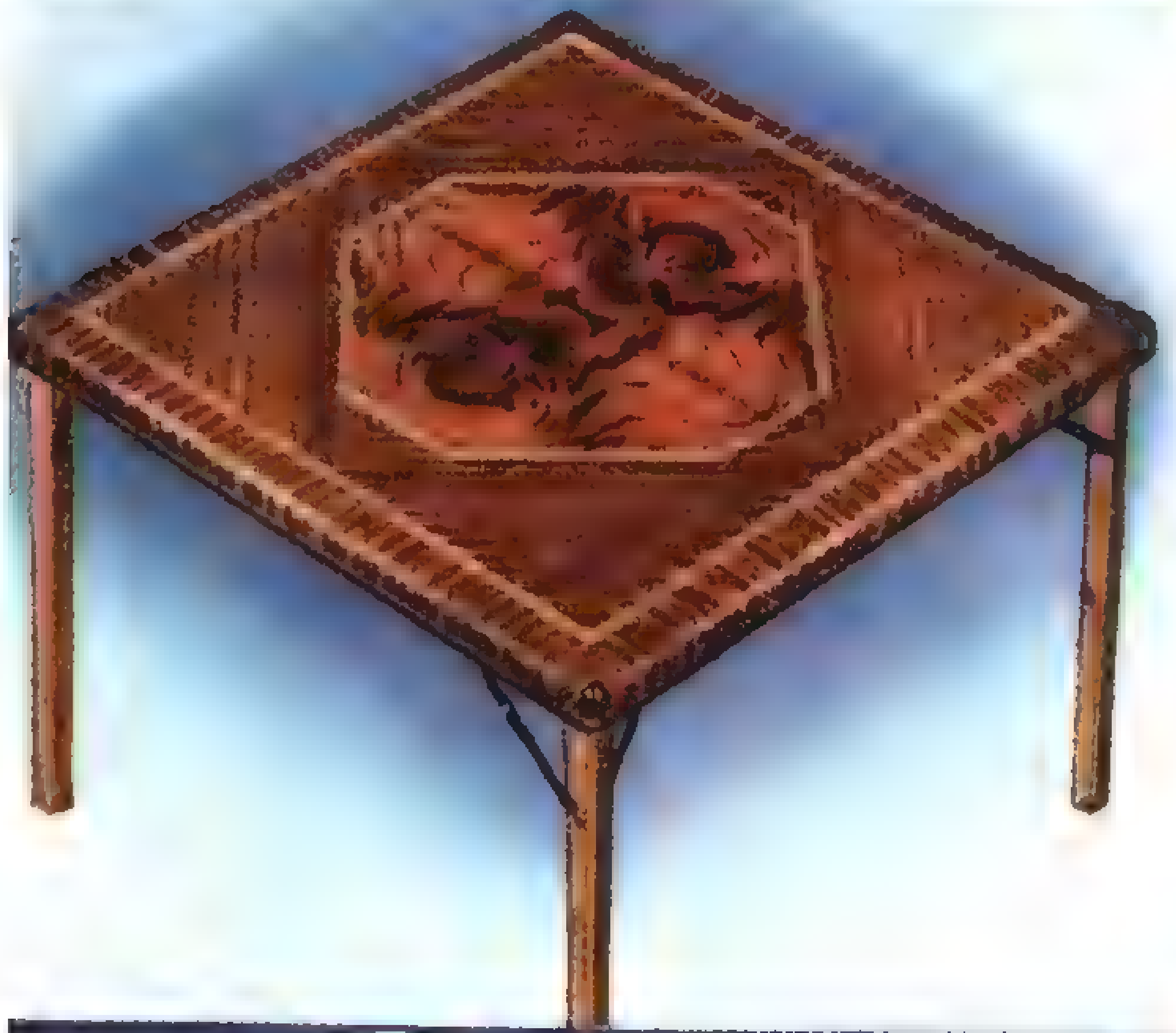
HE'S STILL GOING PLACES!

But this time he's bound for Victory:

His convenience is all that counts these days: So SAMSONITE provides him with a Locker for his needs and keepsakes.

For the duration, the rest of us will be glad to carry on without new SAMSONITE Luggage . . . so that he can carry on to Berlin.

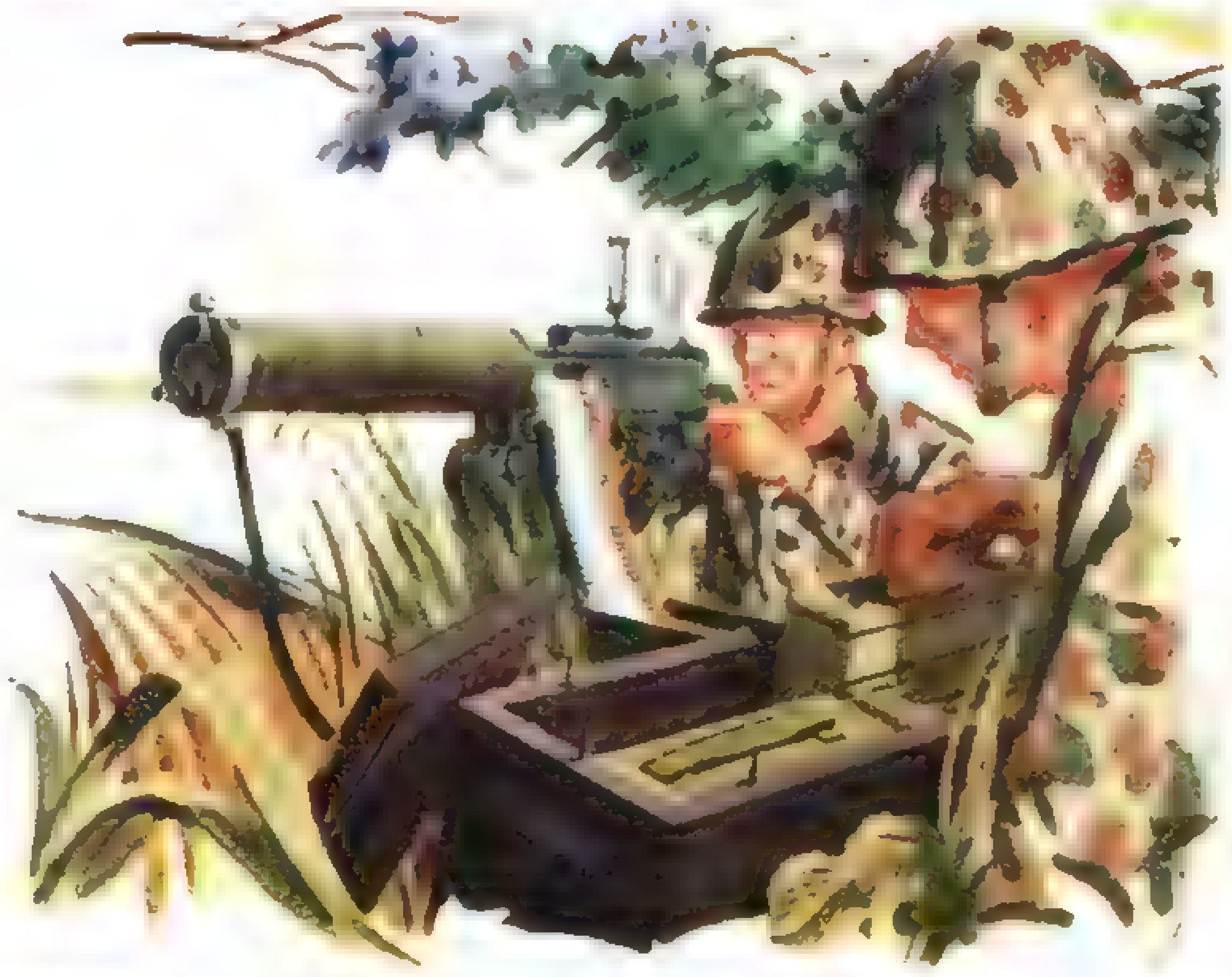


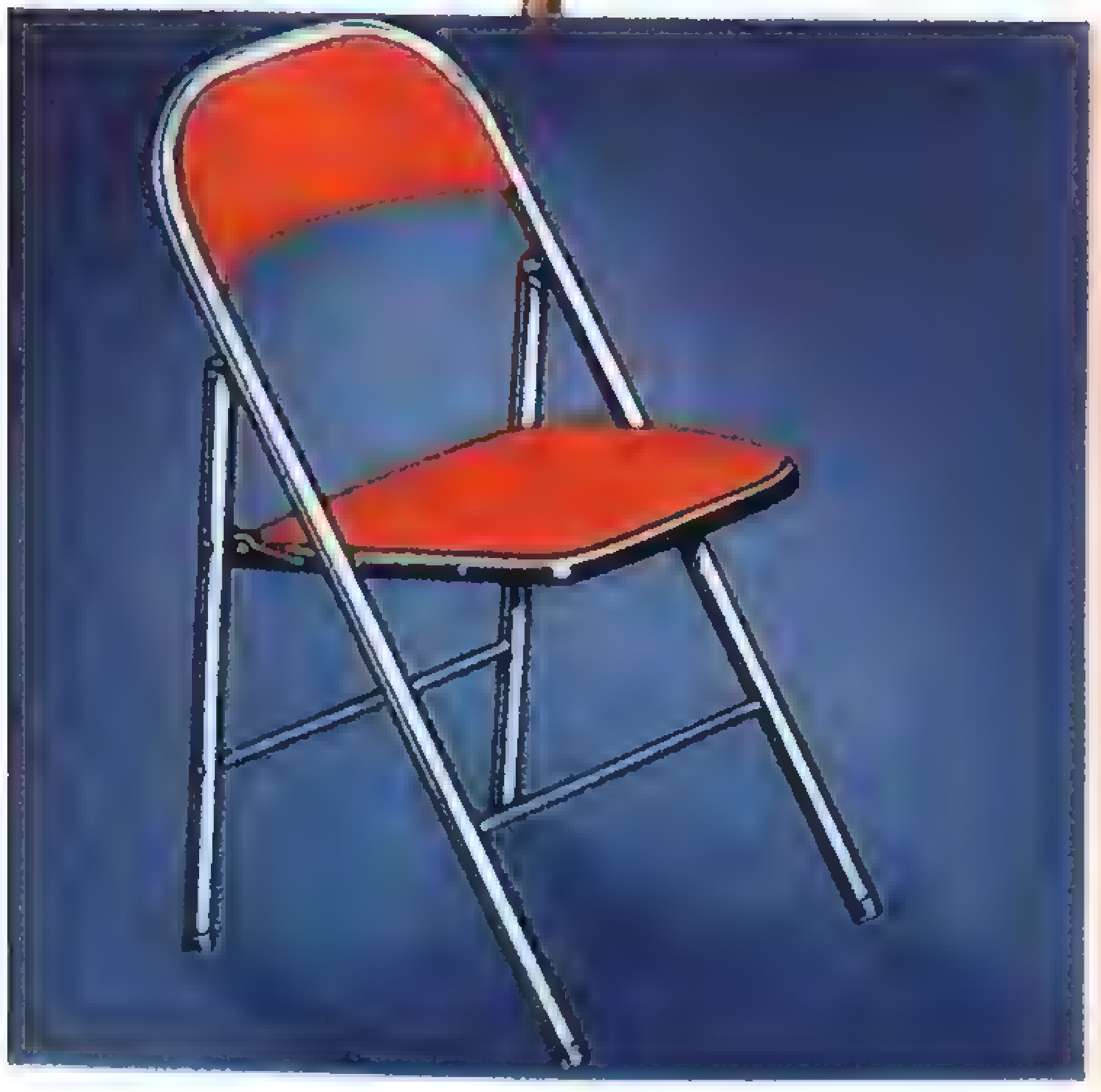


BULLETS ARE TRUMPS!

So SAMSONITE will follow suit with Ammunition Boxes instead of Card Tables "Strong Enough To Stand On" . . . until the enemy turns in his chips.

Whenever and wherever the word comes to pass the ammunition . . . SAMSONITE Ammunition Boxes will be there ready to deliver.





IT'S BOMBS AWAY!

We can now reveal that we are at it hammer and tongs, turning out fiery, incendiary bombs to make it hot for Hitler and Tojo.

That's why those comfortable, modern SAMSONITE Folding Chairs are so scarce.

We know you'll bear with us while we're bearing down on this vital wartime job.

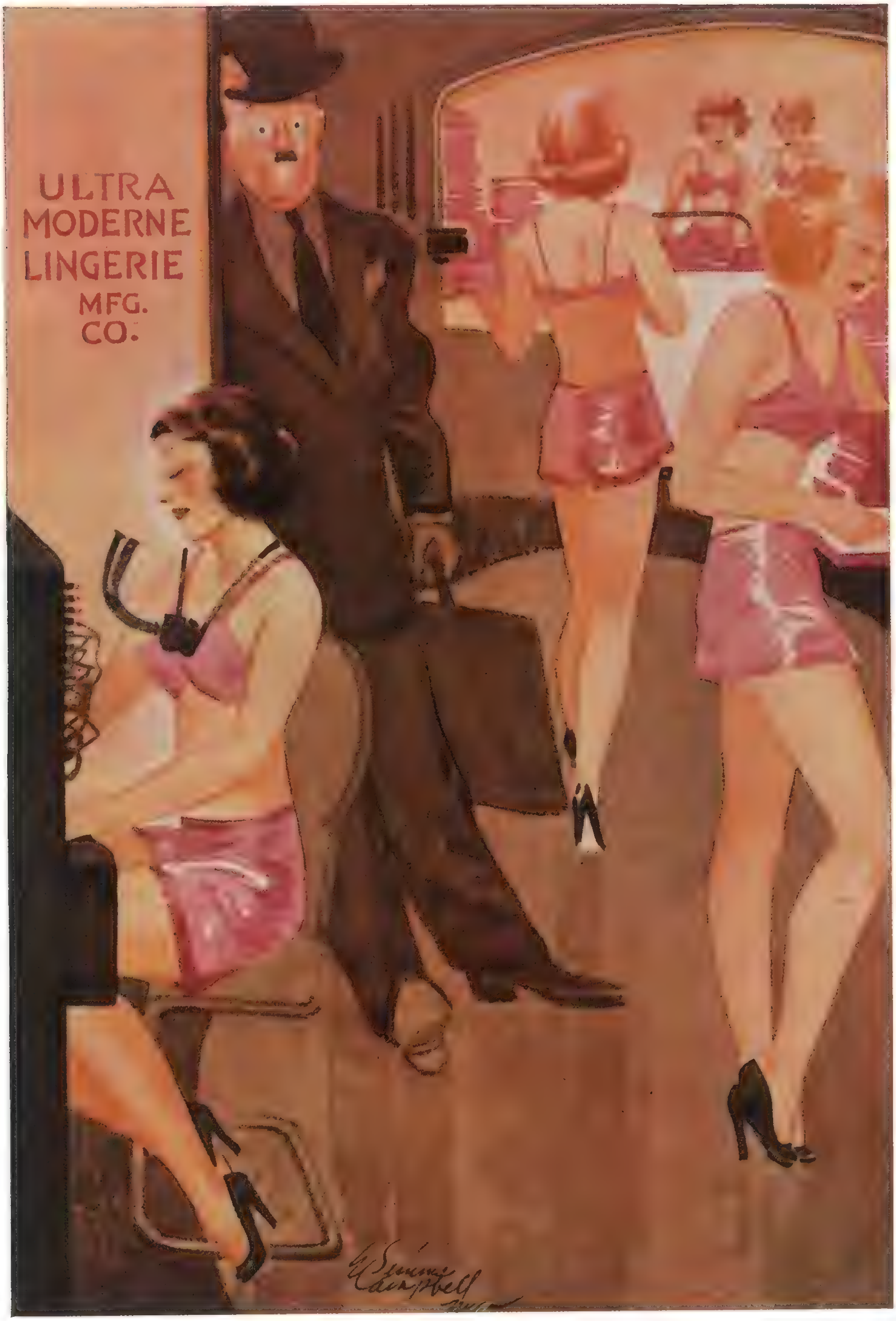
HELP MAKE VICTORY DAY COME SOONER by pitching into that war job harder than ever . . . lives depend on it! Pitch in more of your dollars for war bonds and stamps. Remember . . . the more we pitch in here at home, the more our boys can dish it out over there . . . and the sooner Victory will be ours!

When that time comes, and you can travel again, we'll turn from war production to give you all the fine Samsonite Luggage you'll need. There'll also be plenty of Samsonite Card Tables for your evening's fun, as well as comfortable Samsonite Folding Chairs in which to lounge around and relax.

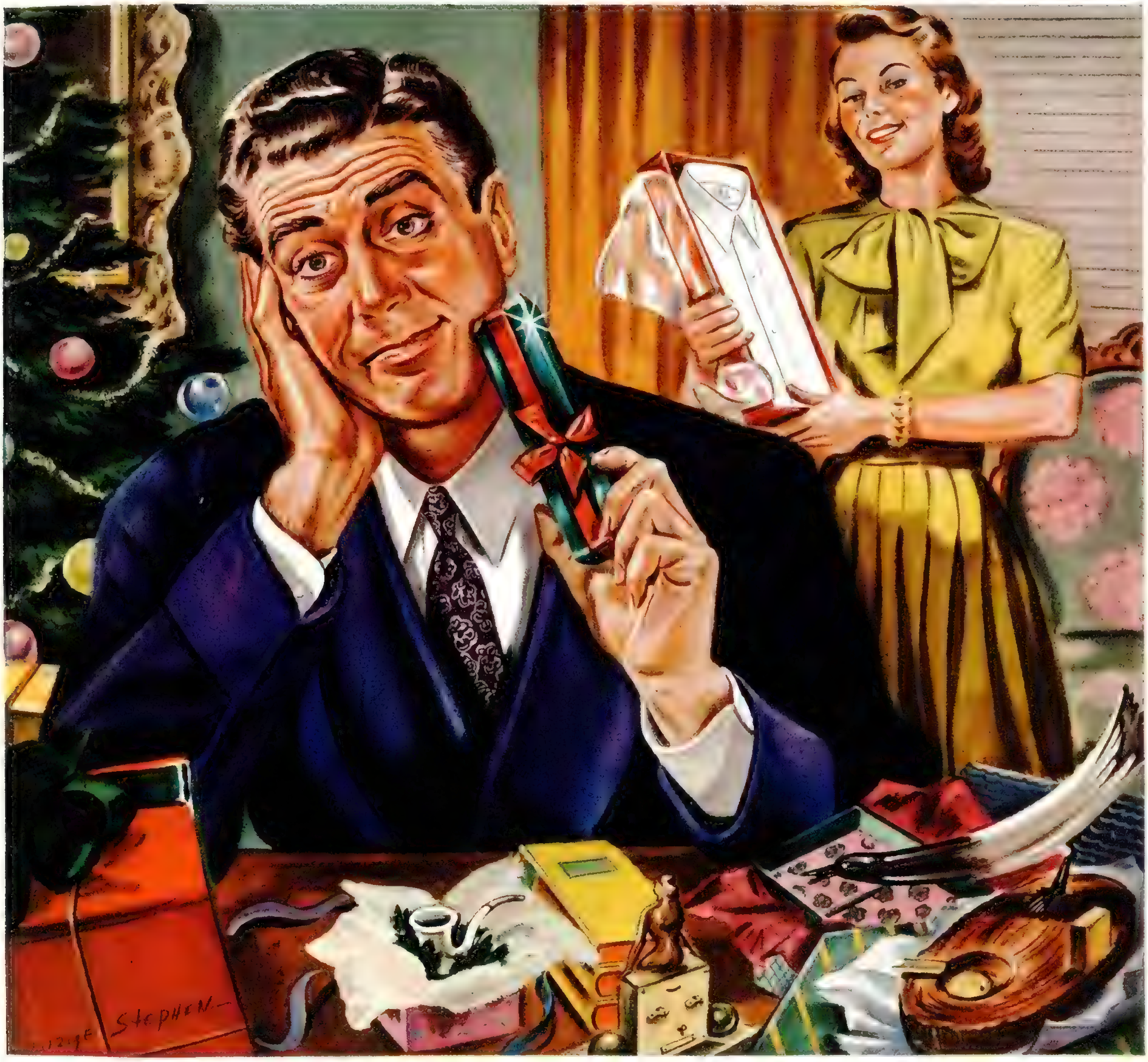
And you can expect many new, exciting creations of PLASTIC *luggage and card tables, too. These already are perfected and will be yours to have and enjoy . . . as soon as we win this war. Help hasten that day . . . buy all the War Bonds you can!*

Denver ★ SHWAYDER BROS., INC. ★ Detroit

MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, CARD TABLES AND FOLDING CHAIRS


ULTRA MODERNE LINGERIE MFG. CO.
E. Simms Campbell

"Pardon me, but my orders from the WPB are to seize all the rayon in this factory"



"Wish someone'd give a guy something he could use . . . "

This Christmas . . . . *Give his neck a break!*

THIS year, be practical . . . but still keep that *"something special"* feeling in the gift you choose for your man. And when you're choosing, remember this: a man can't have *too many* shirts. Remember too—that *one shirt is different!*

One and *only* one, has the smooth, extra-comfortable collar that's woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck . . . that *looks* starched but *isn't* . . . that can't wilt, can't wrinkle, has no lining to pucker.

It's the Van Heusen white shirt, with the famous Van Heusen collar attached. It's a shirt he knows and wants—famous for its quality and workmanship; Sanforized, figure-fitting, laundry-tested. Van Heusens also come in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Make it a Van Heusen Christmas! Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.

Van Heusen Shirts. **$2.25** *and up*

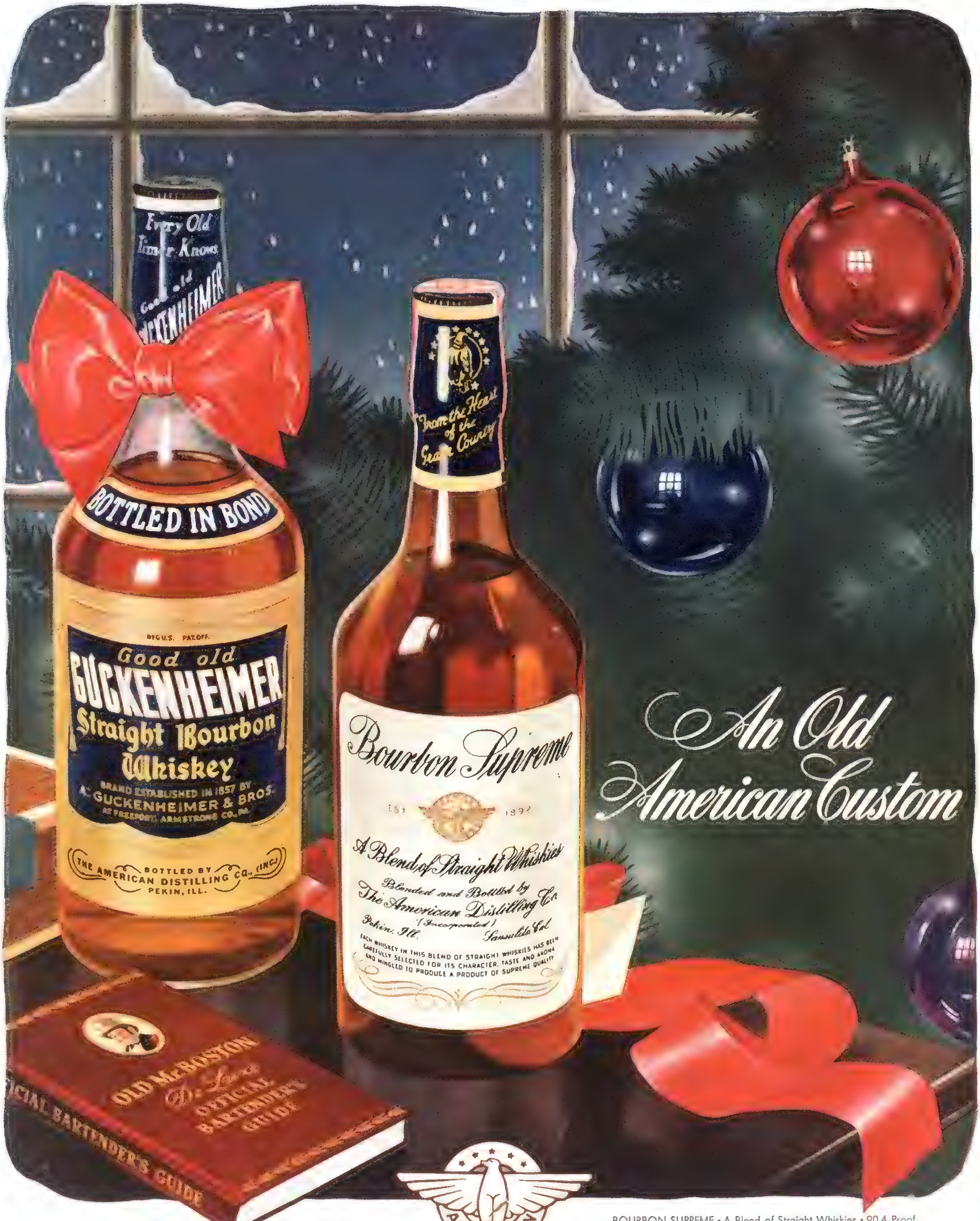
Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar *attached!*

1 *Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!*

2 *Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.*

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR


An Old American Custom
Every Old Timer Knows Good Old Guckenheimer
BOTTLED IN BOND
Good old GUCKENHEIMER Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BRAND ESTABLISHED IN 1857 BY A. GUCKENHEIMER & BROS.
BOTTLED BY THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., (INC.) PEKIN, ILL.
From the Heart of the Grain Country
Bourbon Supreme
EST 1892
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by The American Distilling Co. (Incorporated) Pekin, Ill. Sausalito, Cal.
OLD MR. BOSTON De Luxe OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE
OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE

AMERICAN

BOURBON SUPREME • A Blend of Straight Whiskies • 90.4 Proof
Good Old GUCKENHEIMER • Bottled in Bond • Straight Bourbon Whiskey or
Straight Rye Whiskey • 100 Proof

Now Available . . .

OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE— 753 Tested Recipes for practically every drink known to man . . . Send 35c in stamps or coin to The American Distilling Company, 247 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.

PEKIN, ILL. • NEW YORK, N. Y. • SAUSALITO, CAL.

Jack Benny Over Berlin

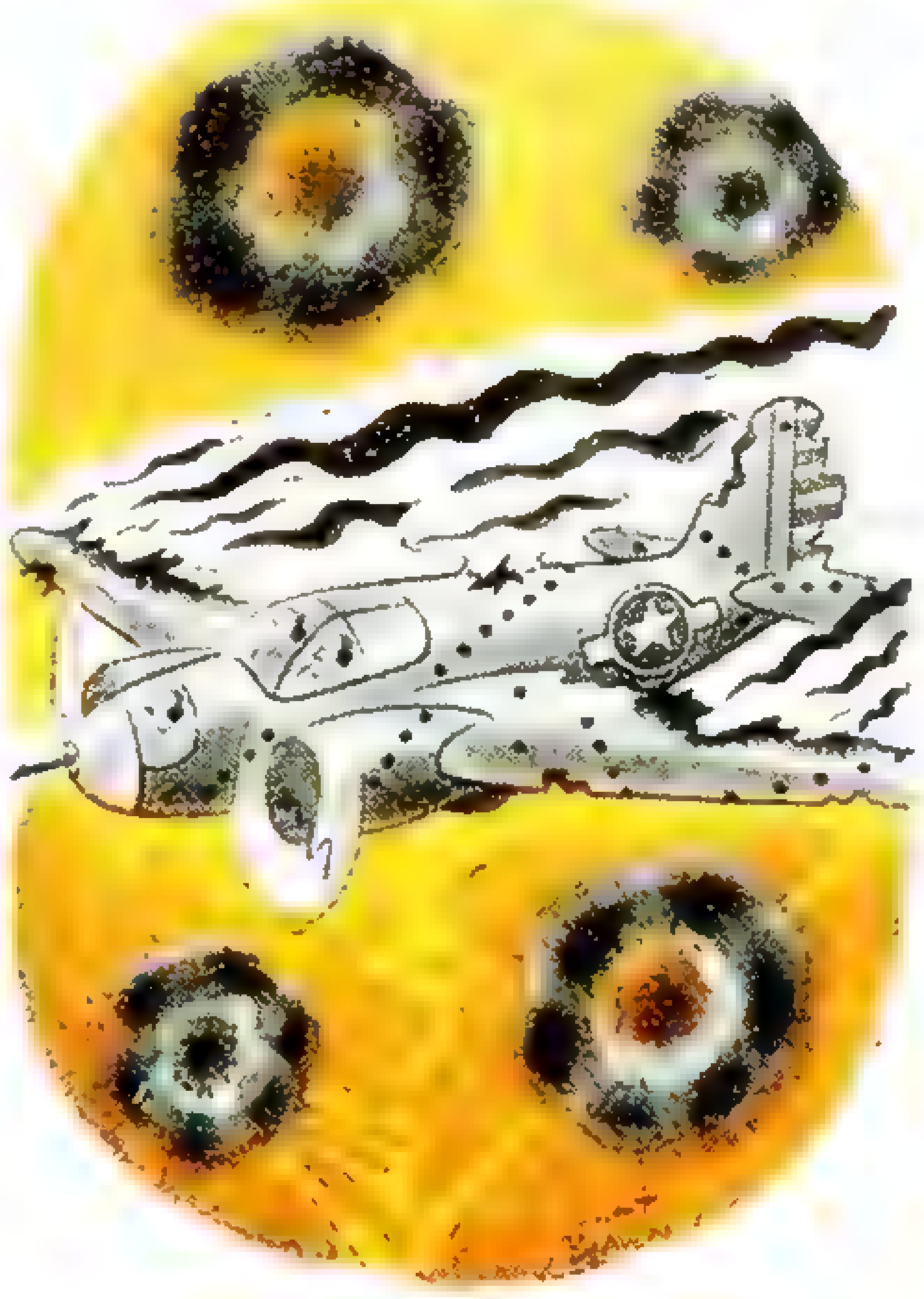
Continued from page 83

Pearl Harbor, when the nation was just beginning the giant task of gathering its forces to strike back at the enemy, Army chief-of-staff General George C. Marshall asked the War Department radio section to begin a program of radio entertainment for the thousands of troops being transferred overseas. Shortly afterwards the infant second A.E.F. was getting its first radio entertainment from home, a program called *Command Performance*. Although there are now some one hundred programs in addition to *Command Performance*, that program remains the most lavish ever put on the air. The programs used Government-owned as well as commercial stations abroad.

It follows to the letter the War Department's determination to give our fighting men not only the best in radio entertainment but exactly what they asked for. A gob at Pearl Harbor sends a penciled scrawl: "Please have Carole Landis step up to that microphone and sigh—that's all brother—just sigh." A few days later Carole at the mike gave out with a sigh that singed the air waves from Reykjavik to Lord Howe Island. A Brooklyn soldier stationed in Iceland was lonesome for the spaniel he left behind. He wrote: "She may not be a sweater girl, but she's the only female who never gave me trouble." Well, Dinah Shore held the dog up to the mike while her master in Iceland listened to the familiar bark. A Hoosier wrote he was homesick for the tanagers back home. He got his bird song with Fred Allen tossing in a bronx bird-call for Hitler.

The list of actors and actresses who have appeared on the show reads like a Hollywood *Who's*

Continued on page 246



". . . will he be left hanging on the cliff? Tune in tomorrow for another thrilling episode of Terry Truhart Faces Danger"

Route Talk

"When the line is slogging up in the teeth of the wind, and you can't stop or shift gun and pack, that's the spot and second you need a smoke—and a light."

Windproof is that last. You just pull up the wick, spin the wheel, and there you are—ready for the first drag. (The stronger the wind, the better it lights. And it uses no fuel.) In Sterling Silver only. $5.00 plus federal tax.

At better stores everywhere

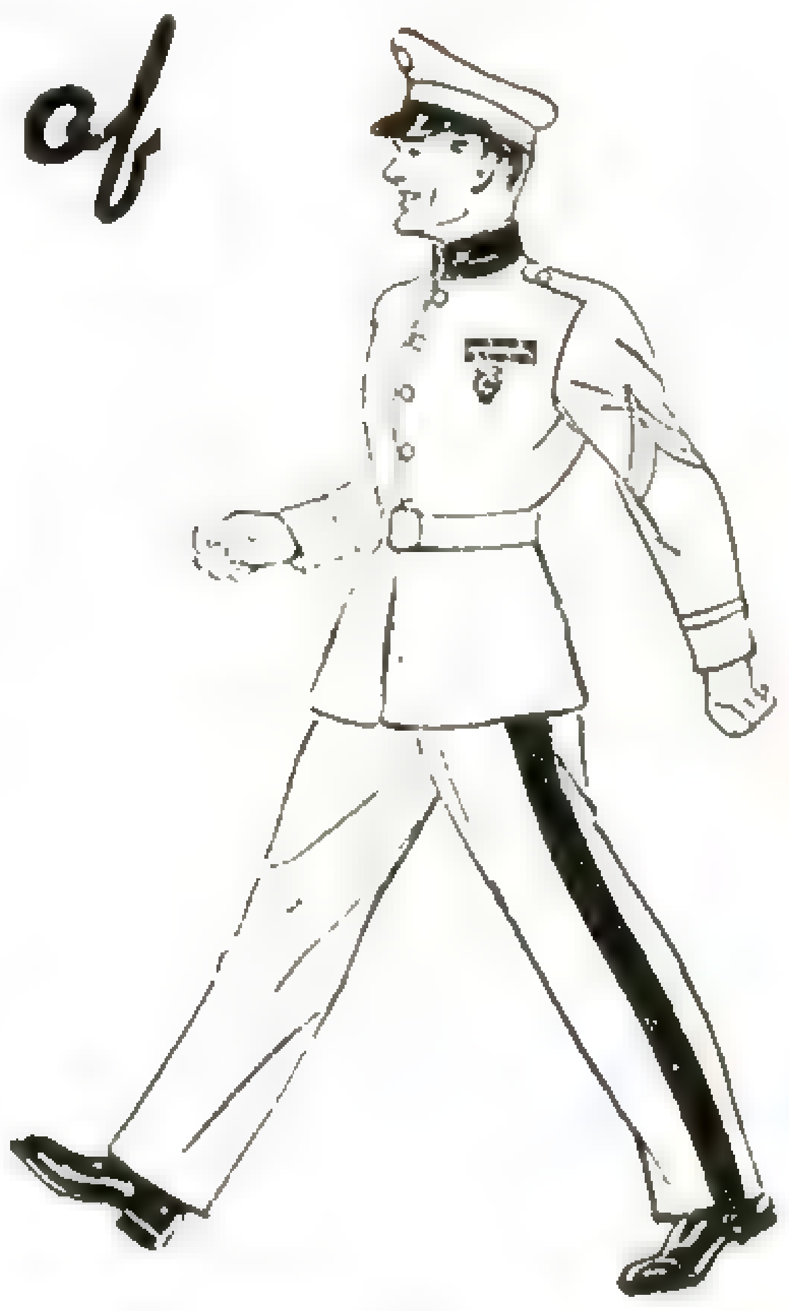
Windproof

Thrives on Wind! Needs no Fuel

A NEW LIGHTER BY

alfred dunhill

of London, Inc.
Fifth Avenue, New York



"*From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli*"—
YOU WILL FIND
DOPP-KIT

For Men or Women

This ultra-smart toilet-kit is carried by experienced travelers in all corners of the globe. The boys in service know a good thing when they see it—and DOPP-KIT is a favorite with them, as well as the man who travels. For, this large-capacity kit holds all necessary shaving and toilet articles compactly and it takes little space in the traveling bag. It opens wide—stays open for convenient use—and flap fastener holds it securely closed. Exclusive. Patented. Priced from $3.25 up and for sale at better stores everywhere. Send for illustrated folder.

CHARLES DOPPELT & CO.
412 N. Orleans Street Dept. E-123 Chicago 10

There are special models for the ladies, too—with or without fittings, as desired.

ALFRED DUNHILL
AMERICAN MIXTURE
SMOKING TOBACCO

A NATURAL

Dunhill's American Mixture's cool, mild smoke slides over the pipe-smoker's tongue with all the pleasurable tang of a well-turned phrase. Blended in America after a generations-old English formula, Dunhill's American Mixture is the natural companion of a fine pipe. And it's a gift that gets the slow smile of the "man-with-a-pipe" every time. $1.50 for 8 ozs., $2.85 the pound.

TRADITIONALLY FINER

The making of fine rums is a Puerto Rican tradition . . . one which reaches its height in the production of Don Q. The rare flavour that makes Don Q a favorite can come only from the best use of the distiller's art.

DON Q
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
86 PROOF

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Jack Benny Over Berlin

Continued from pages 83-245

Who: Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper, Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell, Hedy Lamarr, Betty Grable and scores of others. It boasts a galaxy of stars no commercial sponsor could afford to hire—an average of 50,000 dollars worth of talent per broadcast. Edward Arnold put the essence of *Command Performance* in a good crack when he was master-of-ceremonies on one broadcast: "This ain't no box top program, brother. Just tear off the top of a Stuka or a Mitsubishi and write us on it what you'd like to hear."

Now the boys are piling in the pieces of wrecked Zeros and Messerschmitts like they used to send in box tops in peacetime. On a good day, the mail room at radio headquarters looks like an Axis airfield after a "block-buster" has scored a direct hit.

When *Command Performance* proved an instant, tremendous success, the Army decided to use radio in a big way. The radio production was shifted from Washington to Hollywood, Lt. Col. Lewis was placed in charge and the task of turning out G. I. entertainment for the largest overseas army in history was begun. He reached out into Army camps all over the country to handpick his little unit of former top-flight radio men, now 50 dollars a month buck privates. One is PFC Bob Welch, a former producer of the Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor shows, whom Col. Lewis plucked from Camp Upton, Long Island. Eliot Lewis, one of the finest actors and producers in radio, was a private in the quartermaster's corps at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma, when he was transferred to the radio section. Corp. Sid Silvers, the radio and movie comedian and writer, was at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. So it goes through most of the roll call of the radio division. Now all have the same job: to give the Armed Forces whatever they want in the way of entertainment wherever they may be.

Where Hitler spends an estimated 250,000,000 to 500,000,000 dollars annually on radio and other propaganda, the U. S. Army furnishes its troops the finest entertainment in the world for a song.

Virtually every performer in radio, movies, stage, vaudeville or music participates regularly on the programs for free. Jimmy Petrillo even allows his musicians to make the recordings and ASCAP does not charge for its music. NBC and CBS give their facilities for half price. And the air is still free.

The result is that the U. S. Army literally blankets the earth with radio entertainment for its troops fighting in 65 lands. From this country, the G. I. programs are broadcast from 11 shortwave stations on 12 different beams.

Ten stations in India and ten in

Continued on page 248

WEAREVER
Zenith

☆ ☆ WRITING IS FIGHTING, *too*

NO question about it—the letters you write strengthen morale among our boys. And morale, too, helps bring down the enemy. Hence today, a reliable fountain pen is an essential.

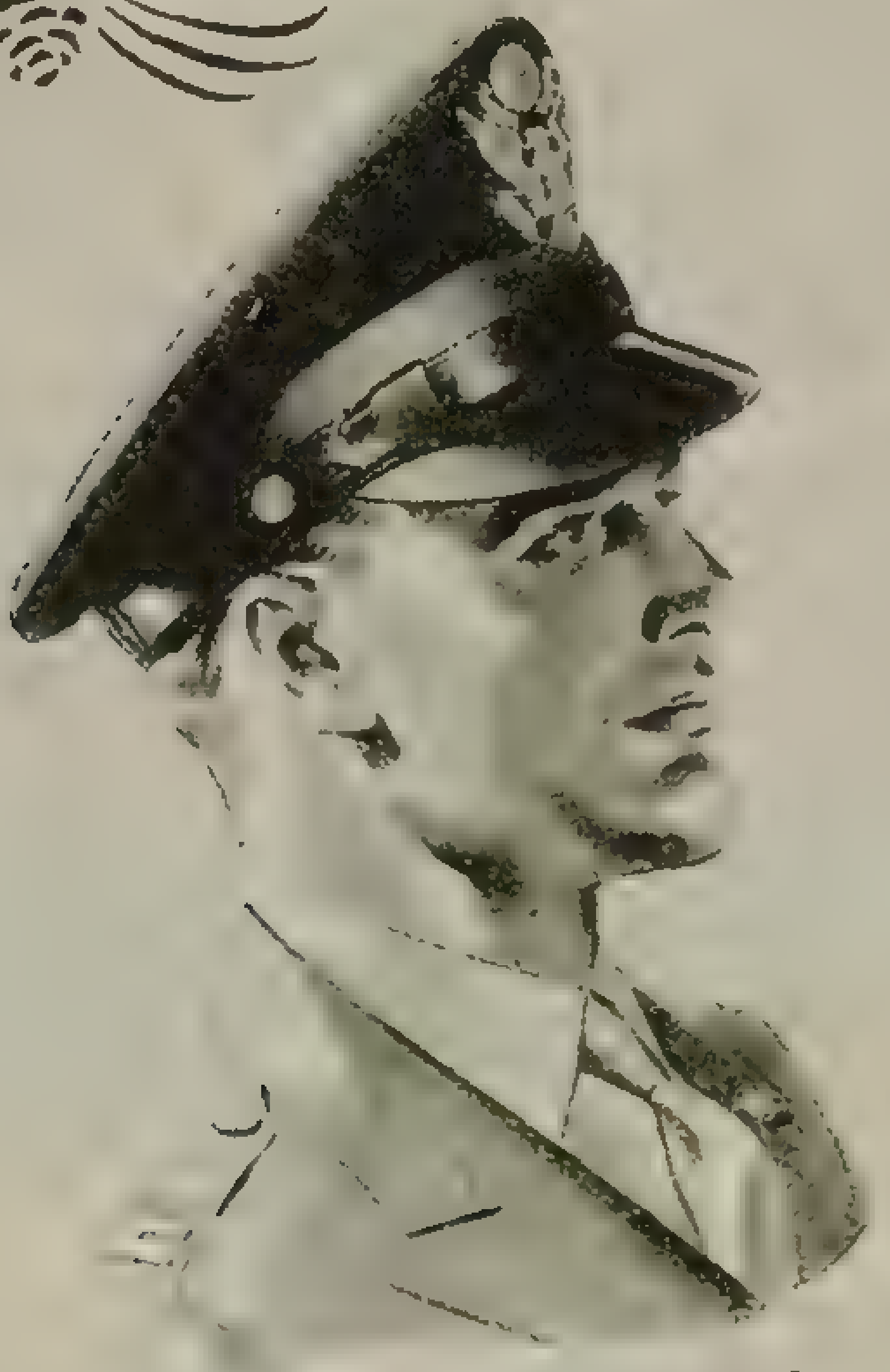
When you need a pen, look for ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. In the services, or out, it's a top-notch performer. Available in limited quantities, since war needs come first, of course. Made by David Kahn, Inc., America's largest fountain pen manufacturer (established 1896).

14K
MADE IN U.S.A.
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
WEAREVER

$1.95

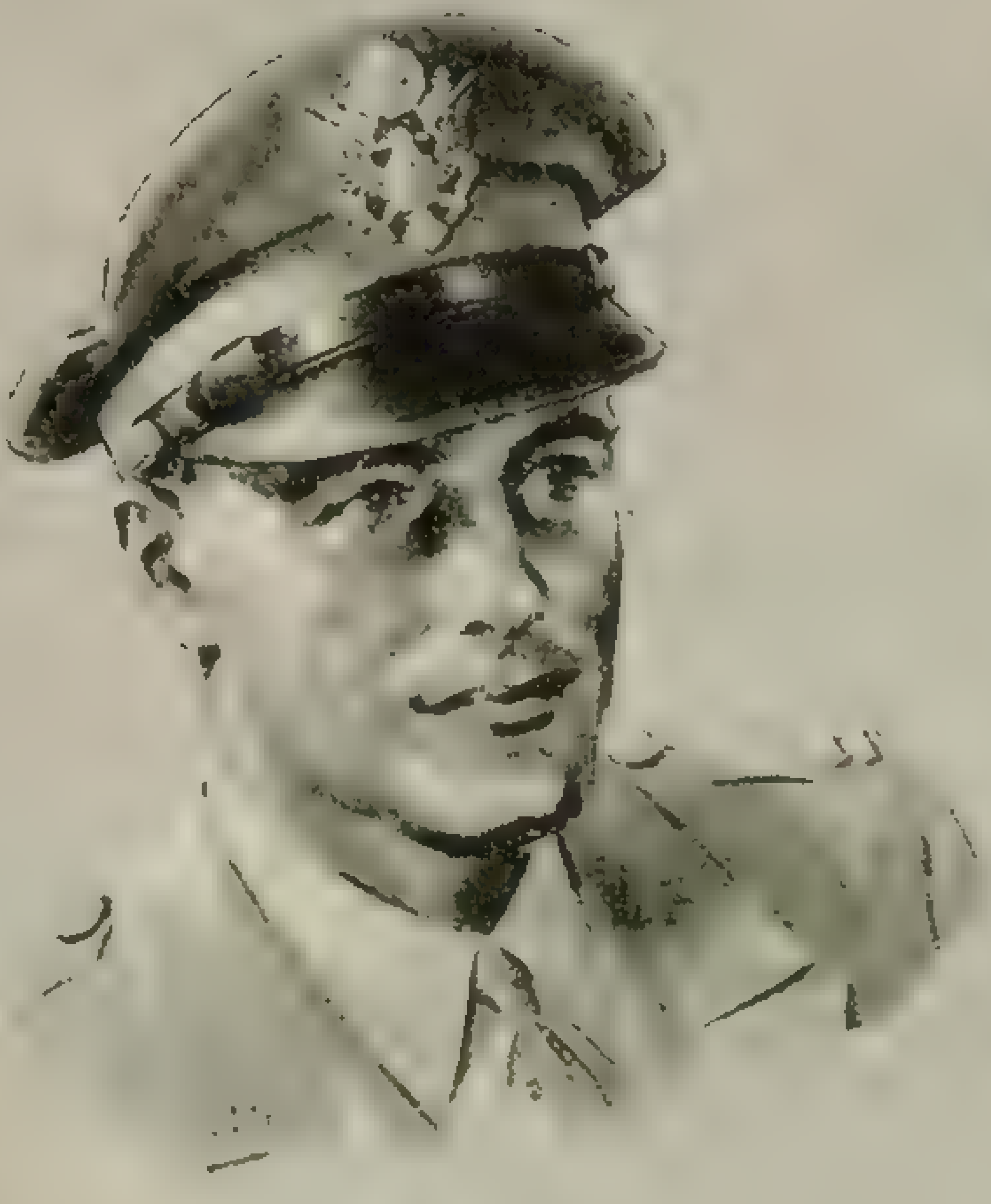
Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in rich gift box. $2.75

MC Military Caps make the best Merry Christmas for men in the service



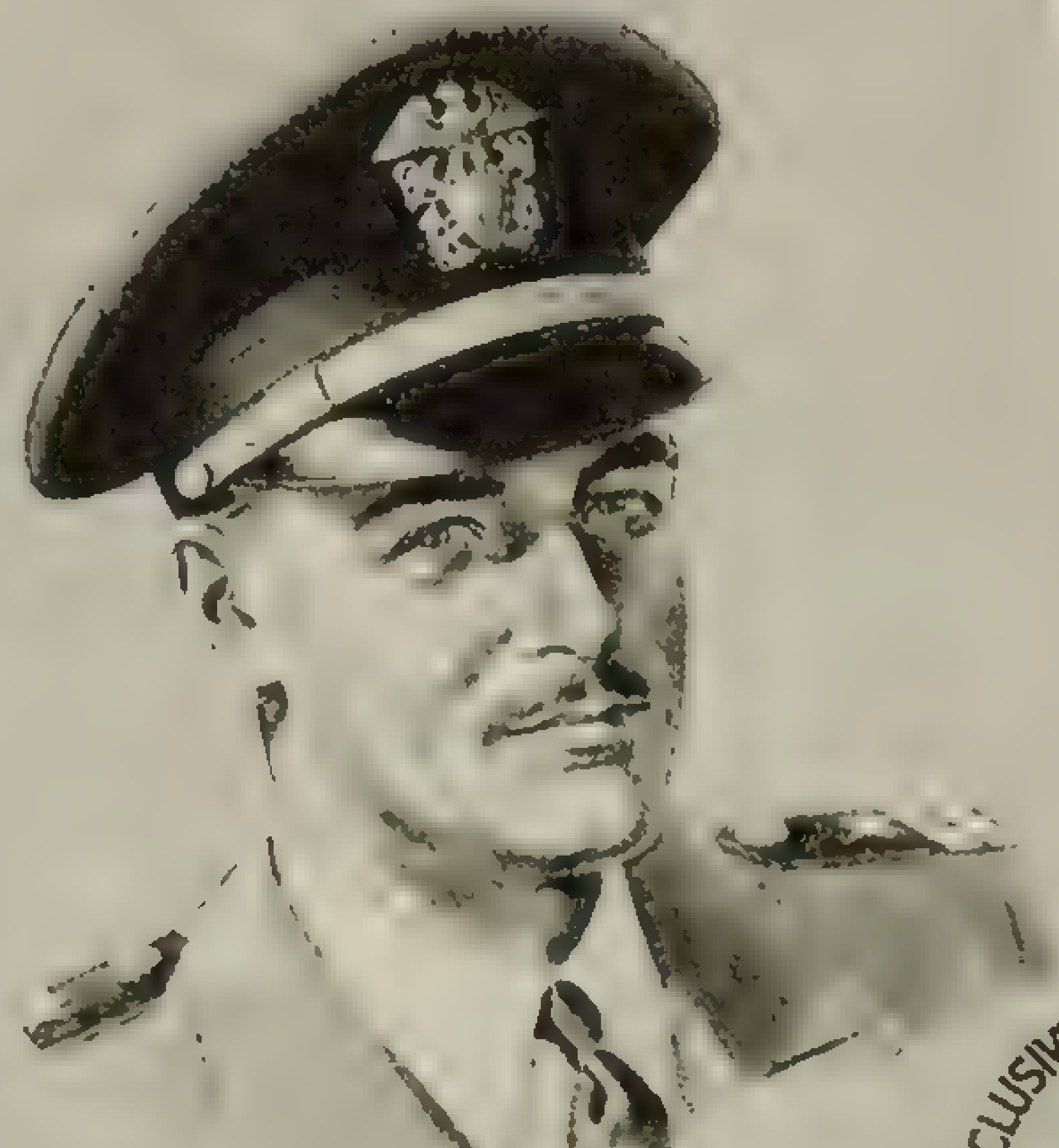
THE M-C SUSSEX

This style is favored by Military Men who want a cap with somewhat trimmer, more formal lines. It's made of the finest materials throughout—genuine fur felt—hand-tooled shell-cordovan accessories—flexible hand-worked band for utmost comfort. Just right.



THE M-C FLYWEIGHT

Because of its soft, drapey construction and its amazing ability to take rough treatment this is one of the most popular caps you can find. Roll it up! Pack it away in a bag! It will still retain all of its original smartness. The perfect gift!



THE M-C NAVIGATOR

If your Service Man is in the Navy, you can't possibly choose a gift that will please him more than this distinctive Officer's Cap. It's set apart by the exclusive M-C "Shape-Support" feature that keeps the crown taut at all times, gives it a rigid flare in front. Very popular.

EXCLUSIVE SHAPE SUPPORT · ASSURES LASTING SMARTNESS

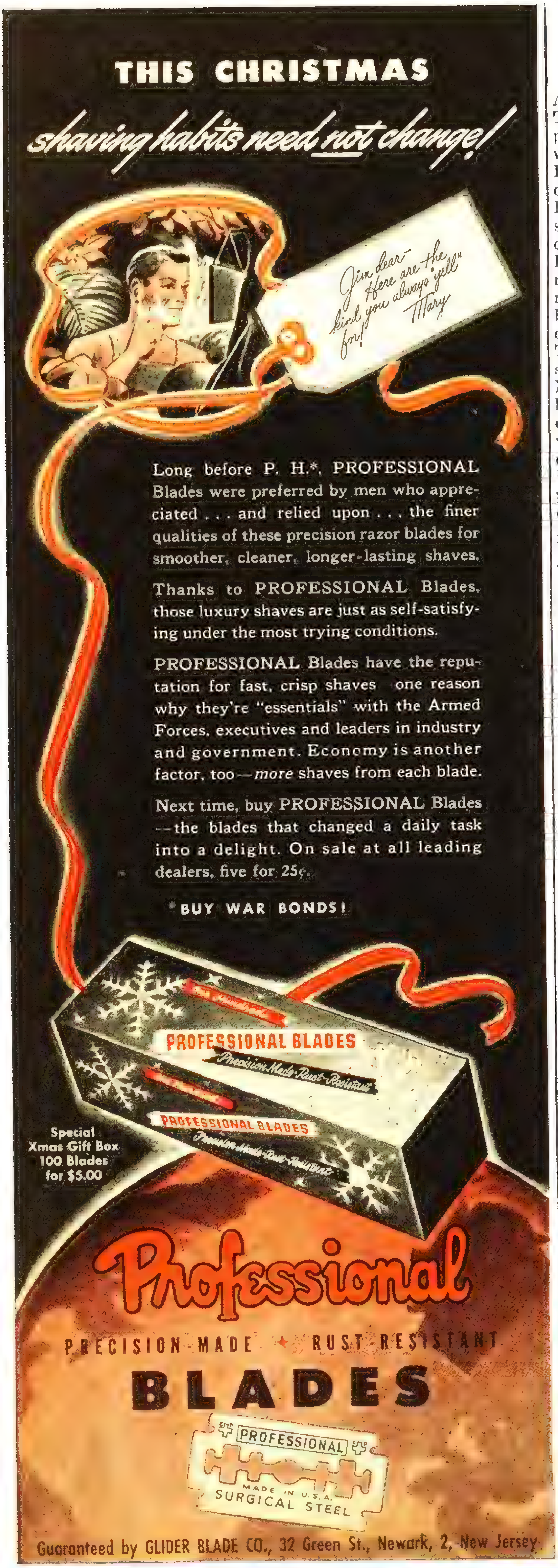
BUY
WAR
BONDS

IT'S not so easy these days of restricted materials to find gifts that you consider good enough for your men in the service. Why not play safe — choose the kind of gift that is *not affected* by *any* restrictions. M-C Military Caps are the answer. The outstanding quality of their materials, their superior craftsmanship, their distinctive styling have made M-C Caps No. 1 choice with Military Men everywhere. Make M-C Military Caps *your choice* this Christmas and you're sure to give your men in the service the gifts they'll prize above all others.

Ask to see M-C Military Caps in all regulation materials for Officers and Enlisted Men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

Mid City
UNIFORM CAP COMPANY
2330 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 8, Ill.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF QUALITY CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN



THIS CHRISTMAS
shaving habits need not change!
Jim dear—
Here are the kind you always "yell" for!
Mary
PROFESSIONAL BLADES
Precision Made Rust-Resistant
PROFESSIONAL
MADE IN U.S.A.
SURGICAL STEEL

Long before P. H.*, PROFESSIONAL Blades were preferred by men who appreciated . . . and relied upon . . . the finer qualities of these precision razor blades for smoother, cleaner, longer-lasting shaves.

Thanks to PROFESSIONAL Blades, those luxury shaves are just as self-satisfying under the most trying conditions.

PROFESSIONAL Blades have the reputation for fast, crisp shaves one reason why they're "essentials" with the Armed Forces, executives and leaders in industry and government. Economy is another factor, too—*more* shaves from each blade.

Next time, buy PROFESSIONAL Blades—the blades that changed a daily task into a delight. On sale at all leading dealers, five for 25¢.

*BUY WAR BONDS!

Special Xmas Gift Box 100 Blades for $5.00

Professional

PRECISION-MADE ✦ RUST-RESISTANT

BLADES

Guaranteed by GLIDER BLADE CO., 32 Green St., Newark, 2, New Jersey

Jack Benny Over Berlin

Continued from pages 83-245-246

Africa broadcast the programs. The British Broadcasting Company not only sends them longwave for our troops in the British Isles but short-waves them to countless other stations of its own. In addition, the programs are short-waved point-to-point. For example, Station KWID in San Francisco will beam programs directly to the RCA station in Sydney, Australia, where they will be be recorded and rebroadcast from commercial stations in Australia. They are carried by a network of stations reaching from St. Johns, Newfoundland, through the Bahamas and to the Fijis. There is no corner of the earth that the ether waves carrying the Army shows do not reach.

In charge of arranging the complicated time schedule for broadcasting that would make Professor Einstein dizzy is Private Will Voeller, a Captain in Richthofen's German Flying Circus in World War One and later a radio engineering expert in Europe and South America. It is his job to figure when, where and how often the programs must be broadcast to hit the various time zones at the times when the fighting men there have the best chance of tuning in. For instance, when a technician puts a platter on a turntable in New York and shoots it out short-wave at 12 noon on Monday, he knows it will hit Greenland at 1 p.m., Iceland at 4 p.m., Russia at 7 p.m., and India at 10:30 p.m.

The various other phases of the broadcasting system are equally big and complicated. Although the Army frowns on the use of superlatives, even in filmland where they never compromise on anything milder than "stupendous" or "colossal," it is hard to call the Army's radio set-up anything less than staggering. The mere transcribing of the broadcasts is a tremendous job. The Army turns out three thousand records a week under the eye of Lt. Victor Quan, a Chinese officer, who, before Pearl Harbor, was a leading radio transcription engineer. Transcription studios are busy day and night turning out the round black records that a few hours later are on their way by Ferry Command plane to the ends of the earth.

Producing these transcriptions is almost as complex as the schedule on which they are broadcast. For example, for *Music for Sunday*, a program of religious and sacred music, infinite pains are taken to get the finest music in the world. Capt. Willson meets with his music staff and they decide what numbers to include on a particular program. Possibly they decide to use the magnificent three hundred-voice Mormon choir of the Salt Lake City tabernacle. Arrangements are swiftly made and a recording taken of the choir

Continued on page 250

An Open Military Secret!

LEKTROLITE is among the most desired of all lighters with our fighting men because it's the lighter that needs no pampering or tampering. LEKTROLITE is FLAMELESS, no flame to blow out, no spark to fail. We are turning out more LEKTROLITES than ever in our history to meet the demand from the boys overseas.*

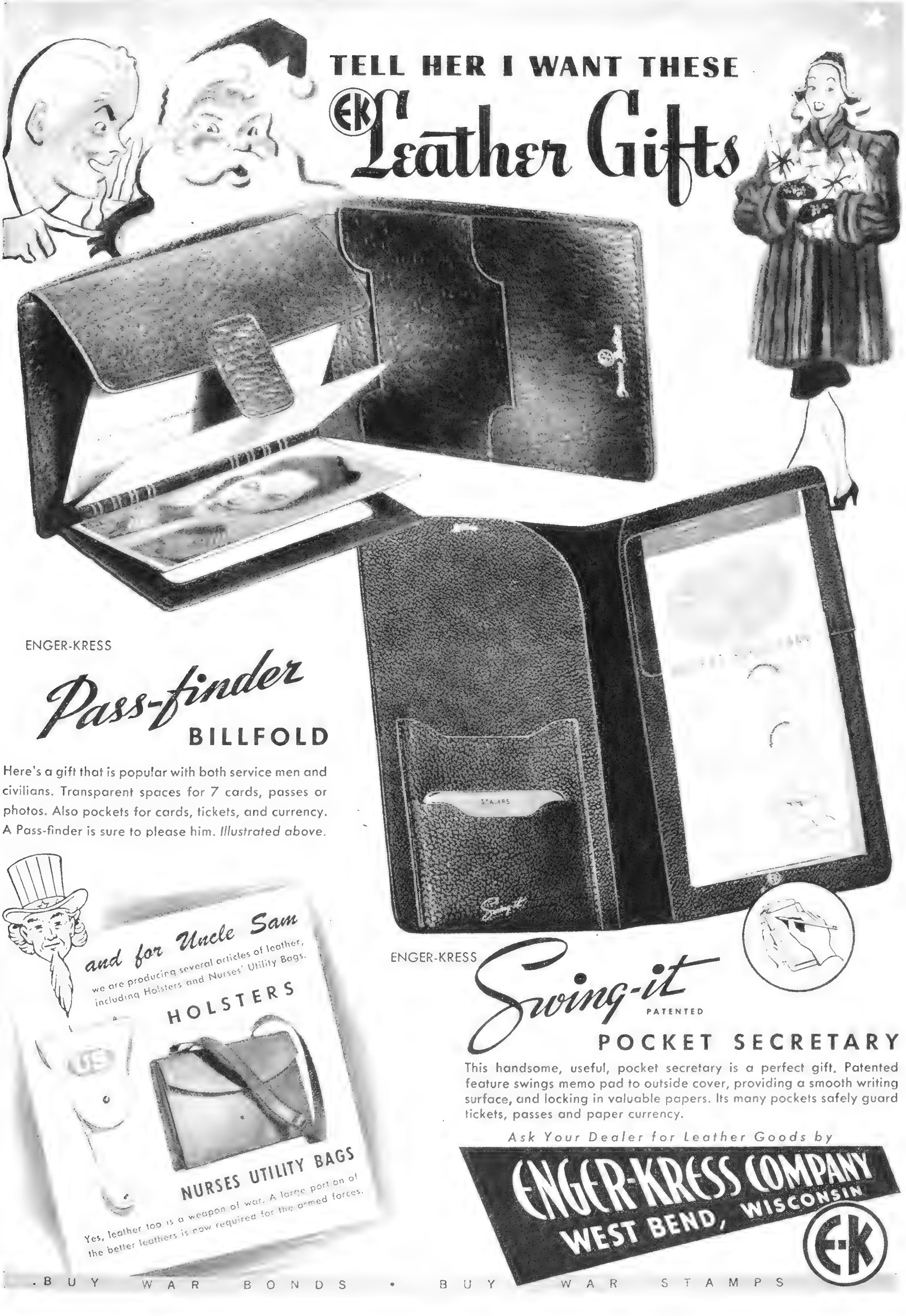
*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request

There is plenty of LEKTROLITE FLUID for those owning prewar LEKTROLITES. So fuel up — the more you use it, the better it works!

IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER TODAY...YOURS TOMORROW

LEKTROLITE Flameless Lighters

LEKTROLITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 35, N.Y.



TELL HER I WANT THESE
EK Leather Gifts

ENGER-KRESS

Pass-finder BILLFOLD

Here's a gift that is popular with both service men and civilians. Transparent spaces for 7 cards, passes or photos. Also pockets for cards, tickets, and currency. A Pass-finder is sure to please him. *Illustrated above.*

and for Uncle Sam

we are producing several articles of leather, including Holsters and Nurses' Utility Bags.

HOLSTERS

NURSES UTILITY BAGS

Yes, leather too is a weapon of war. A large portion of the better leathers is now required for the armed forces.

ENGER-KRESS

Swing-it PATENTED POCKET SECRETARY

This handsome, useful, pocket secretary is a perfect gift. Patented feature swings memo pad to outside cover, providing a smooth writing surface, and locking in valuable papers. Its many pockets safely guard tickets, passes and paper currency.

Ask Your Dealer for Leather Goods by

ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

E-K

BUY WAR BONDS • BUY WAR STAMPS

WHEN ONE IS MINDFUL OF HER
MOST DRAMATIC PERFECTION
Menace
MENACE
HARTNELL
ONE OF TWO GREAT PERFUMES
BY
Hartnell

Jack Benny Over Berlin

Continued from pages 83-245-246-248

singing the hymn which has been chosen. For a Catholic hymn, perhaps Capt. Willson remembers a particularly fine arrangement heard on the one-time Ford program which is no longer on the air. A wire to Detroit brings a transcription of the program made while it was being broadcast.

For a Hebrew hymn, a telephone call brings to the studio Joseph Cycowski, one of the finest Jewish cantors on the Pacific Coast. He records the hymn requested. A Negro spiritual is needed to round out the program. A call goes to the casting department which has a detailed list of all available artists. It shows that Marian Anderson, the great Negro contralto, is in Hollywood for a concert. She is brought to the studio and records a spiritual. Even the narration between numbers is recorded. Then the producer, perhaps Sgt. Peter Witt, takes the armload of recordings to a nearby transcription studio and blends them all into a magnificent quarter hour of sacred music. In a short time the recording is being broadcast from San Francisco or New York, or flying in a great Douglas C-53 transport, tucked in amid tommy guns and blood plasma, to bring entertainment to American soldiers fifteen thousand miles from home.

The programs beamed at the boys overseas embrace every conceivable form of entertainment by the best entertainers in the business. Besides *Command Performance*, there is *Mail Call*, a similar big name variety show; *Jubilee*, an all Negro musical and variety show; *Down Beat*, a program of hot and sweet music by Goodman, Dorsey and other name bands; *Melody Roundup*, a program of western ballads sung by top western bands, and a dozen others.

In rebroadcasting regular commercial shows, the only change is that the commercials are removed and an occasional deletion made of something that violates Army policy, a process which the soldiers who perform it refer to as "de-lousing" or "denaturing." Japanese, for example, are called Japanese rather than Japs, the Army's theory being that Japs makes them sound cute rather than the tough, treacherous enemies that they are. Similarly, Emperor Hirohito is never referred to by name.

Not only does the Army's program do a herculean job of morale building among U. S. troops abroad, but it is a number one "Good Neighbor" builder among our Allies. The programs are heard by the civilian population as well as our troops in England, Australia, New Zealand and other places, and are immensely popular. *Command Performance* is the most popular program in England, considerably more popular, even,

TOP OFF HIS CHRISTMAS

give him a
CASTLE HAT
Styled by
O'ROURKE of California

Here are Three Castle Favorites:

CASTLE TONE on TONE
Blended harmony...a two tone blend of hat body with band and trim. $6.50

CASTLE OBSERVER
Wear it brim up...trim up...like man's best friend...will serve you well. $5.00

CASTLE SCOUT
Precision styling...here's a hat that will meet your favor . . . $6.50

Castle hats are made and styled in California . . . made by one of the leading men's hat designers of the West. Best of all... Castle hats are available in smart, up-to-the-minute Home Front colortones. At all better men's stores everywhere.

CASTLE HATS
Styled by
O'ROURKE of CALIFORNIA
34 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO 5

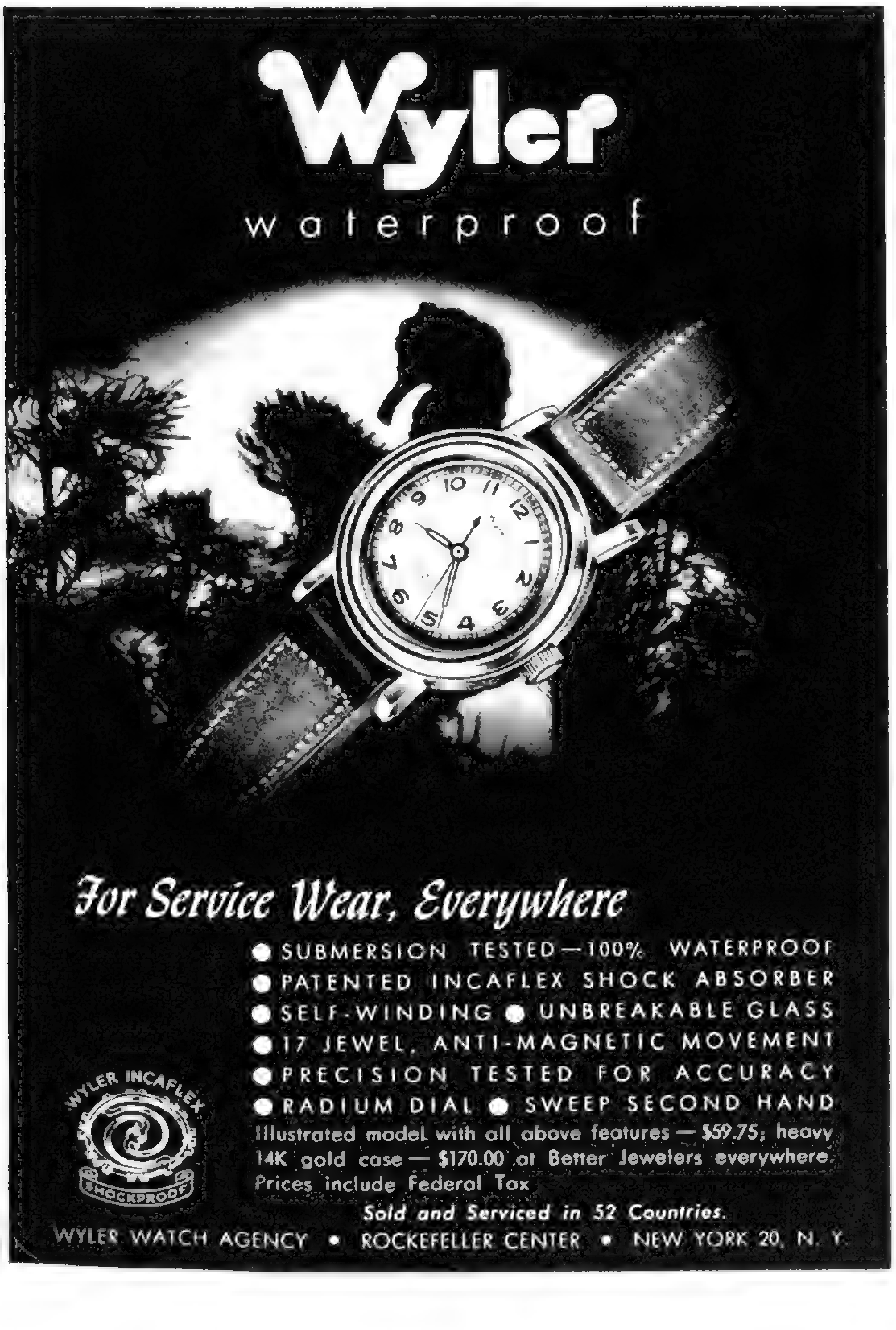
than any British program. In the Canal Zone, motion picture theatres arrange their schedules, in self defense, so as not to conflict with *Command Performance.* There are innumerable examples of the immense range of the Army's broadcasting and its good will.

The Army is working to bring amusement to troops leading hard, dangerous lives where no other amusement is available. The Army cannot bring mail to every lonely doughboy but it can bring by radio familiar voices and well-loved music. It can bring only a comparative handful of its forces the diversion of movies or individual entertainers, but it can bring to all of them the finest entertainers in the world through the magic of radio. In the last World War Elsie Janis became the "Sweetheart of the AEF" through her singing to the soldiers in France. Now it is probable that one song by Dinah Shore, through the medium of radio, is heard by more members of the second AEF than all the songs sung by Elsie back when Uncle Louis was trying to remember the words to *Mademoiselle from Armentieres.* When Ginny Simms sings *White Christmas* it is heard by the bearded crew of an American submarine lying on the surface of the Pacific off the coast of Japan and sweating Anzac crews huddled in the blistering heat of Churchill tanks in Italy.

"And now—a lengthy harangue from our sponsors"

The Army figures that the average program is heard by 14,000,000 English-speaking fighting men . . . by sunburned New Zealanders with Montgomery's Eighth Army in Italy, by brawny Aussies in the jungles of New Guinea, by British Tommies manning an anti-aircraft battery on the cliffs of Dover and by Willie Jones who worked in the corner drugstore, now PFC William Jones, USA, somewhere in China, Hawaii or Alaska.

That's why the Army says: "Why shouldn't we put on the biggest and best radio program in the world? We've got the best audience in the world." ⌗


Wyler
waterproof

For Service Wear, Everywhere

- SUBMERSION TESTED—100% WATERPROOF
- PATENTED INCAFLEX SHOCK ABSORBER
- SELF-WINDING ● UNBREAKABLE GLASS
- 17 JEWEL, ANTI-MAGNETIC MOVEMENT
- PRECISION TESTED FOR ACCURACY
- RADIUM DIAL ● SWEEP SECOND HAND

Illustrated model with all above features — $59.75; heavy 14K gold case — $170.00 at Better Jewelers everywhere. Prices include Federal Tax

WYLER INCAFLEX SHOCKPROOF

Sold and Serviced in 52 Countries.

WYLER WATCH AGENCY • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

John Middleton
(blender of Walnut)
PRESENTS:
4 TESTED, SURE-FIRE GIFTS FOR MEN

The De Luxe
MIDDLETON BLENDING-CHEST, $6.50

A permanent "blending-bar" for the man who likes to fuss with his own pipe-mixtures. Handsome, hinged, leatheretted chest contains: (a) Glass jars of 7 rare, expensive tobaccos; (b) jigger for measuring; (c) oil-silk tobacco-pouch; (d) instruction-booklet suggesting many delightful formulas. Stoutly cartoned for safe mailing anywhere. Order now to avoid disappointment!

WALNUT, THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE, $2.25

Middleton's famous blend of 7 select tobaccos, created three generations ago for a group of university-students. There is no finer filling for the bowl of a pampered pipe, no more welcome gift. $2.25 the pound, $1.15 the half-pound. Also pocket-packs at 30c.

THE JOHN MIDDLETON VARIETY KIT, $1

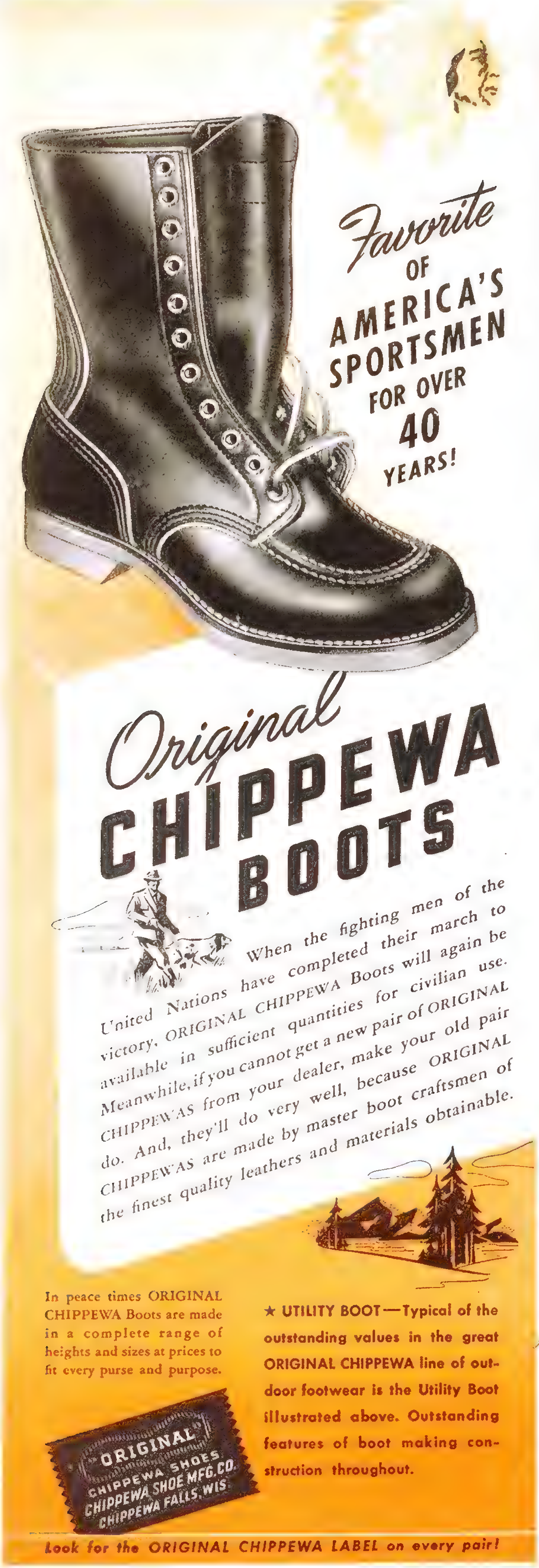
A blend for every taste: The popular Walnut, fragrant Regimental, mild Old Mariner, delightful Club Mixture, and mellow Bin 56. Attractively cartoned for mailing.

PIPE-AND-TOBACCO KIT, $1.50

Especially popular with younger members, at home and in the armed forces. Contains (a) individual boxes of Middleton's Walnut, Regimental, and Old Mariner; (b) a Middleton Ameroot Pipe, which sells regularly for $1.50 itself; (c) pipe-cleaners; (d) booklet on care of pipes. This kit, too, is getting scarce, so speak up!

See your tobacco, drug, or department-store first. If you can't get what you want, write:

JOHN MIDDLETON, Philadelphia 7, Pa. • Blender of Fine Tobaccos Since 1856


Favorite OF AMERICA'S SPORTSMEN FOR OVER 40 YEARS!

Original CHIPPEWA BOOTS

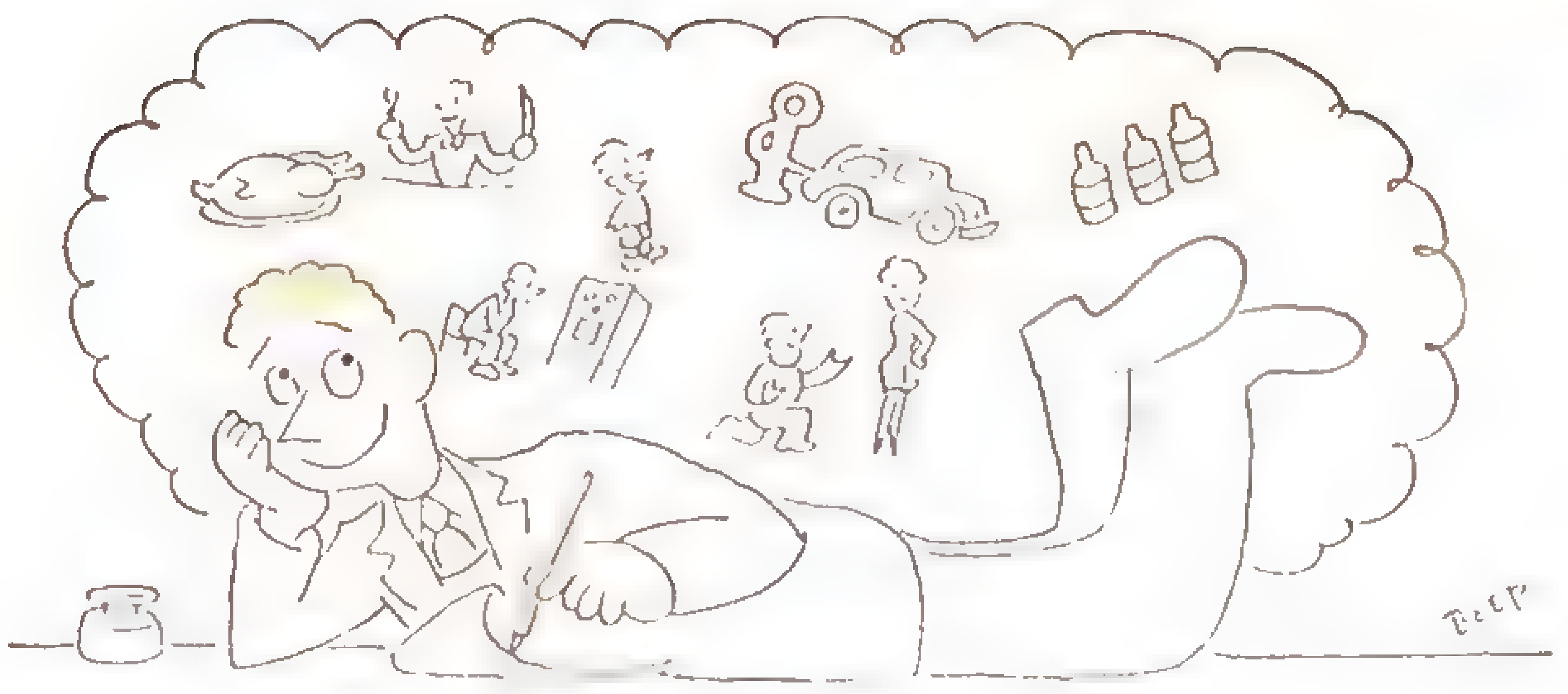
When the fighting men of the United Nations have completed their march to victory, ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Boots will again be available in sufficient quantities for civilian use. Meanwhile, if you cannot get a new pair of ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS from your dealer, make your old pair do. And, they'll do very well, because ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS are made by master boot craftsmen of the finest quality leathers and materials obtainable.

In peace times ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Boots are made in a complete range of heights and sizes at prices to fit every purse and purpose.

★ UTILITY BOOT—Typical of the outstanding values in the great ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA line of outdoor footwear is the Utility Boot illustrated above. Outstanding features of boot making construction throughout.

ORIGINAL
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Look for the ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA LABEL on every pair!



My Christmas Memoirs

A lot of gravy has flowed over the tablecloth since I carved my first Christmas turkey, and many's the incident I look back on with feelings compounded of wistfulness, nostalgia and nausea. I can well remember the first turkey I carved. "This will make wonderful hash next week," I remarked. "What do you think you're making out of it right now?" quipped my little nephew, Jimmy. I've never been the same since. Neither has Jimmy.

Many's the time we had dinner away from home. How well I can remember the good old-fashioned Christmas with the snow on the ground and the due on the mortgage! We'd bundle up warm, lock up the house, and go out into the cold, rubbing our hands. "Everything ready?" we'd ask Dan, the hired man. He'd nod, and then we'd pile into the car, switch on the heater, stop at Walt's Filling Station, greet him with that cheery, folksy, old-fashioned expression: "Fill 'er up!" and breeze off at sixty m.p.h. to Aunt Beulah's house, sixty miles away. Ah, for the old-time Christmas when all you needed to get gas was that green stuff, and OPA was the first syllable in OPALESCENT. Them were the days!

And there at the door would be good old Aunt Beulah ready to greet us and load us down with autumnal goodies. "What will it be?" she'd ask cheerfully, "Manhattans or Martinis?" And then we'd go into the warm, cozy parlor, and there, seated in the easy chair, would be kindly old Uncle Ned. "What holiday tidings?" we'd ask. "Big game going on in Southern California," he'd reply. "Second down, three to go, ball on the four-yard line and net paid attendance 104,752. Now shut up and leave me listen!" Ah me, Uncle Ned, rest his precious old soul, 's around no more. Nope. He ran away with a blonde who'd converted her oil burner to coal.

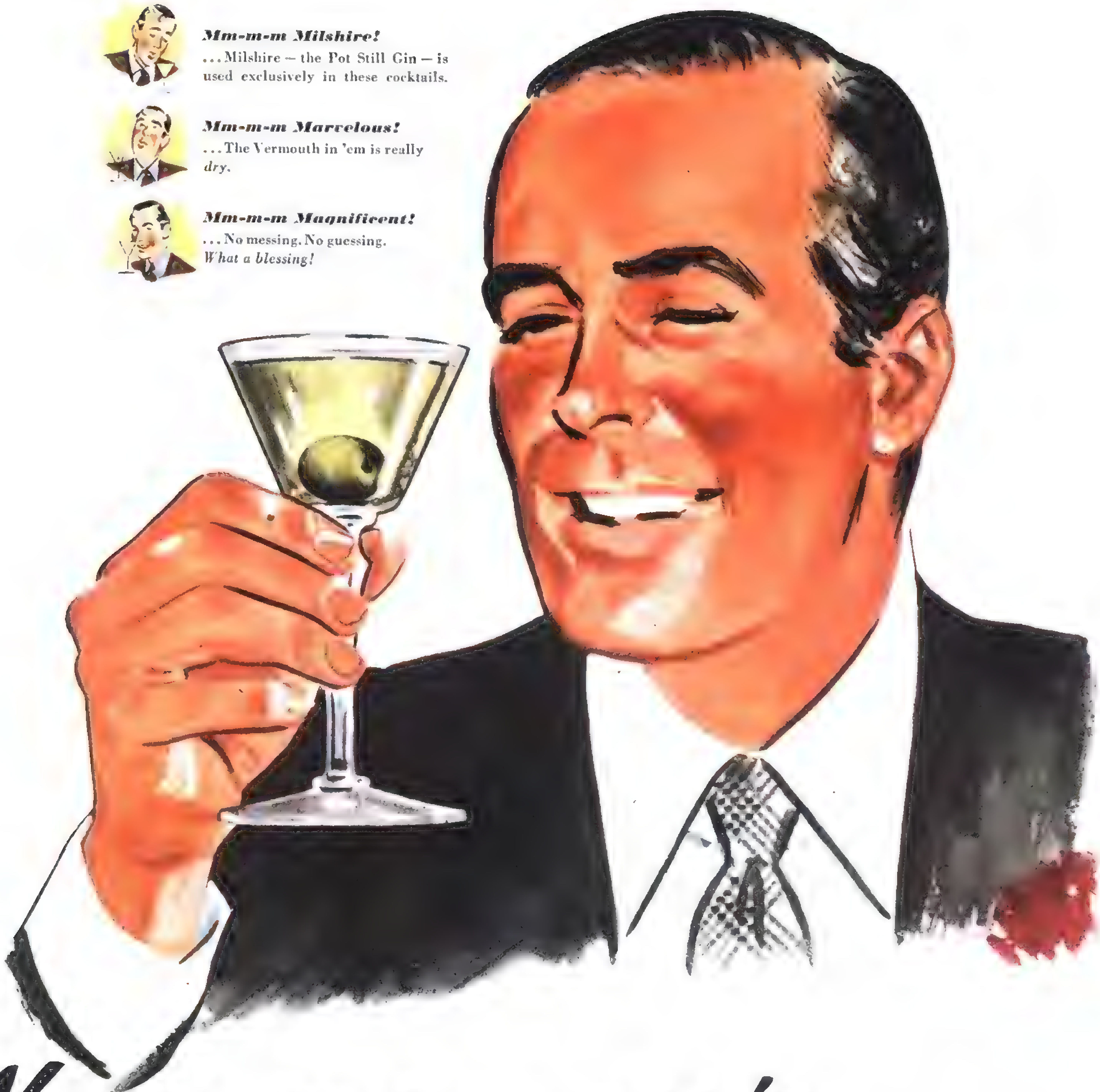
—PARKE CUMMINGS

Supreme in Quality

What can you say of an extremely fine quality product that the product doesn't "say for itself?" The demand for Gilbert's is at an all-time high . . . Chocolate is a vital ration for service men and women, and, of course, their needs come first. If your dealer can but occasionally offer you a package of Gilbert's, we hope that you will realize it is because of a wartime condition only . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan

GILBERT *Chocolates*

THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS



Mm-m-m Milshire!
...Milshire — the Pot Still Gin — is used exclusively in these cocktails.

Mm-m-m Marvelous!
...The Vermouth in 'em is really dry.

Mm-m-m Magnificent!
...No messing. No guessing.
What a blessing!

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD DRY MARTINI?

Who says good Martinis are only a memory? They're still here—*marvelous Martinis* —made as always with scarce and precious Milshire Gin, and the world's finest Dry Vermouth. You can get them from your local liquor store, ready mixed, handily bottled, ready to ice and serve. *Be sure to ask for HEUBLEIN'S!*

Neither love nor money can buy better ingredients nor make a better cocktail!

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
COCKTAILS

Six Kinds:
- Manhattan *(65 proof)*
- Side Car *(60 proof)*
- Old Fashioned *(80 proof)*
- Dry Martini *(71 proof)*
- Martini, medium *(60 proof)*
- Daiquiri *(70 proof)*

HEUBLEIN'S
Club **COCKTAILS**

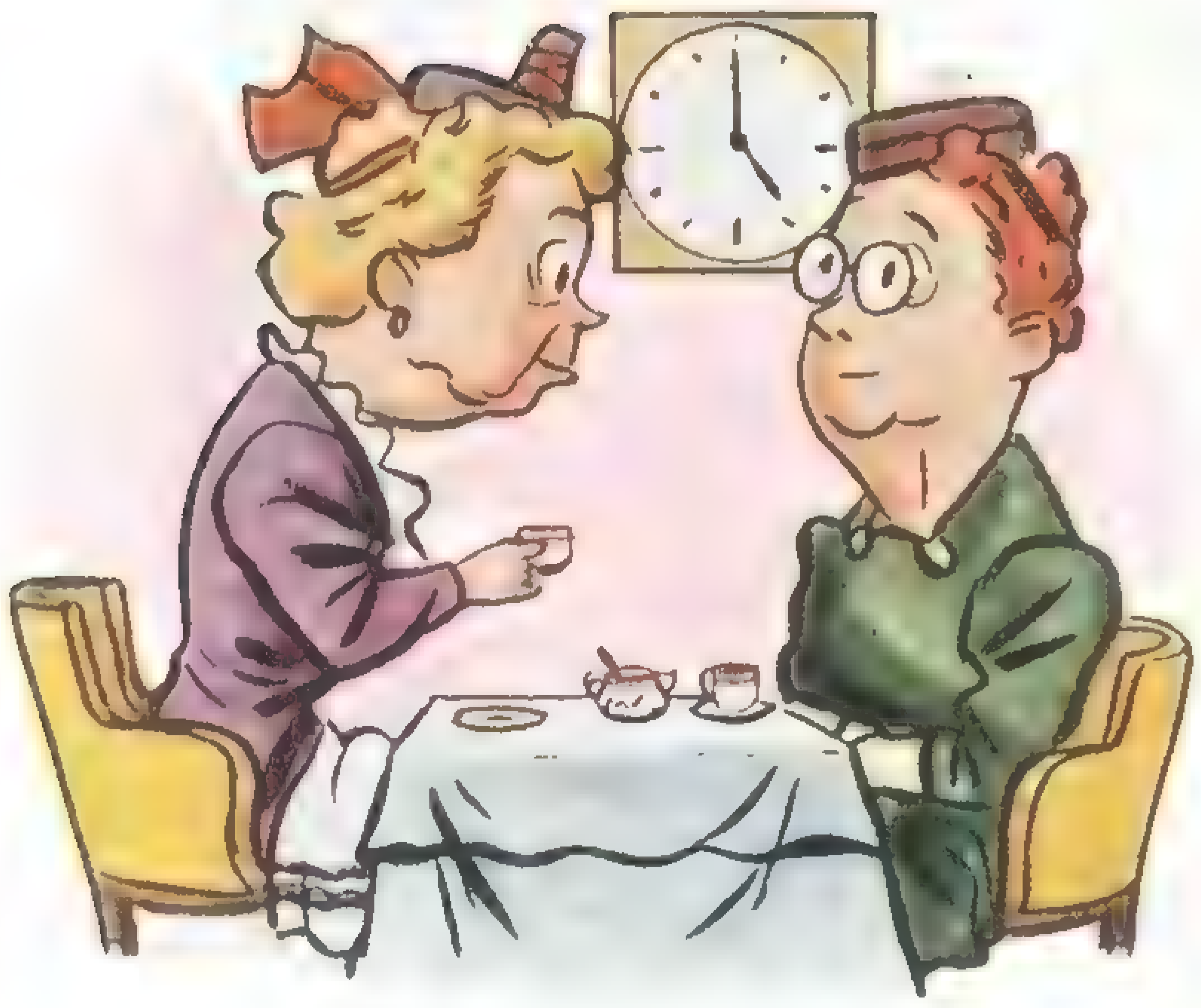
★*BACK THE ATTACK — BONDS BUY BOMBS*

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 Proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.

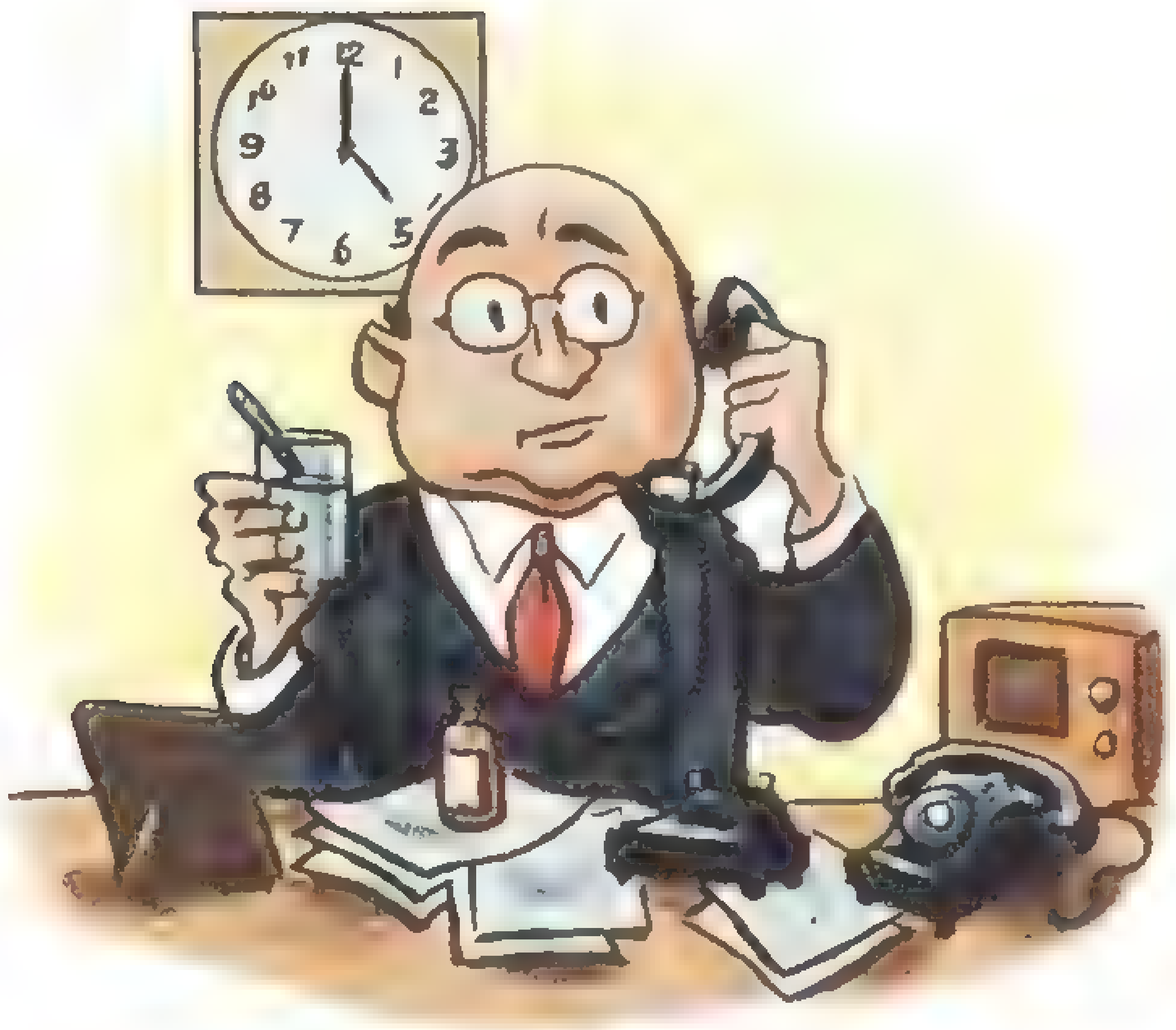
THE COCKTAIL HOUR

Around the town at five with some nonalcoholics

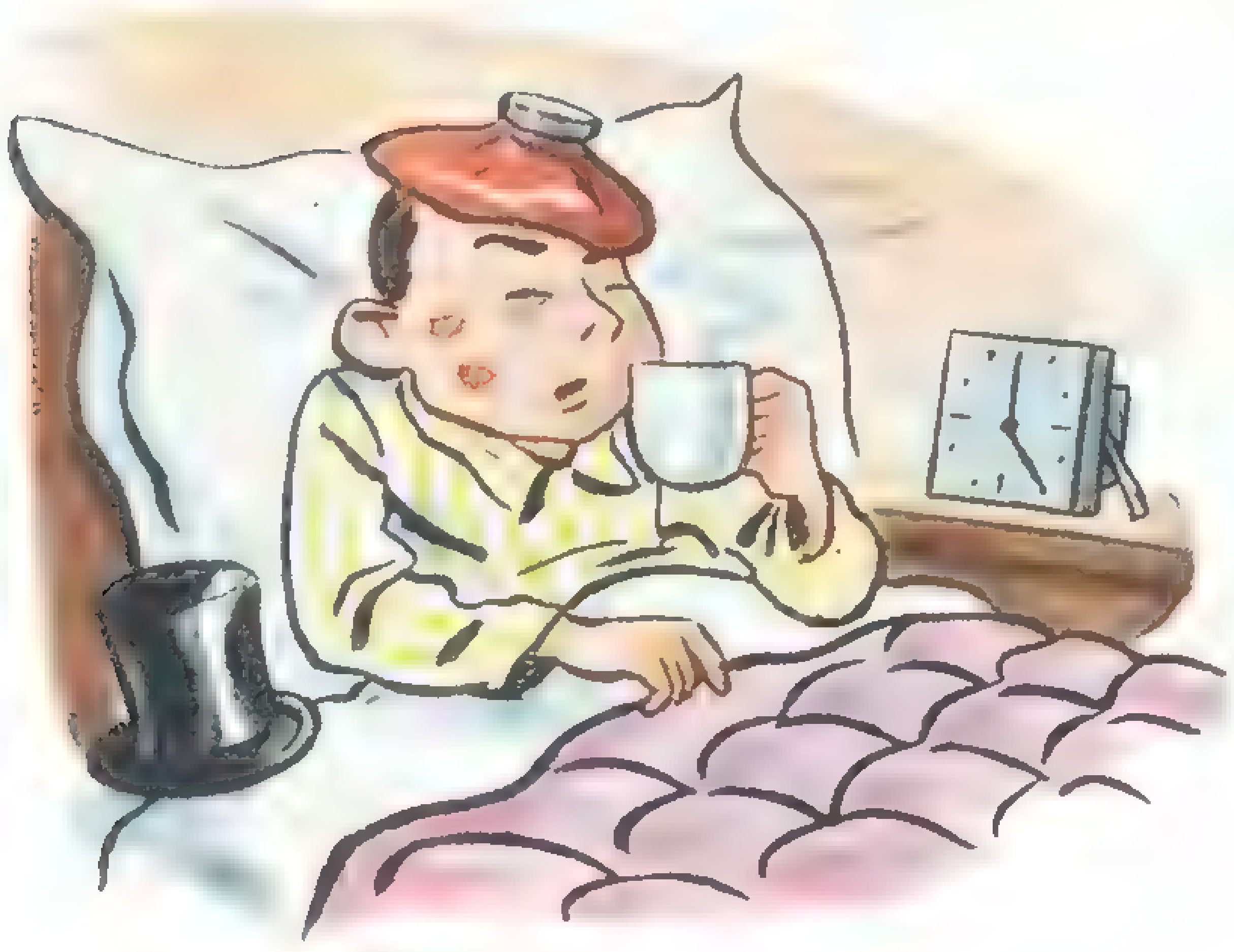
by HENRY BOLTINOFF & S. DIAMOND



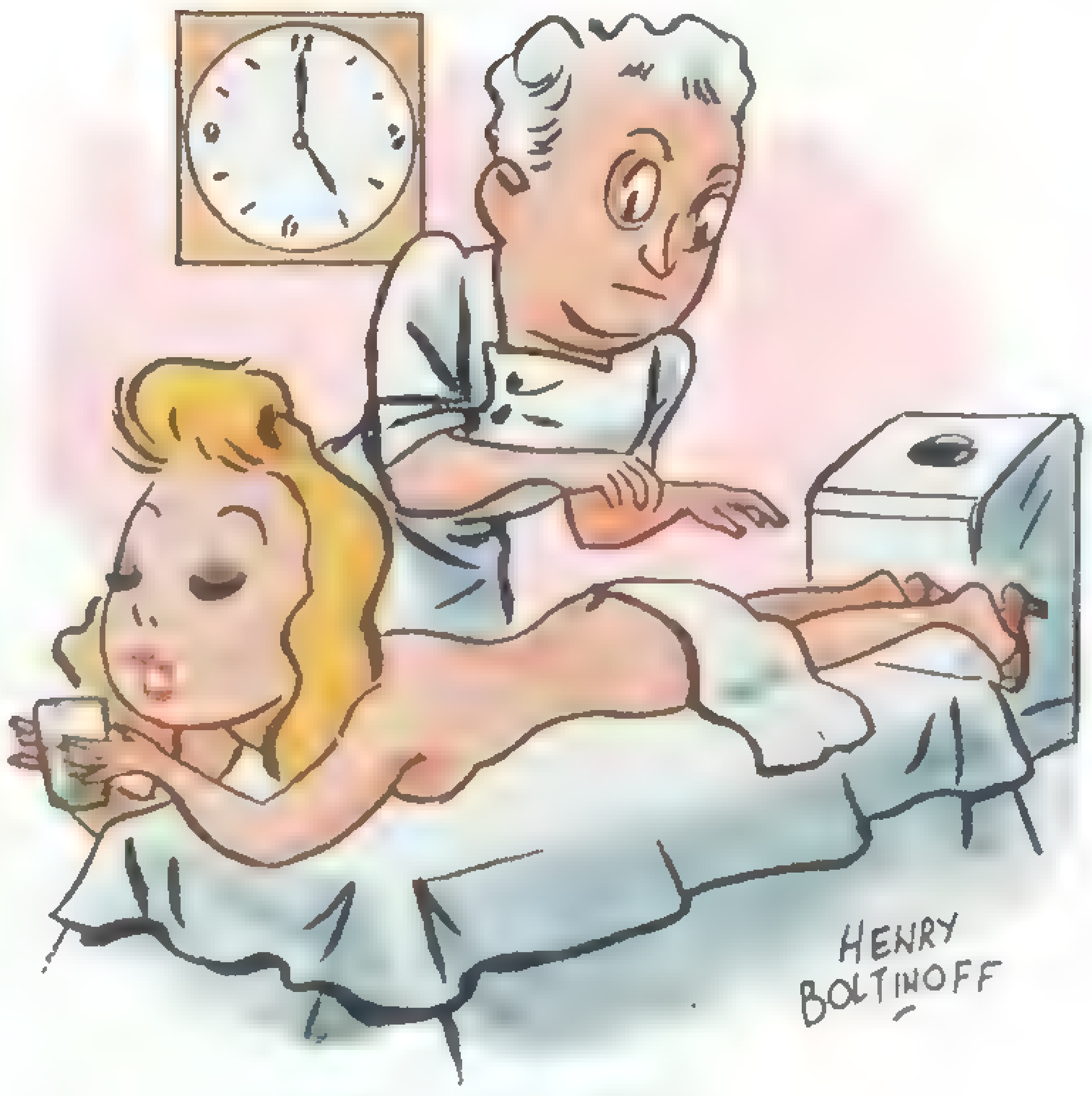
Matrons
. . . Afternoon Tea



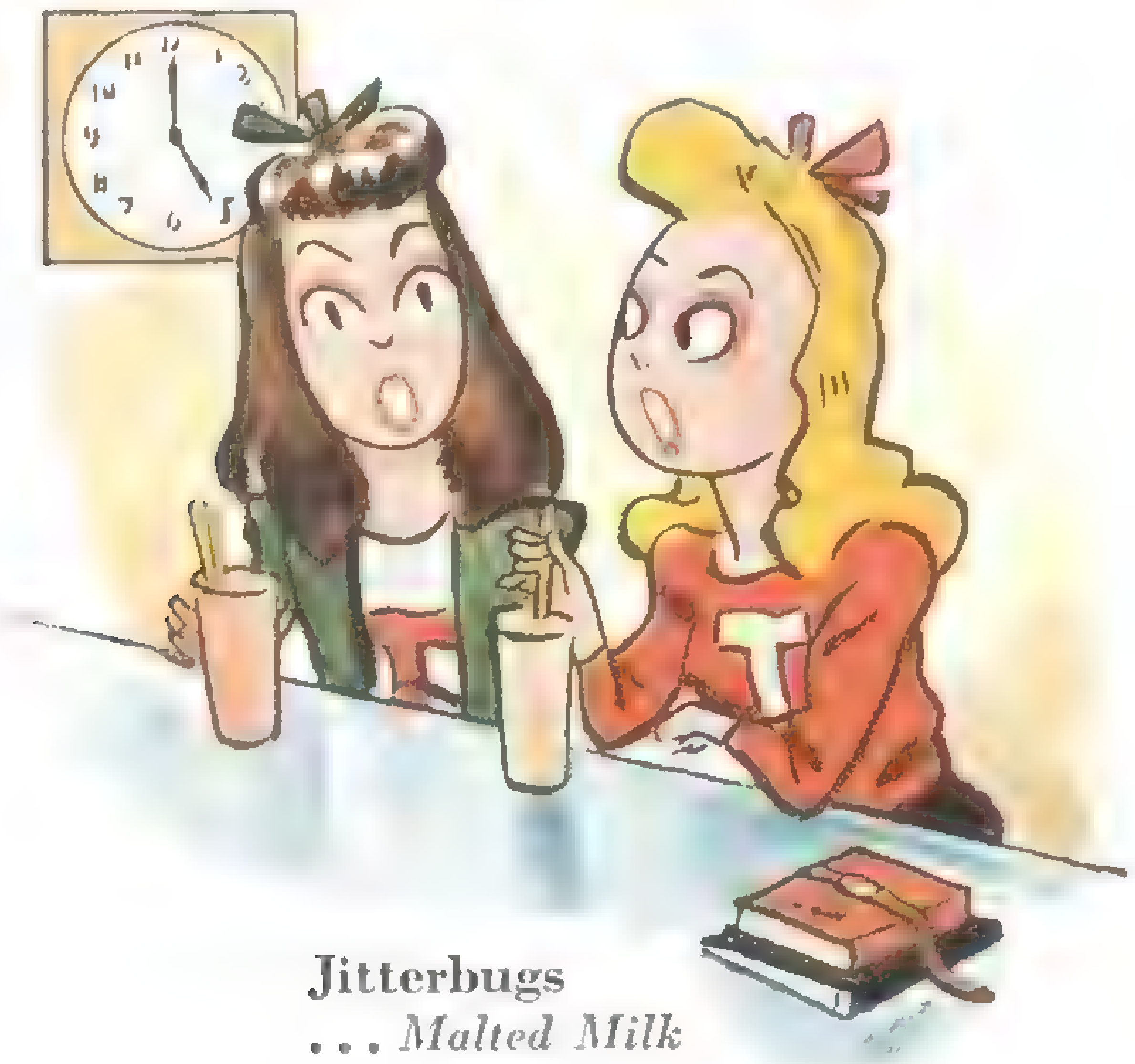
Big Business
. . . Liver Extract



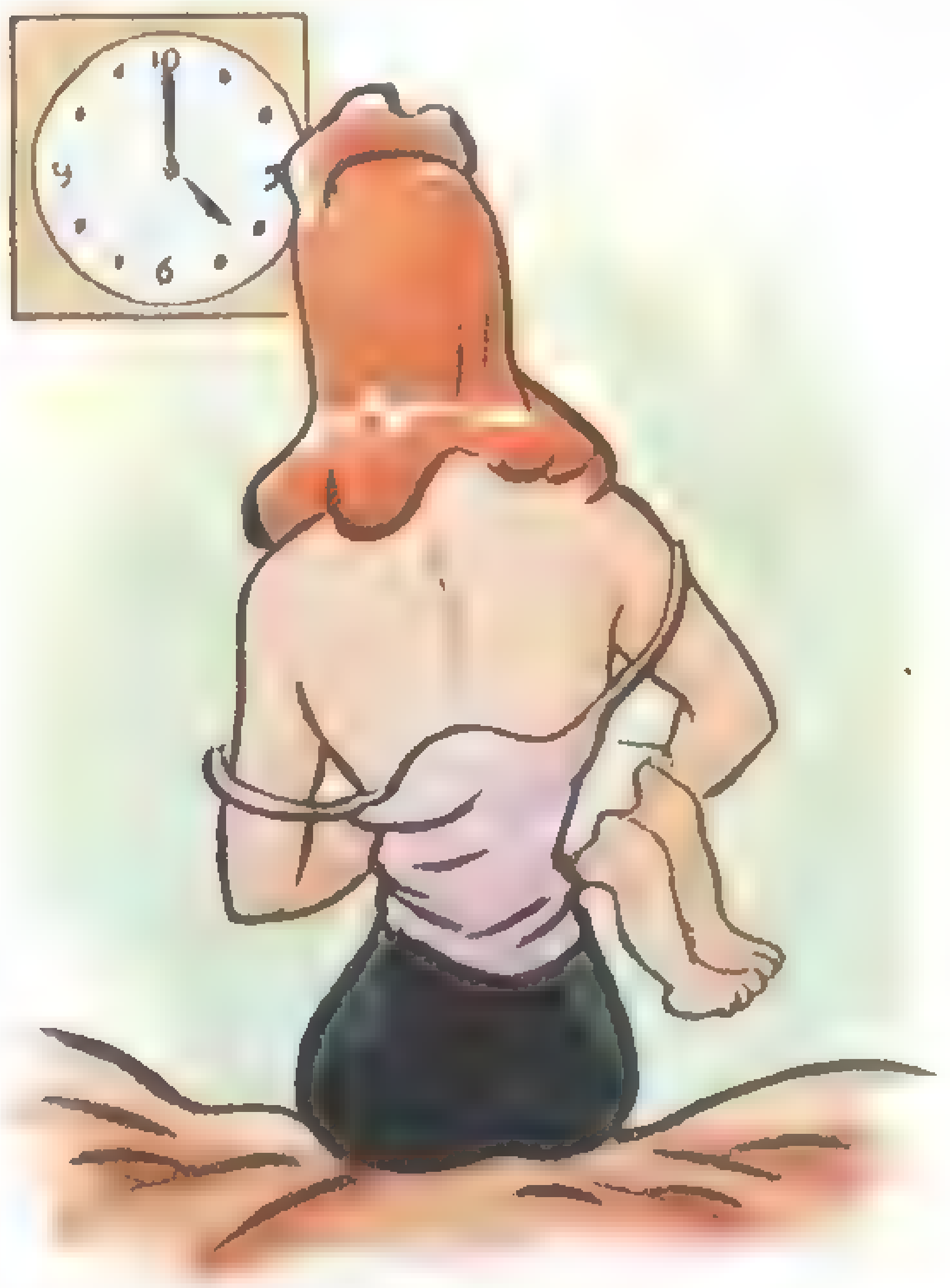
Playboy
. . . Black Coffee



Glamour Girl
. . . Spinach Juice



Jitterbugs
. . . Malted Milk



Baby
. . . Oh Well!!

For a Christmas he won't Forget ...

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The Tie That Defies Wrinkles
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Colonial Manner
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Give him Regal Ties

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THE FINEST NAME IN NECKWEAR

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The Tie With the "Silver Lining"
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At Better Stores Everywhere

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Natural Fermentation
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AMERICAN *Champagne and Sparkling* WINES

EASTERN WINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, N. Y.

Beyond the News in Still Hollow

Continued from page 71

Bradley asked, rather hesitantly.

"Maybe ye call 'em terrapins!"

"I didn't know they were good to eat," the sheriff said.

"Better 'n water turtles," Jarvis said.

"Mr. Cornett, did you get the cards notifying Crooks he was called?" Sheriff Bradley asked.

"We never go to the post office," Jarvis said. "We never git any letters. We don't take any kind of papers. No ust to. Not one here can read."

"Then you've never been to the post office?"

"When did ye go to Piney Pint last, Ma?" he asked Mrs. Cornett.

"One of the youngins was over thar last Christmas," she said.

"The cards have been sent since then," the sheriff said.

"Who sent the cards?" Jarvis asked, looking at Sheriff Bradley suspiciously.

"The U. S. Government," Sheriff Bradley said.

"What does the Govern-mint want with Crooks?" Mrs. Cornett asked, looking directly at Bradley.

"Wants 'im for a soldier," Sheriff Bradley said.

"We haint at war again, air we?" Jarvis asked.

"You don't mean to tell me you don't know we are at war?"

"I didn't know hit. Who air we a-fightin' this time?"

"Germany and Japan."

He's trying to make me think he doesn't know. Sheriff Bradley thought; he knows this country is at war. He doesn't want his boy to go. Thinks we won't find him.

"When have you been to the county seat, Mr. Cornett?"

"Hit's been over two years."

"How do you live?" he asked.

"Raise what we eat, eat what we raise," he said.

"Don't you buy anything?"

"A few clothes and shoes."

"Where do you buy them?"

"At Bert Vaughn's General Store down on the creek," he said. "Sometimes we don't go thar fer clothes and shoes. When roads air good the huckster wagon comes

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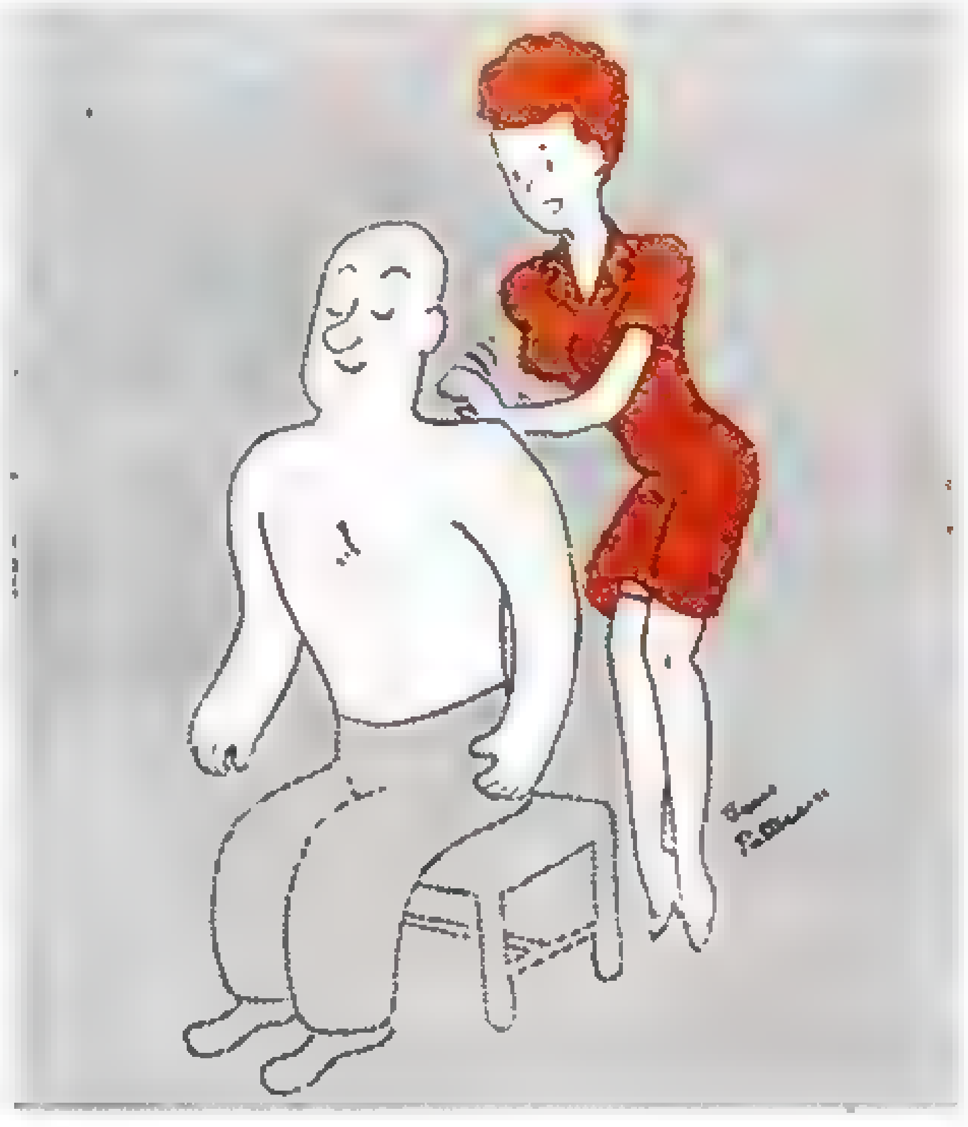

"It's things like this that make me wonder whether being your wife is an essential occupation"

DRESS PARADE

BY palmer

FRAGRANCE OF VICTORY

To the cadence of the drum beat . . .
to the quickening pulse of American womanhood
on the march to Victory . . . SOLON PALMER,
America's first and most honored Perfumer, dedicates
his new and devastating fragrance

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SINCE 1847

SOLON PALMER • NEW YORK

UNTIL HE'S HOME
For XMAS . . . For GOOD

When "cease fire" is given and he's back home for good —only then will holiday wishes take on fullest meanings. At Haggar Company in Texas, largest of trouser manufacturers, we look forward to that day. Most of Haggar production now goes to men in uniform. We're proud of our share in keeping him trim and comfortable out there. When Peace returns Haggar will be ready with value-giving slacks and trousers he'll be equally proud to wear. To hasten his homecoming let's all give gifts of "Victory Assurance" this Christmas—War Bonds and Stamps.

Looking Ahead WITH HAGGAR

FREE! Write for Haggar's booklet, "Keeping Up With Your Trousers." Humorous history of men's trouser styles.

Write Haggar Co., Dallas, Texas

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GREENVILLE . . . DALLAS . . . WAXAHACHIE

For Holiday Cheer
IMPORTED
RON VIRGIN RUM
Season's Greetings
MAKES A DELICIOUS PLANTERS PUNCH
BEST FOR OTHER RUM DRINKS
DARK RUM
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RUM
HEAVY BODIED
86 PROOF
RON VIRGIN COMPANY, LTD.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Beyond the News in Still Hollow

Continued from pages 71-257

to the foot of the hill and we all go down and have our winter shoes fit on our feet."

"How do you make money to buy shoes?"

"Sell hides, chickens, eggs, young calves to the huckster man," he said. "Ye see the boys and me do a powerful lot of huntin'."

"And you never go to the county seat?"

"Let me tell ye, Sheriff Bradley," Jarvis said, pulling a tobacco leaf from his pocket and cramming it into his mouth," "I'm the only one of my fambly that's ever been out'n this county."

"You don't have a radio to get the news?"

"Heerd one play once," Jarvis said. "My youngins haint heerd a radio."

"And you didn't know that we'd been at war over a year?"

"Not until ye come fer Crooks and told us about it."

While they sat talking in the small room the door opened and a tall, red-cheeked boy with long uncombed hair walked in. He carried a basket on his arm filled with terrapins.

"Look, Pa, at the land turtles," he said before he noticed the stranger sitting among his people.

"They air fine lookin' land turtles," Jarvis said to his son who shied away to the far side of the room when he saw the stranger. One of his brothers whispered something to him.

"Sheriff Bradley has come all the way from the county seat to see ye," Jarvis told his son. "He says our country's at war and Uncle Sam wants ye fer a soldier."

"When does Uncle Sam want me?"

"Right now," Sheriff Bradley said.

"When did the war start?" the boy asked, knocking the terrapins back into the basket when they tried to crawl out.

"Over a year ago," Sheriff Bradley said.

"If I'd a-knowed hit I could a-been fightin' a year," Crooks said. "Do ye want me to go tonight?"

"In the mornin'," the sheriff said.

"Will Uncle Sam have ye if ye'r fifteen?" the boy second in size asked Sheriff Bradley.

"No, you're too young," Sheriff Bradley said.

"I'd like to go with Crooks," he said. "Would ye keer if I'd go, Ma?"

"Not if Uncle Sam needs ye."

The sun had set and twilight was brooding over Still Hollow.

"I'll have to spend the night with you, Mr. Cornett," Sheriff Bradley said. "My mule is tired and I can't get back tonight."

"Wouldn't think about lettin' ye go back tonight," Jarvis said. "We've got a bed fer ye, maybe hit's not as good as ye're ust-to; we've got grub fer ye, sich as hit

Continued on page 260

TAVANNES
WATCHES

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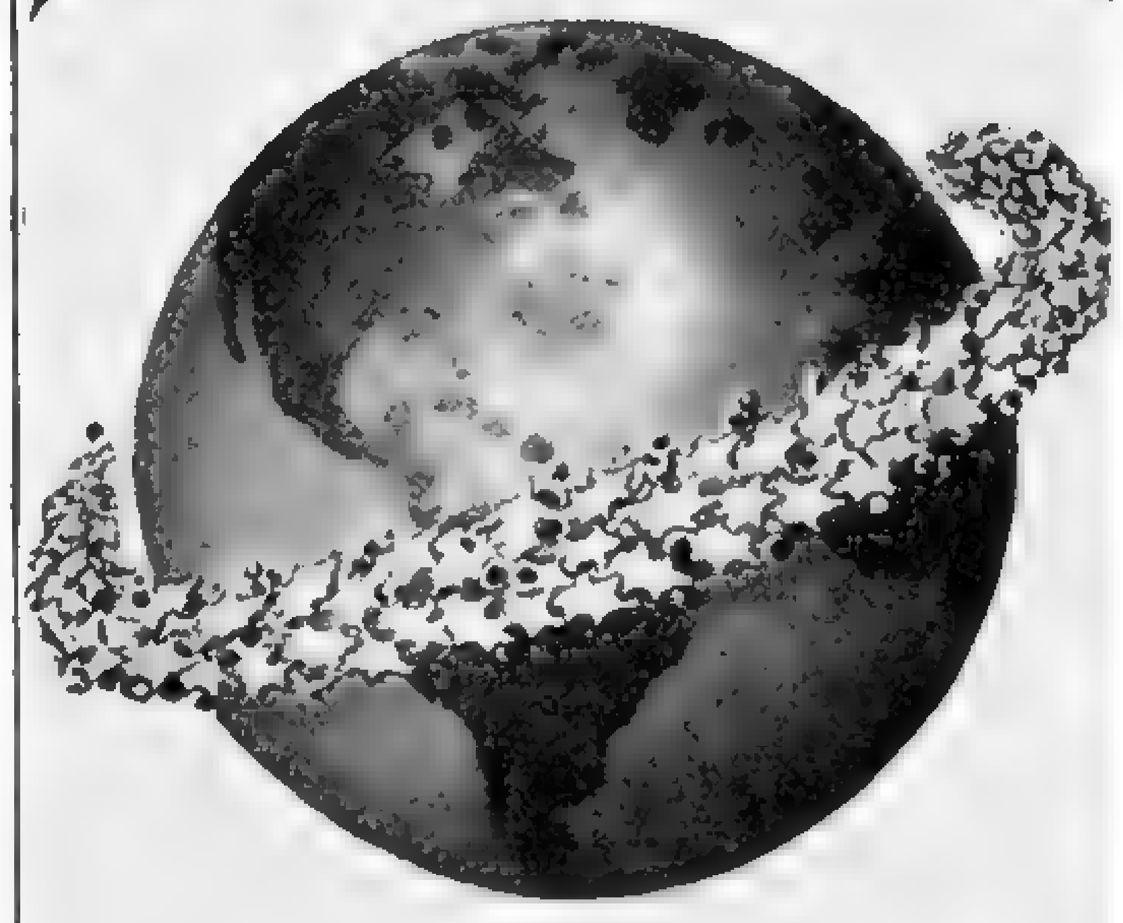
World-DISTRIBUTED for SERVICE



For 52 Yuletides

knowing people, in every land, have turned to Tavannes for their most important gifts.

Once these pre-eminent watches were available only at luxury prices. But, today, advances in technique and equipment make traditional Tavannes quality obtainable at modest cost.

See the newest Tavannes models for men and women at better jewelers from $37.50 . . . Due to conditions, your dealer may not have them for brief intervals. Tavannes quality is certainly worth waiting for.

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TIMES THE WORLD—SINCE 1891
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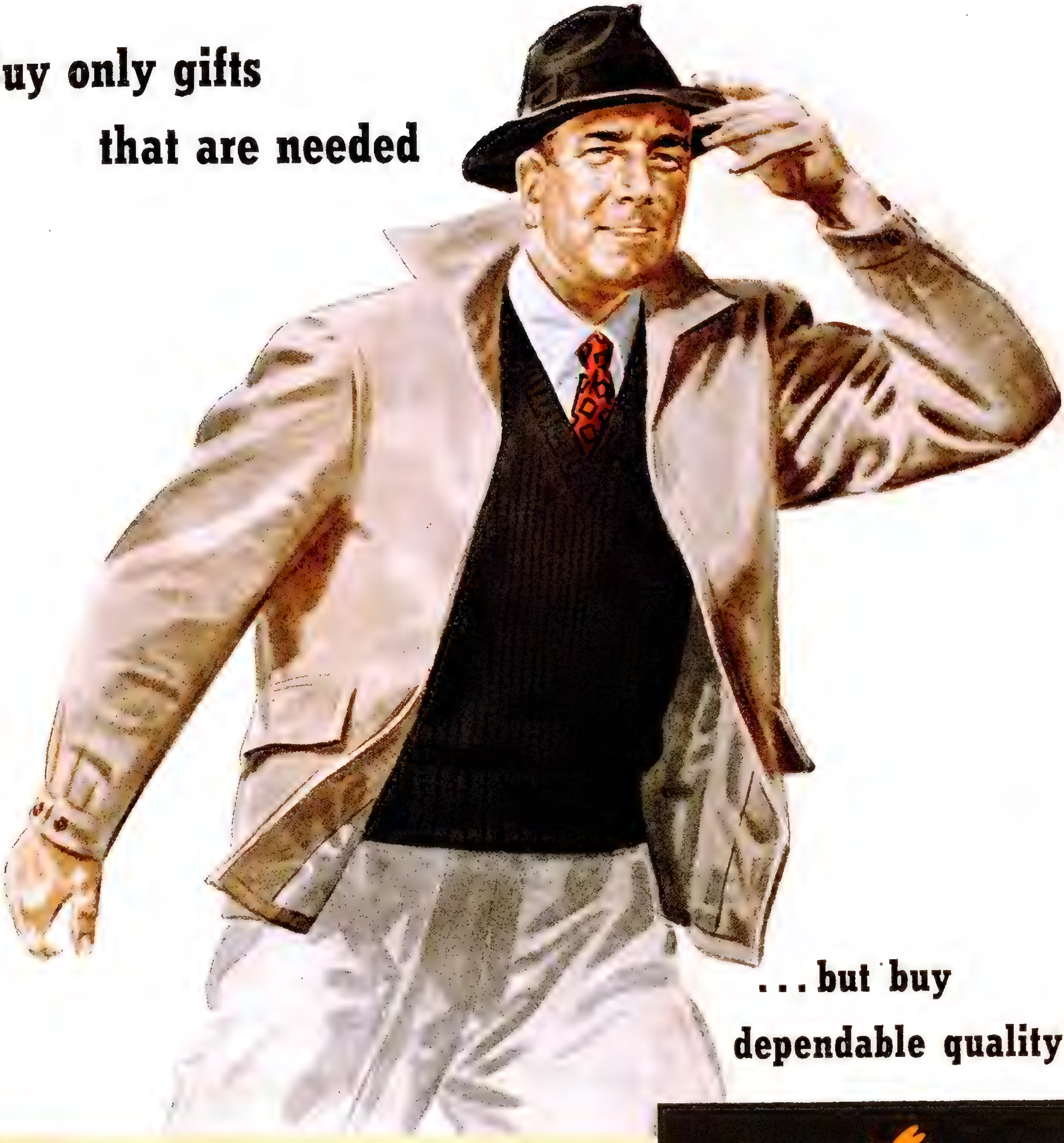

. . . but buy dependable quality!

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BANTAMAC Jackets in Cotton Twill, Gabardine, also wool pile lined, $5.95 to $35. Featured at better stores with BRIAR CLUB Sweaters and Leather Jackets distinguished for quality and practical styling. For free illustrated folder and nearest dealer write Briar Club, Dept. G, 1107 Broadway, New York 10.

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THE JACKET OF MANY USES

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By Buchsbaum

Genuine Calfskin in Baby Alligator grain. Four transparent double photo and card compartments, roomy currency compartment, extra card pocket, pockets for coins and stamps. No. X1066.........$5

Style King
WALLETS AND CIGARETTE CASES

$5

A deluxe wallet fashioned from soft, pliable, genuine California saddle leather. Detachable pass case can be used separately. Has 6 transparent double card and photo compartments. Wallet has roomy currency compartment with divider and two extra card pockets. No. X1070...............................$5

$1.50

Thin, pliable—made of genuine Ramskin. Has 2 transparent double photo and card compartments, extra transparent card holder, two extra pockets and currency compartment. With choice of Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard, Air Corps Insignia embossed on outside—or with no insignia. No. X881..$1.50

$2.50

Genuine cowhide leather cigarette case. Holds 22 cigarettes. Prevents crushing. Quality workmanship throughout. Attractively packaged in gift box. No. X1036..........................$2.50

$4

Made from genuine fine Morocco-grain Goatskin. Has 4 double transparent photo and card compartments. Two extra card pockets and stamp pocket. Roomy currency compartment. No. X1068..............$4

Ask for Style King at leading dealers everywhere!

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 • CHICAGO

Dealer's Note: Limited stocks on hand at our New York, Chicago and Los Angeles Offices.

Beyond the News in Still Hollow

Continued from pages 71-257-258

is. Did, take his mule to the stable and stall and feed 'im fer the night."

"All right, Pa," Did said.

"Clean the land turtles," his father commanded. "Ye'd better be a-cooking us a bite o' supper, Ma!"

The skinny mother left the front room at her husband's command. The children followed her into the kitchen while Sheriff Bradley and Jarvis Cornett talked as darkness engulfed the twilight. Jarvis lighted a pine torch and stuck it in a wooden holder on the mantle.

"Crooks won't sleep tonight," Jarvis told the Sheriff. "He'll be a-thinkin' about leavin' in the mornin'."

"I thought he was dodgin' the draft," Sheriff Bradley said.

"Honest, we didn't know about the war until ye told us, Sheriff," Jarvis said. "Thar haint a house in seven miles o' here. We never hear any news only what people tell us, and we're suspicy of strangers in Still Hollow."

While the men talked in the torch-lighted room, Enic Bradley observed the scanty furniture. There were two crudely made beds in the room, an old paintless dresser with a broken mirror, a small table made of puncheon boards. There were pictures of two old men with long beards and two wrinkled-faced old women. There was a picture of Jesus Christ and below it these words were framed, GOD BLESS OUR HOME. The walls were papered with newspapers turned yellow with age and punctured in many places, letting Enic see the rough log walls. Over the ceiling, newspapers were circled where the shack had leaked. And in one corner, a ladder was placed from the floor to a hole in the loft.

"Supper's ready, Jarvis," Mrs. Cornett announced.

"Let's eat, Sheriff," Jarvis said.

In the small kitchen there was a table covered with oilcloth in the middle of the floor. There was a cookstove in one corner and a cupboard in the other. Pots and pans were hanging to nails over the newspapered walls. Pods of peppers and leather-britches beans hung from nails behind the stove.

"Welcome to our table," Jarvis said as they sat down.

Jarvis and Mrs. Cornett sat at one end of the table and the sheriff at the other. The boys sat on a bench on one side, the girls sat on a bench at the opposite side. There was a dish of land turtle fried brown in the middle of the table, a dish of corn pone cut in squares and stacked high on a plate; there was a dish of fried brown potatoes, mouse's ear greens and wild strawberries for a dessert.

"This will be my first land turtle," the sheriff said when Jarvis passed him the dish. "You don't have a ration book to buy

Continued on page 262

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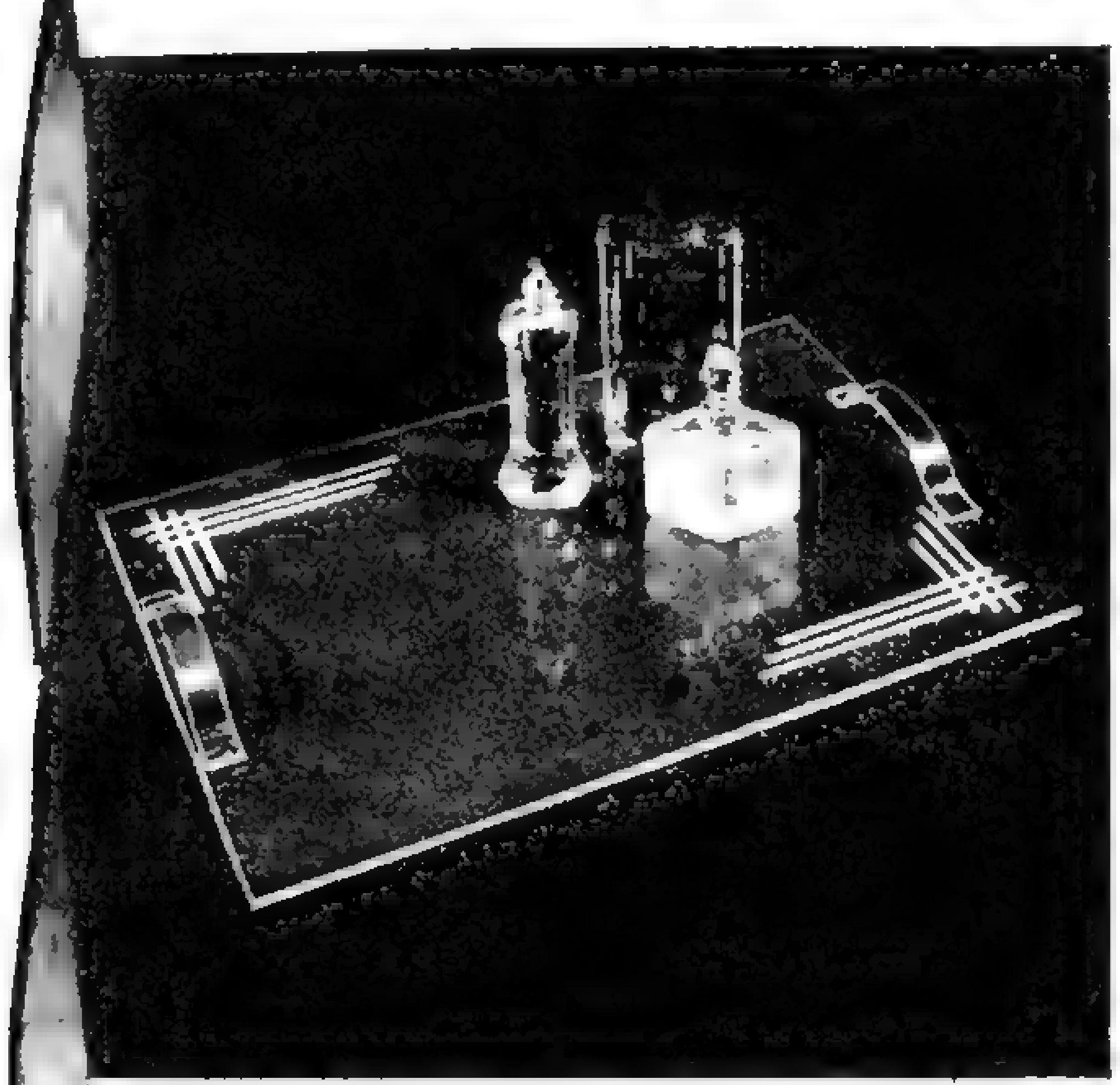
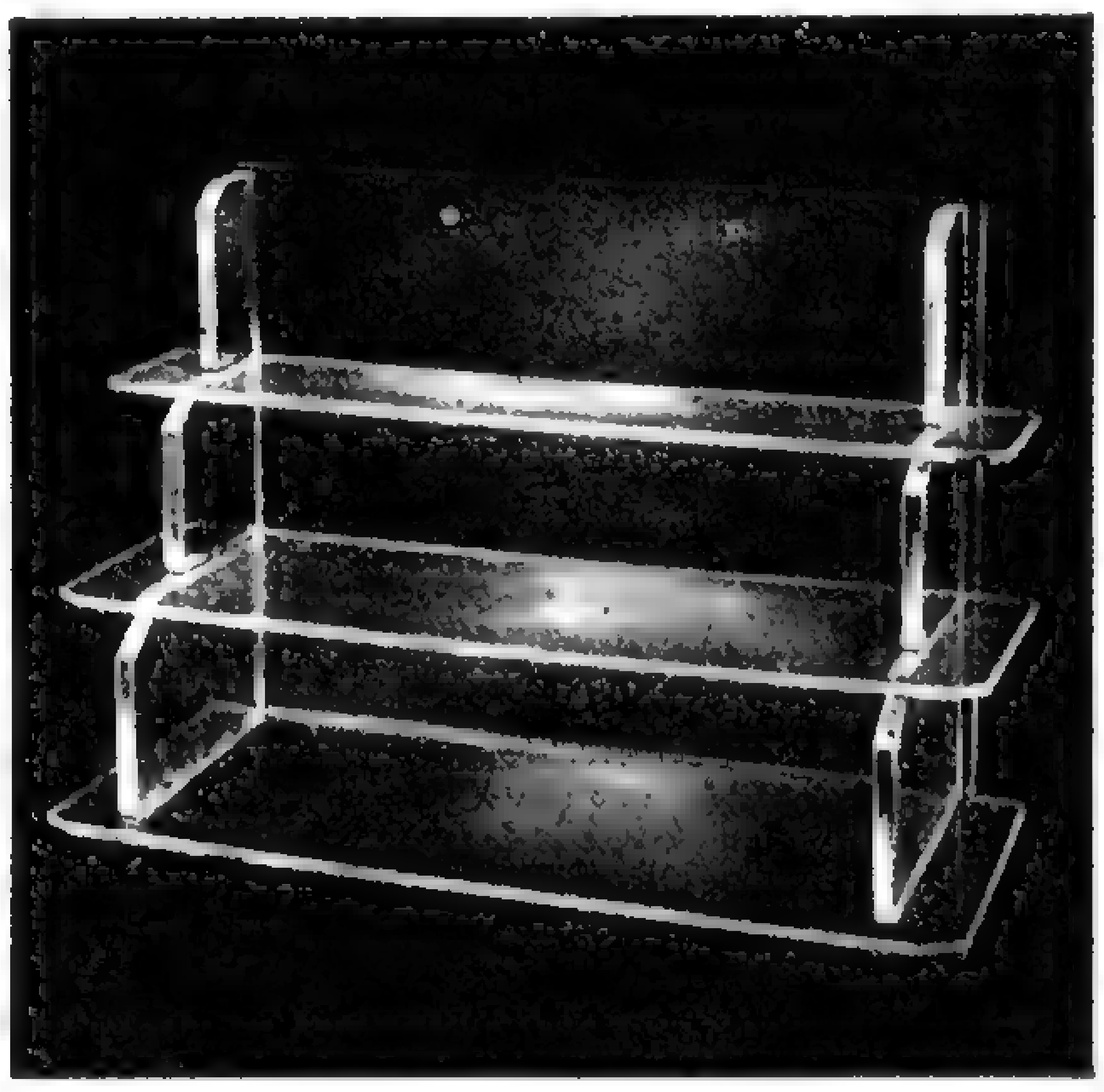
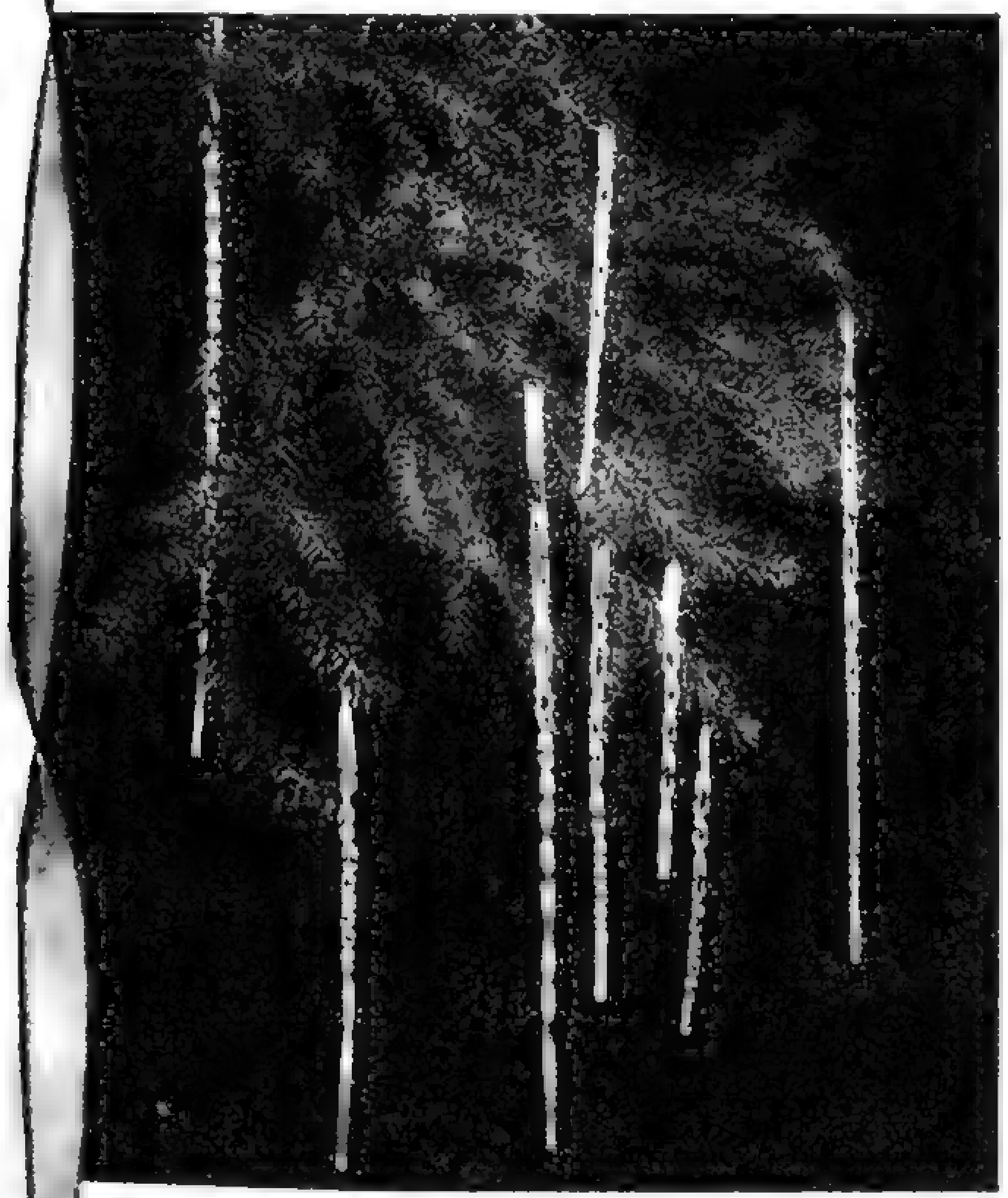


Lovely Plastic Perfume Tray for the lady, to grace the boudoir table. Decorative hand-cut design, beveled edges, 11 x 16 inches, tray only. $6.95 each

Plastic Picture Frames. Gift of universal appeal. The answer to "What shall I give?" Holds two pictures back to back, visible from either side, Styles A and B, 5"x7", $5 ea.; 8"x10", $6.95 ea. Style C, circular 6", $5 ea.; 8", $6.95 ea.

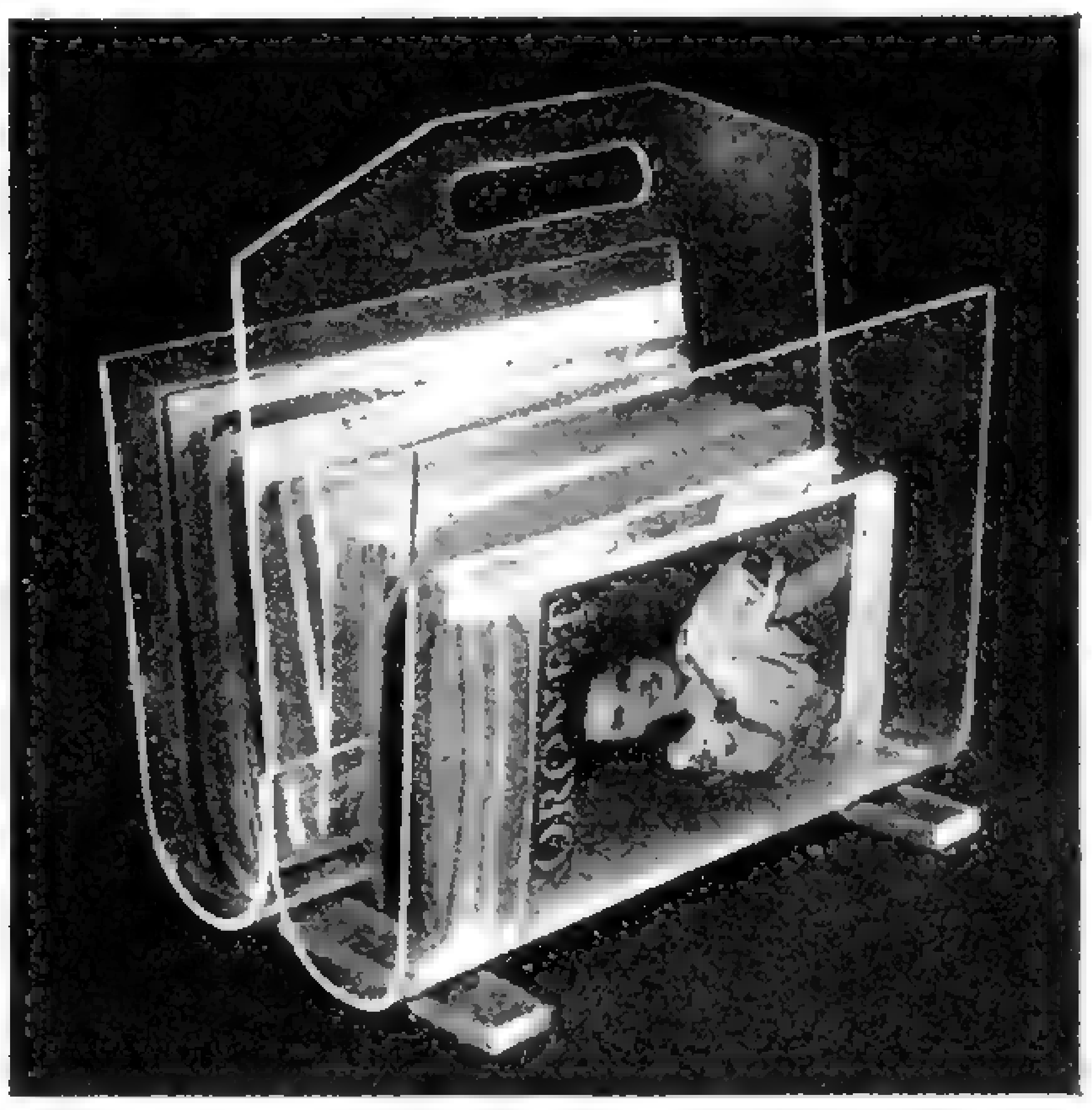


Plastic Knick-Knack Shelf. A sparkling background for miniatures, glassware and odd objects. Easily fastened to wall, or hung from molding. 12 inches wide, 8¼ inches high, $10



Plastic Icicles for Christmas trees. Sparkling, permanent, non-inflammable. Reflect lights and colors. Packed in dozen lots, assorted lengths, 6, 9, 12 inches. Dozen $2. Special, 3 dozen, $5

Plastic Coasters and Cigarette Box. Useful gifts for the hostess. Crystal clear, harmonize with any furnishings. Coasters 3 x 3 inches, beveled edges, engraved with single initial, 6 for $2; dozen for $3.75. Cigarette box holds 2 full packs, $5 plain; with 3-initial monogram, $6



Plastic Magazine Rack. Another practical hostess gift. New and different. The ideal way to keep current magazines regardless of size. Easily carried because it's so light; two spacious compartments provide ample capacity, $14.50

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____ Picture Frames 8x10, $6.95* *(Specify Style A, B, or C)*	____ Cigarette Box, $5; with 3 initial monogram, $6.* *(Mention initial wanted)*
____ Knick-Knack Shelf, $10	____ Magazine Rack, $14.50.

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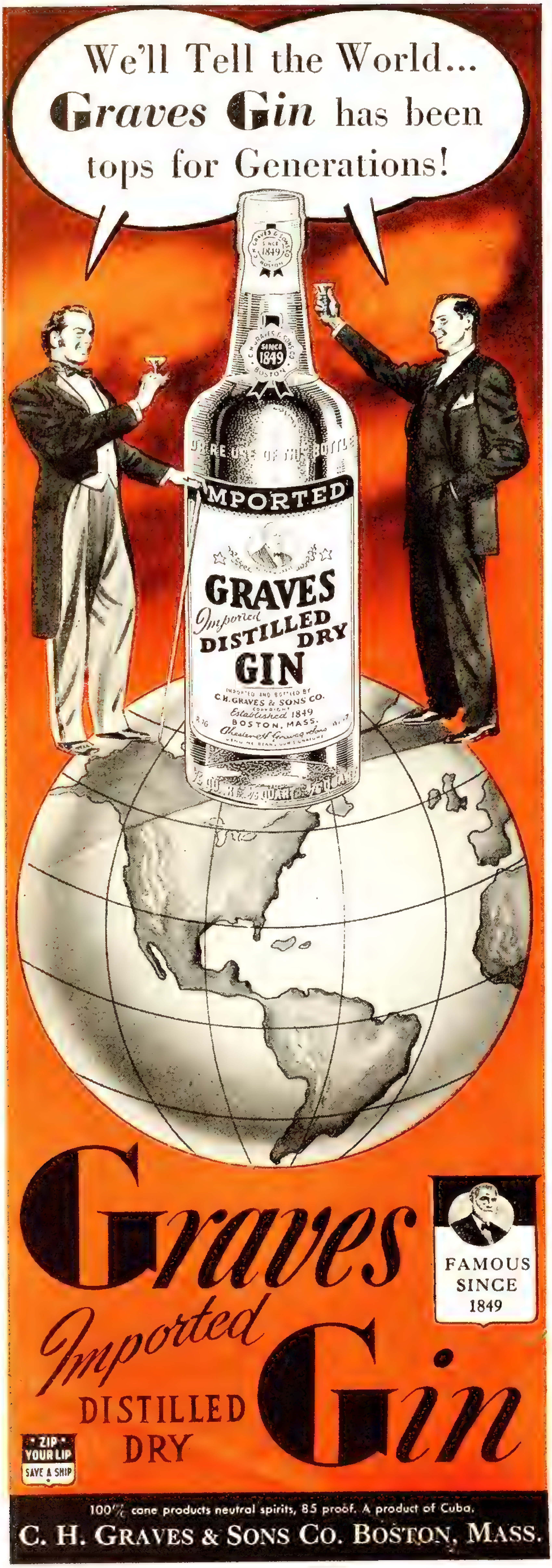

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C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Beyond the News in Still Hollow

Continued from pages 71-257-258-260

meat, do you?" he continued.

"What's a ration book?" Mrs. Cornett asked.

"It's a book put out by the United States Government that entitles you to buy your share of certain foods," Sheriff Bradley said.

"We manage to git along without that book," Jarvis said.

While they ate and the sheriff explained the ration books, the early summer wind blew in at the broken window panes and cooled the hot kitchen. The pine-torch flame that lighted the kitchen fluttered in the wind but did not go out. And above the sound of the wind and the voices around the table, Sheriff Bradley could hear the who-whos of the horned owl on the distant mountain. The sheriff ate many pieces of fried-brown land turtle legs. He was eating a rare delicacy, he thought. He never knew they were good before he visited Cornetts.

Soon as they had finished supper, the men went into the front room while the girls and their mother remained in the kitchen. While sheriff was telling Crooks Cornett about the war, he picked up the well-worn family Bible from the crude homemade table. When he turned to the fly-leaf, he found a name written in beautiful English, "Jarvis Cornett, Yorkshire, England, May 17th, 1797."

"I see this Bible's come from England," Sheriff Bradley said to Jarvis.

"Hit was my Great Grandpappie's Bible," Jarvis said. "Hit was handed down from him to his oldest son who was my Grandpappie and my Grandpappie gave it to my Pappie who was his oldest son and my Pappie gave it to me because I'm his oldest son. I'll give hit to Crooks since he's my oldest son." Jarvis said.

"We ust to have a lot more books that come from England but used 'em to start fires with since we couldn't read 'em."

"Then your people are of English descent?" Sheriff Bradley said.

"Yep, they all came from England long ago and settled in these mountains," Jarvis said, spitting ambeer into the open fireplace.

My people come from England too, Sheriff Bradley thought as he fondled the old Bible and laid it back on the table. We used to have a Bible like this that came from England. Nearly all of our neighbors did but now most of them are gone. They were the last things we lost that we brought from England.

"Sheriff, you'll have a long ride tomorrow," Jarvis said. "Don't want to rush ye to the hay but 'spect ye'd better be a-hittin' hit since ye're tired."

"I'm ready to hit the hay," the sheriff said.

"Ye'll haf to sleep upstairs with

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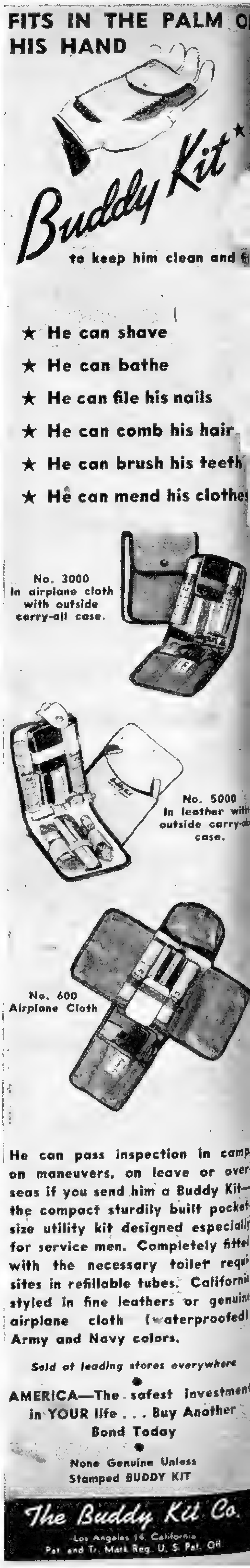

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HIS HAND

to keep him clean and f

- ★ He can shave
- ★ He can bathe
- ★ He can file his nails
- ★ He can comb his hair
- ★ He can brush his teeth
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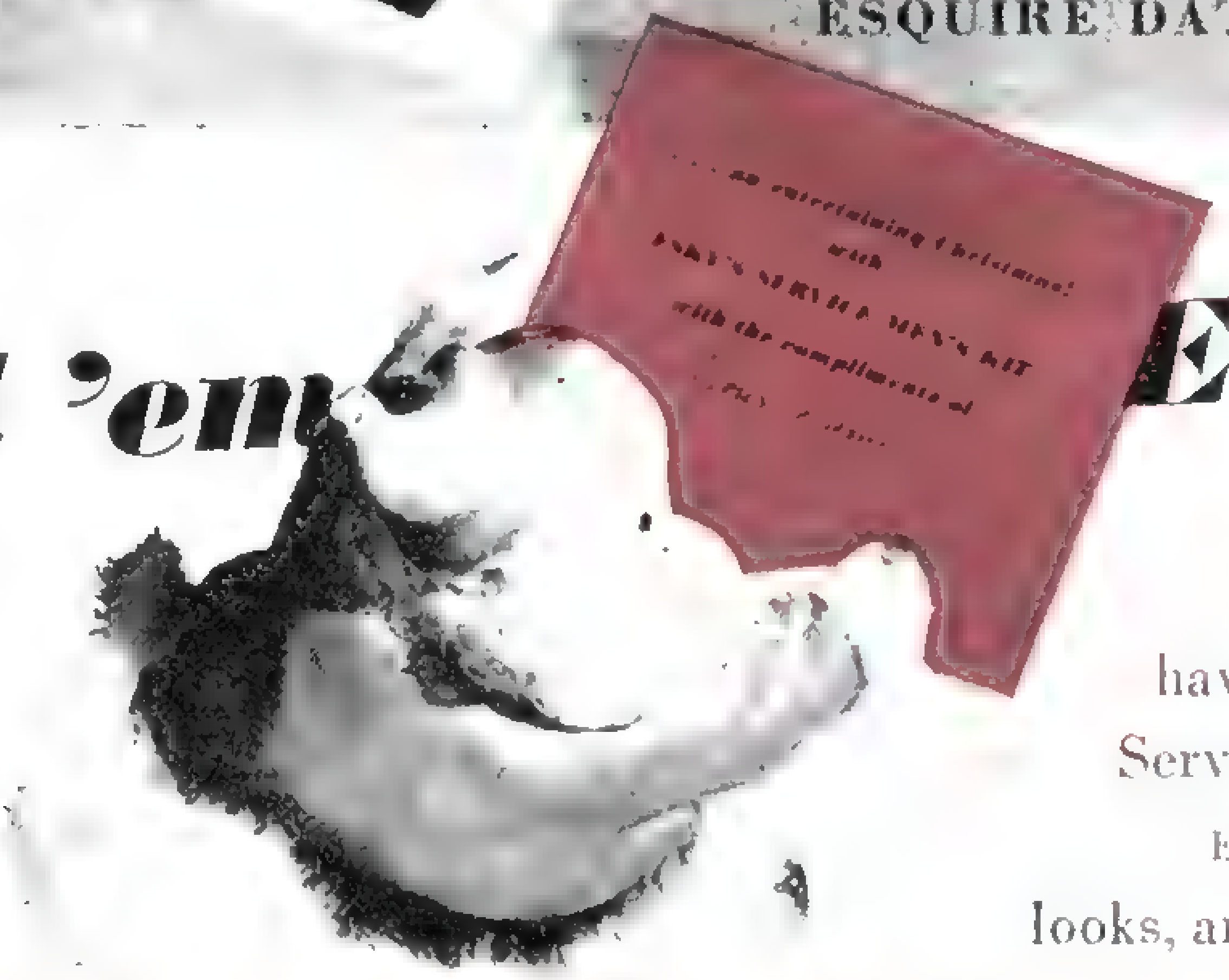
... an entertaining Christmas!
with
ESKY'S SERVICE MEN'S KIT
with the compliments of

send 'em Esky's service men's kits

PACK A HEAP OF ENJOYMENT in your Christmas gifts—give 'em Esky's Service Men's Kits. These sensational Kits contain the four Esquire novelties which have rated the highest entertainment-quotient with men in all branches of the Service. They're attractive . . . they're fun . . . but look at their line-up for yourself EVERY KIT IS A SURE-FIRE INVESTMENT for you . . . affording many hours of laughs looks, and all-round entertainment for your khaki-clad friends. And—wrapped, packaged and shipped, each Kit costs just $5 complete with gift card. Get your orders in now

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lease send an Esky Service Men's Kit @ $5, packaged and shipped postage prepaid to:

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dress.................................... address....................................
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t card to read .... gift card to read..............................

(Only orders for men in armed services within the U. S. can be accepted)

I enclose $.............., payment in full

my name ....
address ....
city ....
state....................................

ALL ORDERS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY FULL REMITTANCE. List Additional Names on Separate Sheet

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF *What to Wear*

You can't afford to be wrong, when it costs no more to be RIGHT! Wear P. H. Davis custom-tailored clothes. Go into a huddle with your Davis dealer. He knows fabrics. He knows styling. He will **suggest** the right fabric, color, and pattern, styled to your build, tailored to your measures, which **will do the most for you!**

FREE: Helpful guide to what to wear, with what, where, when. Also booklet "Action Styles by Davis", which tells how you can avail yourself of Davis custom-tailoring service. **Write for it.**

P. H. DAVIS

Custom Tailored Clothes

Also tailors of Lady Davis suits and coats, made to order.

TAILORCREST • CINCINNATI 2 OHIO

Beyond the News in Still Hollow

Continued from pages 71-257-258-260-262

Crooks, Sheriff," Mrs. Cornett said. "Hope ye haint got no objections!"

"Mrs. Cornett, I'm so tired and sleepy I could sleep on the floor," Sheriff Bradley said.

"Then take Sheriff Bradley to bed, Crooks," Jarvis said softly.

Next morning at four o'clock Jarvis and Mrs. Cornett were out of bed. She got breakfast while he fed the mules. Sheriff Bradley, Crooks and Did Cornett were awakened for breakfast. They sat down to a breakfast of hot biscuits, wild honey, roasted turtle eggs, butter and coffee.

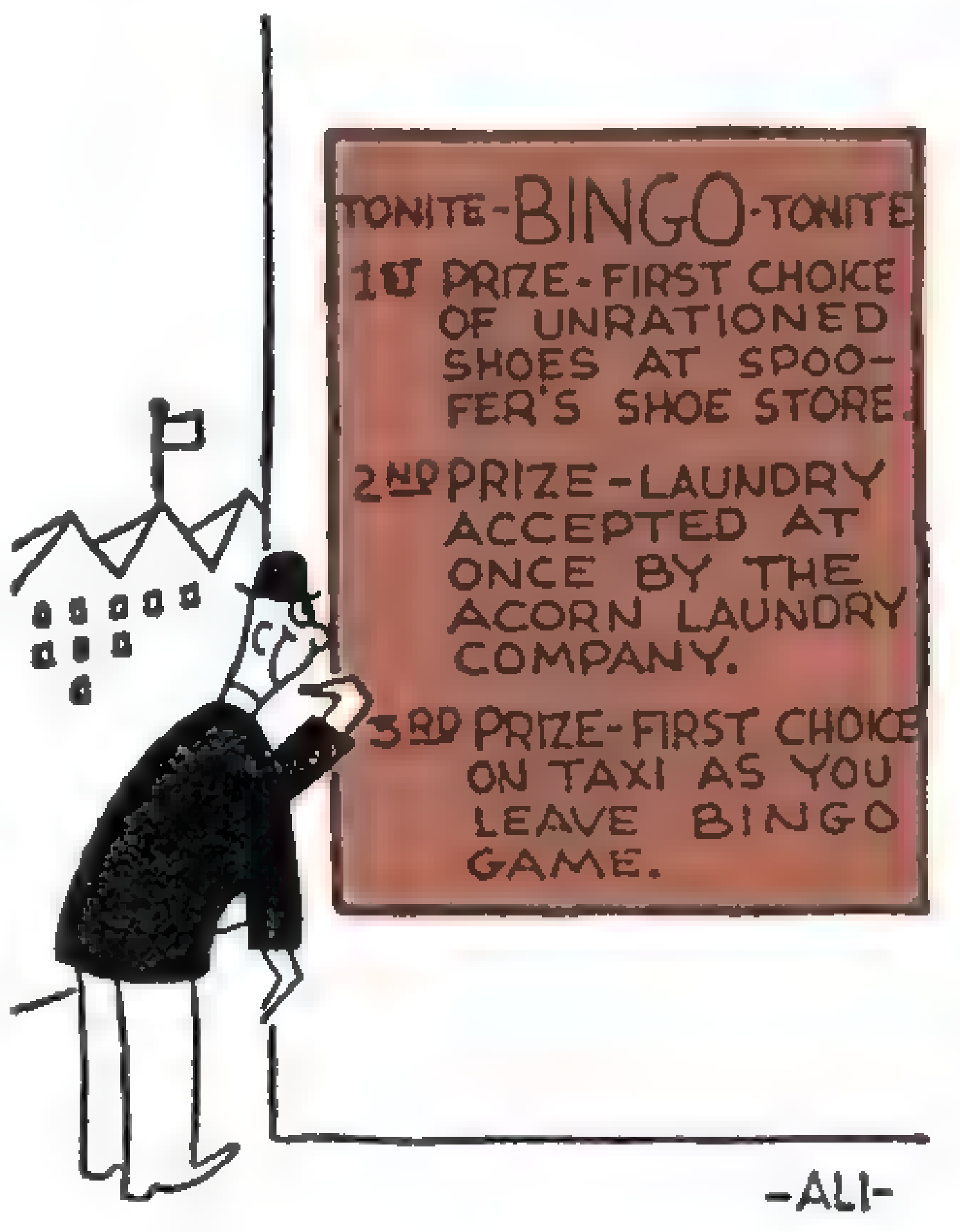
"You've sure got good things to eat here," Sheriff Bradley said. "First time I've ever tried a roasted turtle egg."

"Glad ye like 'em, Sheriff," Mrs. Cornett said. It was the first time she had smiled.

"It'll be yer last breakfast fer awhile with us, Son," Jarvis spoke across the torch-lighted table to Crooks. "Did can go with ye and ride one of the mules and lead y mule back tomorrow. They a waitin' when ye air ready to go.

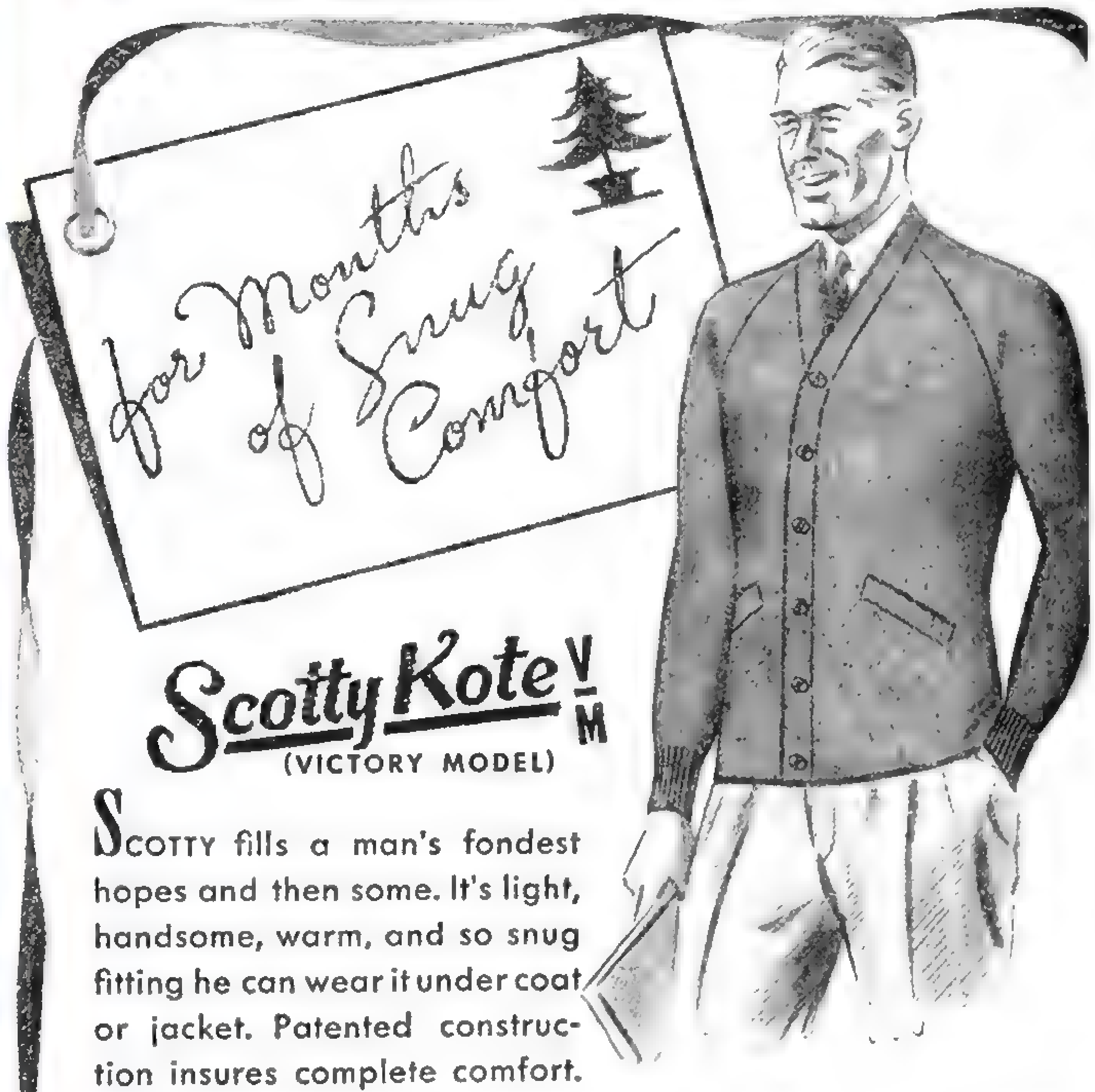
Soon as they had finished brea fast Sheriff Bradley asked Jarvi what the care of his mule and hi night's lodging would be.

"Ye insult me trying to offer m pay." Jarvi laughed, "Wa glad to have y and yer mule."


TONITE-BINGO-TONITE
1ST PRIZE-FIRST CHOICE OF UNRATIONED SHOES AT SPOOFER'S SHOE STORE.
2ND PRIZE-LAUNDRY ACCEPTED AT ONCE BY THE ACORN LAUNDRY COMPANY.
3RD PRIZE-FIRST CHOICE ON TAXI AS YOU LEAVE BINGO GAME.
-ALI-

Crooks took few personal b longings tied u in a pillow ca that his moth had packed f him. There wasn a sign of emotio There was onl that deep, sh sensitive look h mother gave hi as he stood tr ing to say som thing to he There was not farewell kiss, as mountain peop do but little kissing in parting.

Jarvis, his wife and their chi dren watched them mount the mules, ride away waving goodby They watched them follow t narrow path single file until mul and riders had disappeared in the dawn of morning in a regi where the war hadn't reached.


for Months of Snug Comfort

Scotty Kote V/M

(VICTORY MODEL)

SCOTTY fills a man's fondest hopes and then some. It's light, handsome, warm, and so snug fitting he can wear it under coat or jacket. Patented construction insures complete comfort.

NO BUNCH NO BIND NO SAG

Resilient Arlingcrest worsted yarns made of 100% Naphthalated Wool expertly knitted, assure long wear. Buy Suit size.

HANDSOME HEATHER COLORS

Ideal garment for cold, fuel-rationed rooms. Scotty Kote is sold by leading stores . . . For name of nearest store write

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY · CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE TOMLINSON
KERR'S COLLECTION OF VOYAGES VOL. 8
N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS
Now I'm on every Corby's bottle asking you to BUY WAR BONDS

Through 85 Years of
Smashing Travel Records

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1872 **Jules Verne** won thousands of readers with a fictional account of Phineas Fogg's trip around the world in 80 days. By then, Corby's had been winning discriminating friends for 14 years.

1901 **An American policeman** circled the globe in 60 days, using the fastest methods of travel then available . . . steamboats and trains. In 1901, the word about Corby's . . . a fine whiskey name . . . had been traveling along for 43 years.

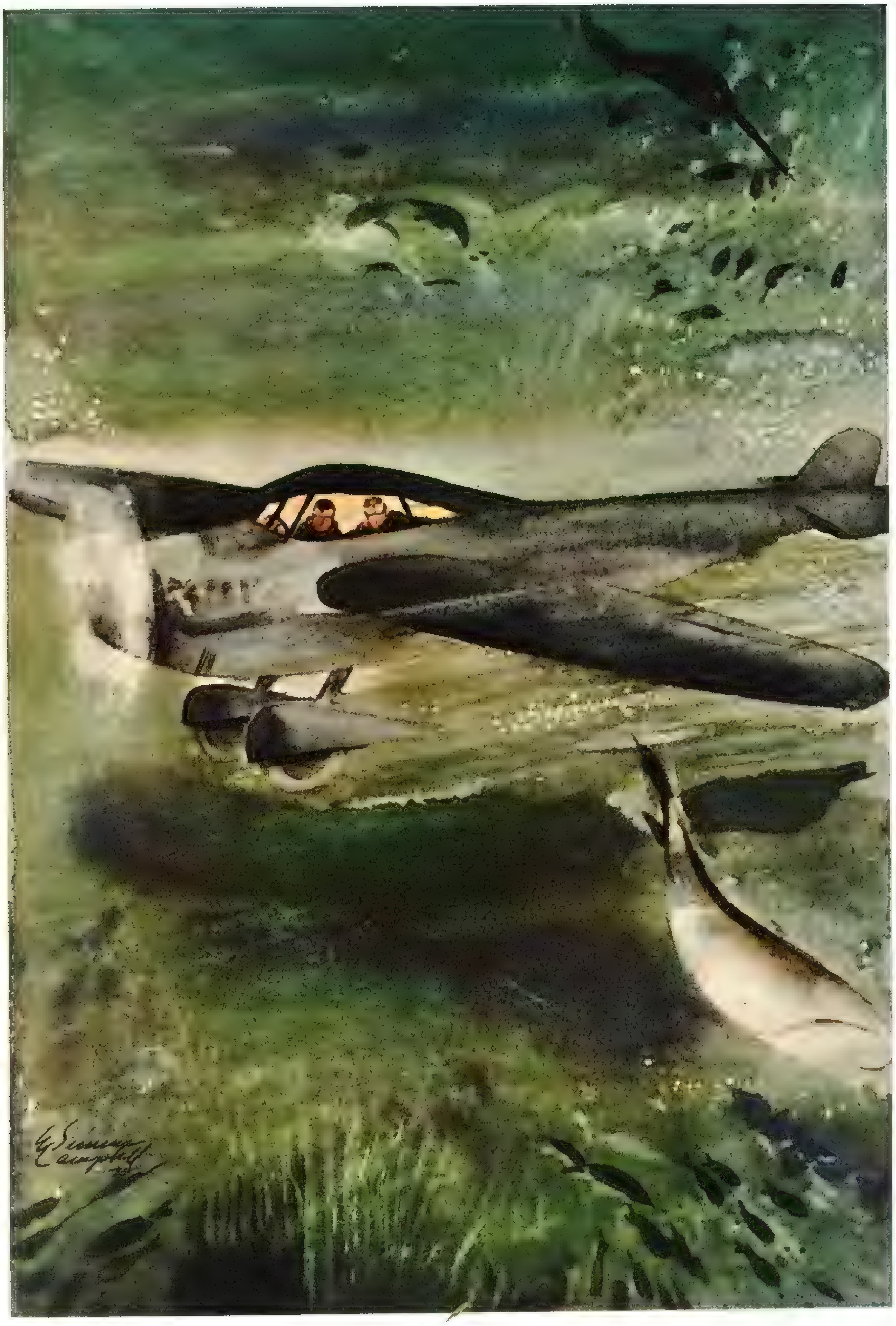
1928 **Two travelers** made a combination steamer and airplane trip leaving New York for around the world on June 29, arriving back in New York 25 days later. At that time, Corby's had a 70-year-old reputation for fine whiskey.

1938 **Five Americans** made a globe-circling record of 3 days by plane . . . preview of today's air transport to far-flung U.S. fighting fronts. And Corby's, in its 85th year, is today in a fourth war period as an honored whiskey name.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

New records are being made by wartime fliers. And Corby's distilleries are completely devoted to war production. Supplies of the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name are being carefully stretched. You can buy a "sample" pint of Corby's occasionally. An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.

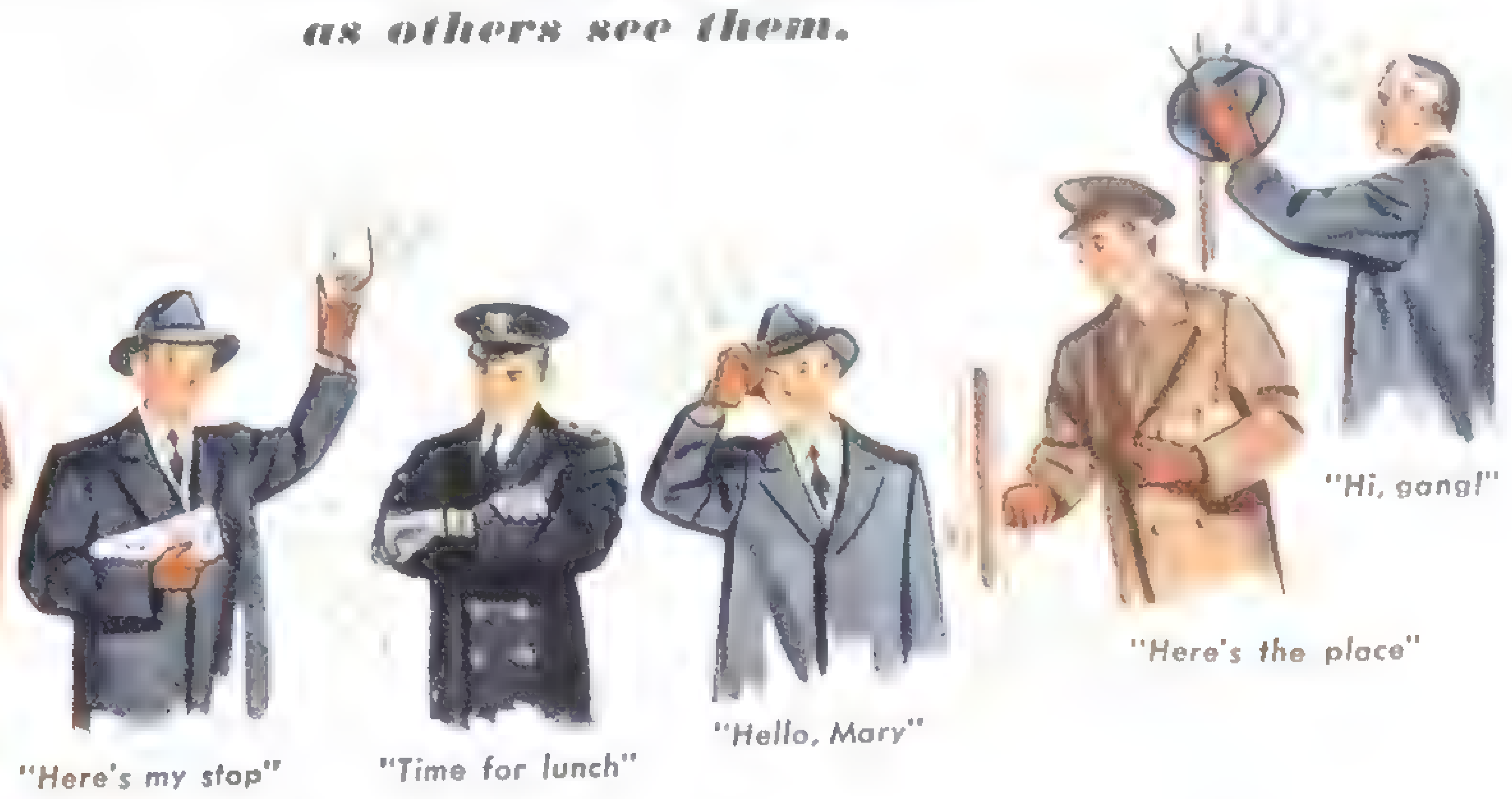
86 PROOF • 68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
JAS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED • PEORIA, ILLINOIS



"Ceiling's kinda low, isn't it?"

it happened in 5 minutes

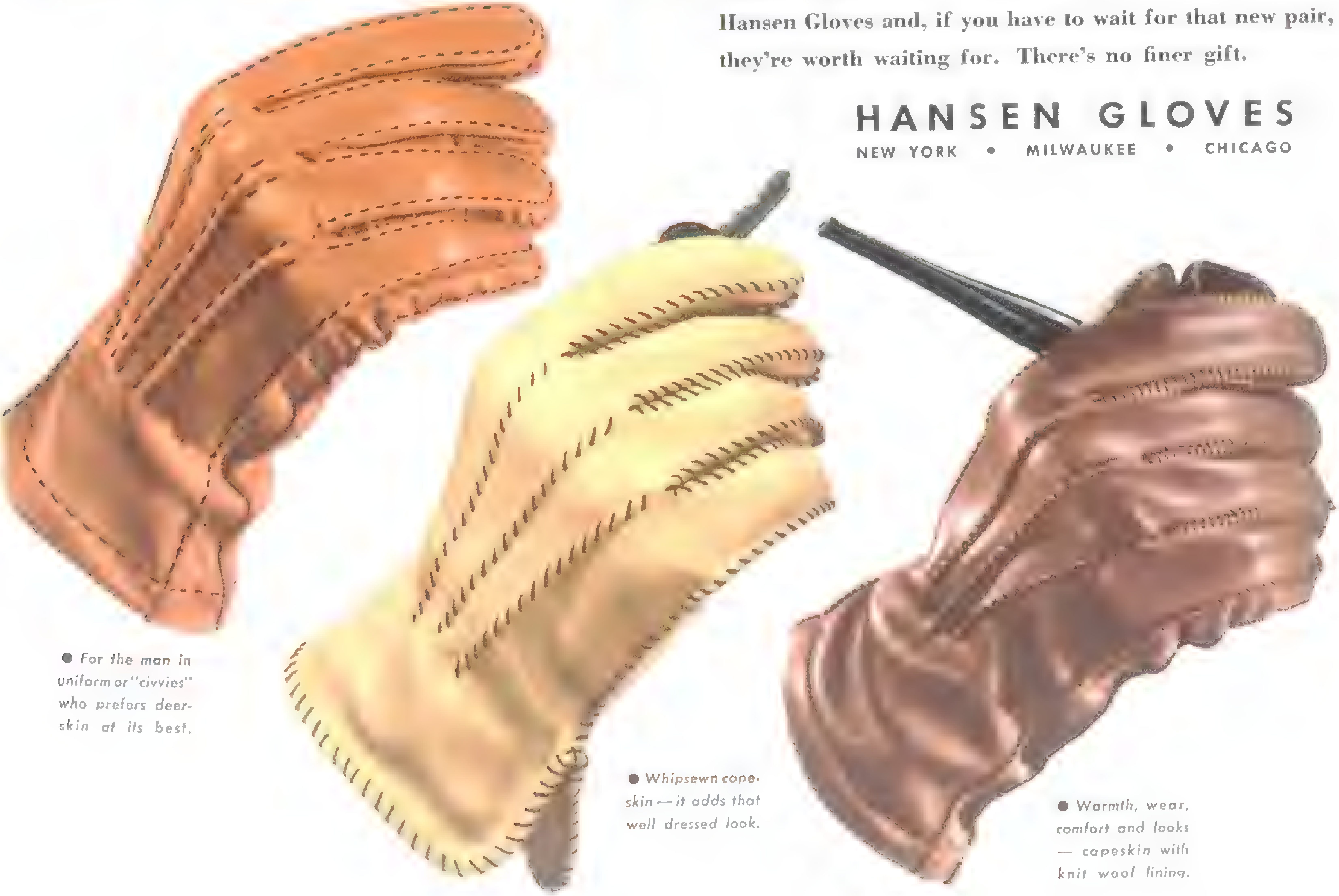
A "quickie" that helps you see your hands as others see them.



Be proud of Your Hands in HANSEN GLOVES

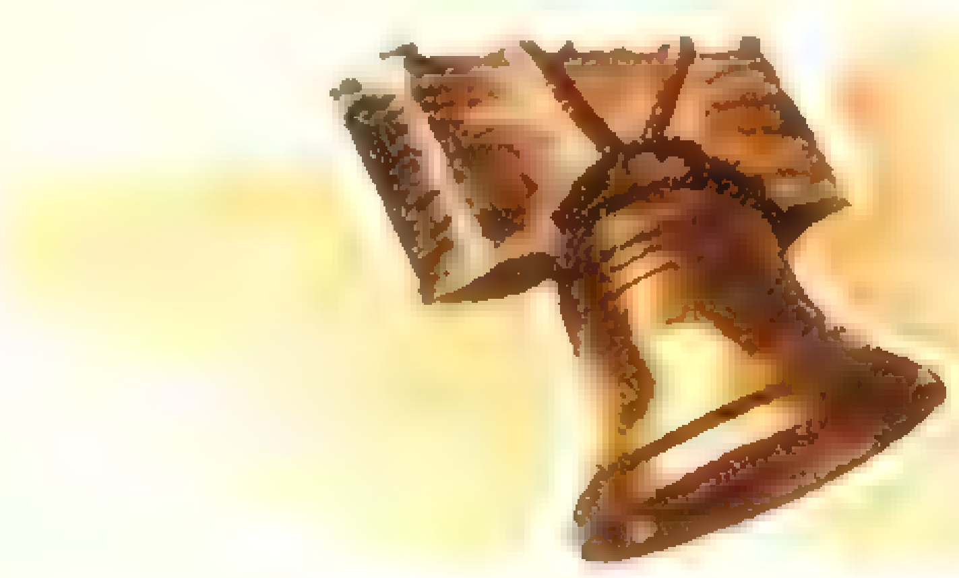
Follow *your* hands for five minutes . . . as others do. See the hundreds of things your hands do daily that attract the eyes of others. ¶You can be proud of your hands in HANSEN GLOVES. They mark the well-dressed man. ¶Your favorite men's wear or department store has Hansen Gloves now — but skilled Hansen craftsmen are also producing parachutes and bomb 'chutes, and gloves for the armed forces . . . so care for your Hansen Gloves and, if you have to wait for that new pair, they're worth waiting for. There's no finer gift.

HANSEN GLOVES
NEW YORK • MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO



- For the man in uniform or "civvies" who prefers deerskin at its best.
- Whipsewn capeskin — it adds that well dressed look.
- Warmth, wear, comfort and looks — capeskin with knit wool lining.

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

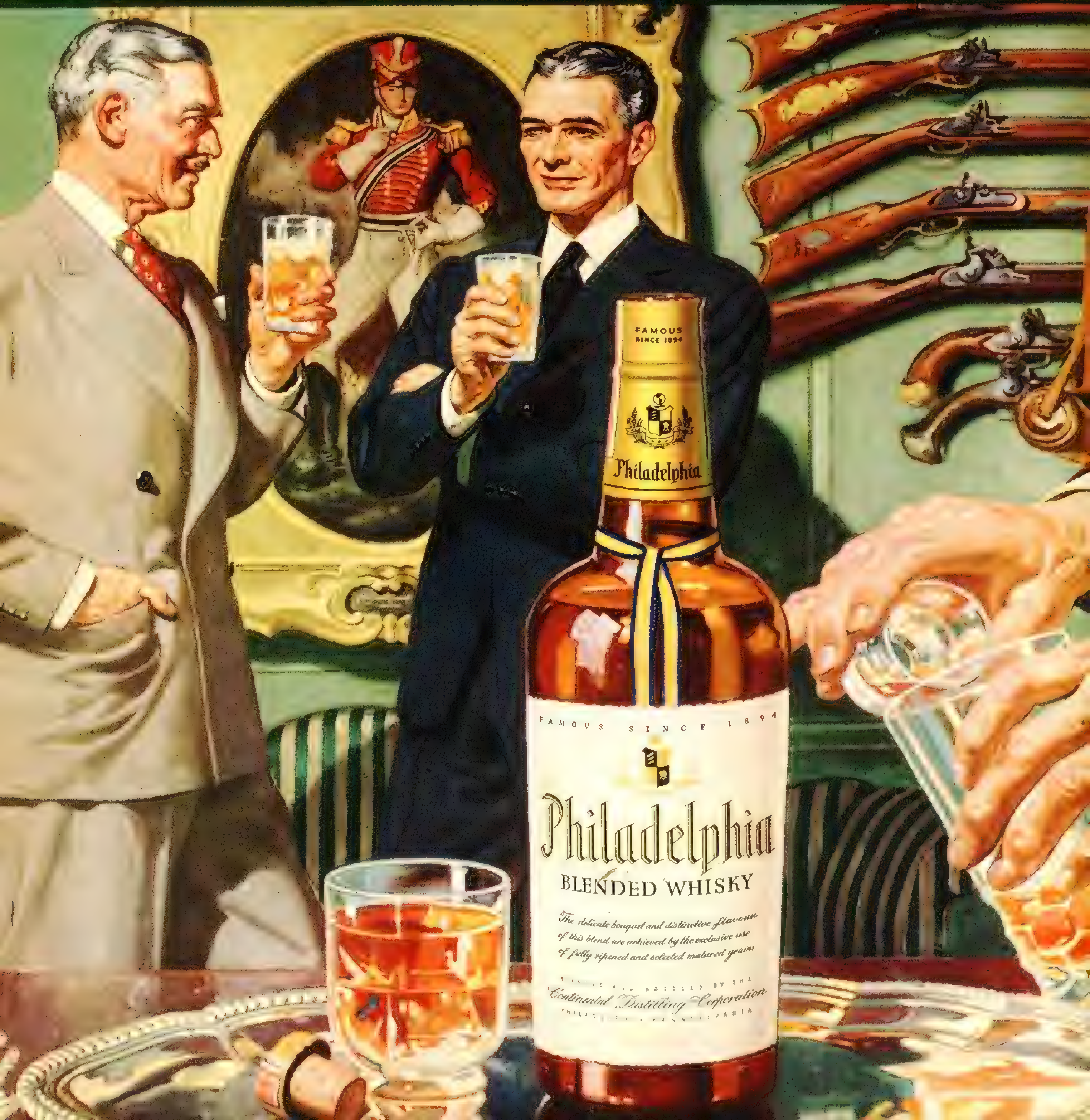


FAMOUS SINCE 1894

STEEPED IN CHERISHED TRADITIONS—MILITARY, CIVIC, CULTURAL—PHILADELPHIA IS E
FAMED FOR ITS HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY. AS THE CAPITAL OF GOOD LIVING, PHILADE
TIME-HONORED NAME IS TODAY PROUDLY UPHELD BY A GRACIOUS WHISKY. WITH
FIRST DELIGHTED SIP, YOU INSTANTLY SENSE THAT HERE IS A TRULY ARISTO
BLEND BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS. PHILADELPHIA IS ESSENTIALLY A "
OCCASION" WHISKY. YET ONE YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY, REGULARLY AND

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN

A Philadelphia Tradition


FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BOTTLED BY THE
Continental Distilling Corporation
PENNSYLVANIA

Kiska for Keeps

Continued from page 135

the general, "the Signal Corps has mules. Do you know anything about mules?"

"*Yes*, Sir," Corlett brightly responded.

This disgusted the general, who ranted: "It's a shame to send me young men like this . . . Mules! . . . *Bah!*" And he turned away hastily.

Nevertheless, in a few months, General Russell chose Corlett as his adjutant. Corlett was sent out to find a camp for Signal Corps training. He selected the site and became the first commanding officer at what was then Camp Alfred Vail, New Jersey.

Corlett came out of World War I with three citations for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service, a Distinguished Service Medal, a medal of the French Legion of Honor, and the Victory Medal with four bars. After the Armistice, as a lieutenant colonel he returned to Washington to take an office in the War Department. There pneumonia scars from France flared up and the doctors shook their heads. So he resigned from the Army and went back to the West and the cattle range. After one year as manager of the Quemado Sheep and Cattle Company, a range of 320,000 acres in the New Mexico mountains, he regained his health; and then nothing could keep him from returning to the Army. He was sent to General Staff School, the War College, and served on the War Department General Staff. Assignments with troops were all the way from the Pacific Northwest to Hawaii and back.

In Hawaii, Corlett had command duty at Schofield Barracks and Fort Shafter. Then he returned to the Presidio of San Francisco as commanding officer of the 30th Infantry. As a result of his suggestion, the city of San Francisco built the fine Hospitality House for visiting soldiers. He was Chief of Staff of the IX Army Corps in September,

"Shall we wait for Elmer?"

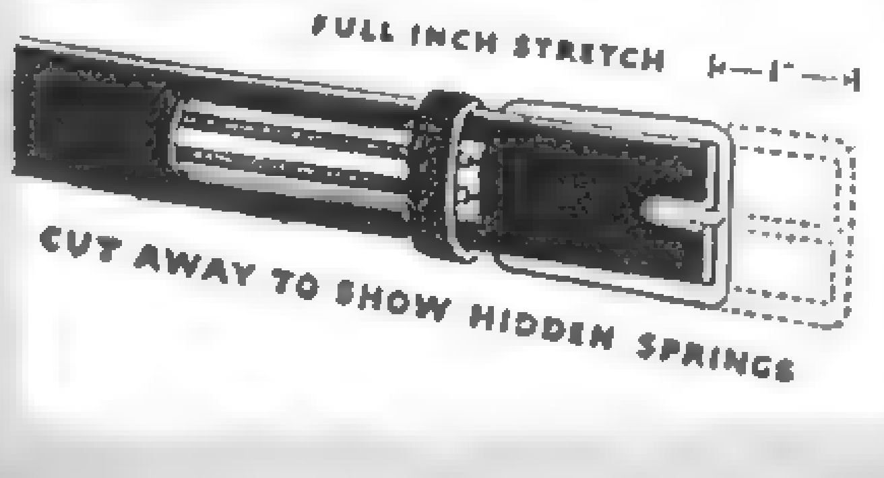
Continued on page 270

YOU'LL DISCOVER WALKING IS FUN IF YOUR WAISTLINE IS RELAXED

EXPANSO Belts

EXPAND AND CONTRACT AS YOU BREATHE

Style *Comfort*



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There's no finer gift than a

PLYMOUTH WEATHERPROOF

When you give a PLYMOUTH WEATHERPROOF, you give one of the most useful garments that any man, civilian or Army Officer, can own. For "topcoat" style, custom comfort and reliable protection against drenching downpours and chilling blasts, a PLYMOUTH WEATHERPROOF offers the finest in processed "weathertested" fabrics, correct tailoring and many other exclusive features . . . Fitting a PLYMOUTH Coat for a gift is no problem — your dealer will gladly explain how to do this . . . and remember, PLYMOUTH makes a complete line of Army Officers' Raincoats too.

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING CO.
100 Hampshire St. Boston, Mass.
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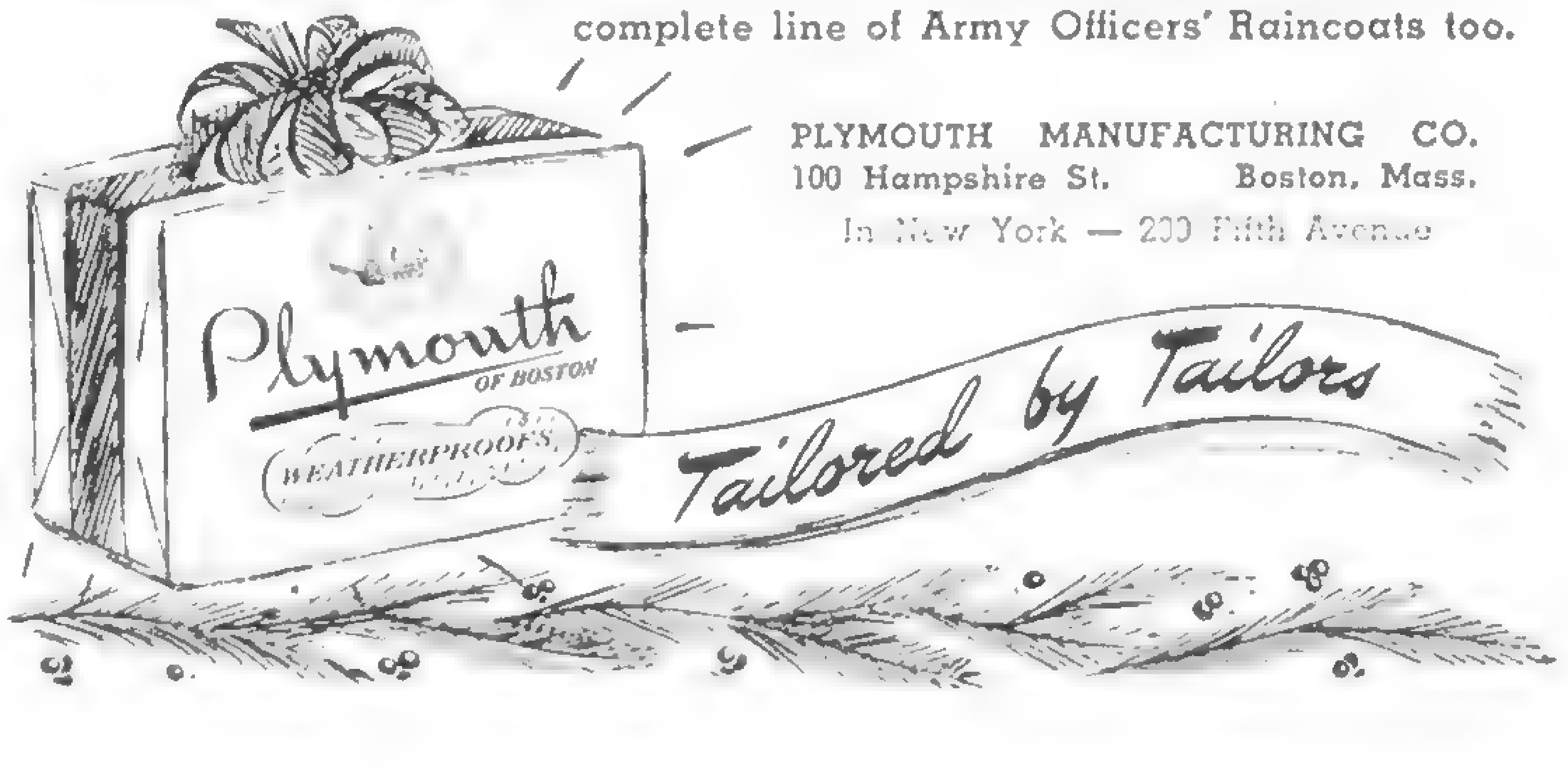


keep the powder dry . . .

. . . is the order of the day on fighting front *and* production front! So our amphibiously attired AAF captain is making sure with a SHERIDAN all-weather coat, precision-styled by Ayrostar, and made of rugged, handsome Skinner's TACKLE TWILL that is windproof and sheds water like a duck . . . The civilian civil engineer doesn't care if it rains, either. For he's wearing one of those famous MARLY casual coats made of Cravenetted CORDUROYAL. It makes him look like a Colonel on his day off—and no wonder, for it's another precision-styled Ayrostar original.

MADE OF Skinner's Tackle Twill RAYON & COTTON FABRIC TREATED WITH Long-Life Cravenette

The dashing SHERIDAN officer's trench coat has a swank chest flap, cut through pouch pockets, long back-vent, and is full cut with roomy set-in sleeves for free-swinging action. Its Long-Life Cravenetted Tackle Twill is ideal for global weather. It's crisp and semi-dull on the outside, with a lustrous, mirror-smooth rayon self-lining. About $25.00. In regulation Army tan for officers.

MARLY is about the most useful coat in civilian life! It's comfortable and correct for country, sports, and any informal occasion—ideal for work, too—for you may mix it or match it with slacks and sweaters. And CORDUROYAL is one of the longest-wearing fabrics made. In Sand, Saddle Brown, Lovat Green, or Rio Tan it's just $13.50.

CORDUROYAL ARISTOCRAT TRADE MARK OF CORDUROYS

SHERIDAN AND MARLY COATS AT BETTER STORES

IF NONE AT YOUR DEALER OR POST EXCHANGE, WRITE

ARROW IMPORTING CO. • 2101 SUPERIOR AVE. • CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

Kiska for Keeps

Continued from pages 135-269

1941, when he was promoted to brigadier general and sent up to Fort Greely on Kodiak.

One day a group of soldiers were sent to the top of a mountain to set up an outpost. Soldiers, of course, love to bet. They will bet on whether one spot of ice will melt before another, or when the next plane will come over. General Corlett characteristically decided to climb the mountain and see for himself just how his men were getting along. As he came over the last rise he saw the soldiers in a group and money changing hands. The sergeant proudly saluted and explained: "Sir, knowing the general, I bet with these new men that you'd be the first officer to climb the mountain to see how we were getting along up here. So, Sir, I had to take their money!"

This little incident serves, I believe, to show that the men respond to considerate treatment. A good cow-man knows that it is good business to look after his herd; and a good general knows that it is good business to look after his men—particularly under the trying weather conditions of the Aleutians where keeping up morale in order to get the best possible work out of the men is an important military consideration. Apparently the Army recognized this, as its long and tortuous plans slowly began to unroll, in putting Corlett in charge there. Here he has the opportunity to turn to valuable use for his country all that he has learned in his long career in the service as well as his knowledge of men and their reactions to military conditions.

When the war began to draw near—and don't overlook that Alaska was on 24-hour alert, months before Pearl Harbor—General Corlett's wife returned to his ranch in the Española Valley of New Mexico. There was no room on the ship, however, for the royal Siamese cat, *Teniente*, and *G-2*, the white Springer spaniel which was so charmingly fictionized recently by Dorothy Thomas in *The Saturday Evening Post*. *G-2's* appealing character may be attributed to the general's sympathetic and friendly attitude, which is also so apparent in his dealings with his men.

When one of the correspondents arrived at General Corlett's headquarters he thought that he would put the old cow-hand at ease with appropriate language. Although the reporter was an ex-instructor in English at Harvard, he swore like the proverbial trooper, using words that General Corlett himself would not think of using. After that first occasion, however, the writing man got the idea and never repeated his slip.

The job now on Kiska clearly is a building job; setting up a strong and powerful base for the big aerial push yet to come. *This* time we are playing Kiska for keeps. ⌗

PLAIN FACTS FROM THE ROYAL DUKE GREMLINS

I'M PUMPING PETE! I CONDENSE THE MOISTURE IN HERE—SO IT SMOKES 17% DRIER!
I'M FILTER FRED! I FILTER THE SMOKE SO IT'S 23% COOLER!
I'M GREMLIN GUS! I TRAP 238 MG. OF TAR AND NICOTINE PER PIPEFUL!

ROYAL DUKE IS THE ONLY PIPE WITH A

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

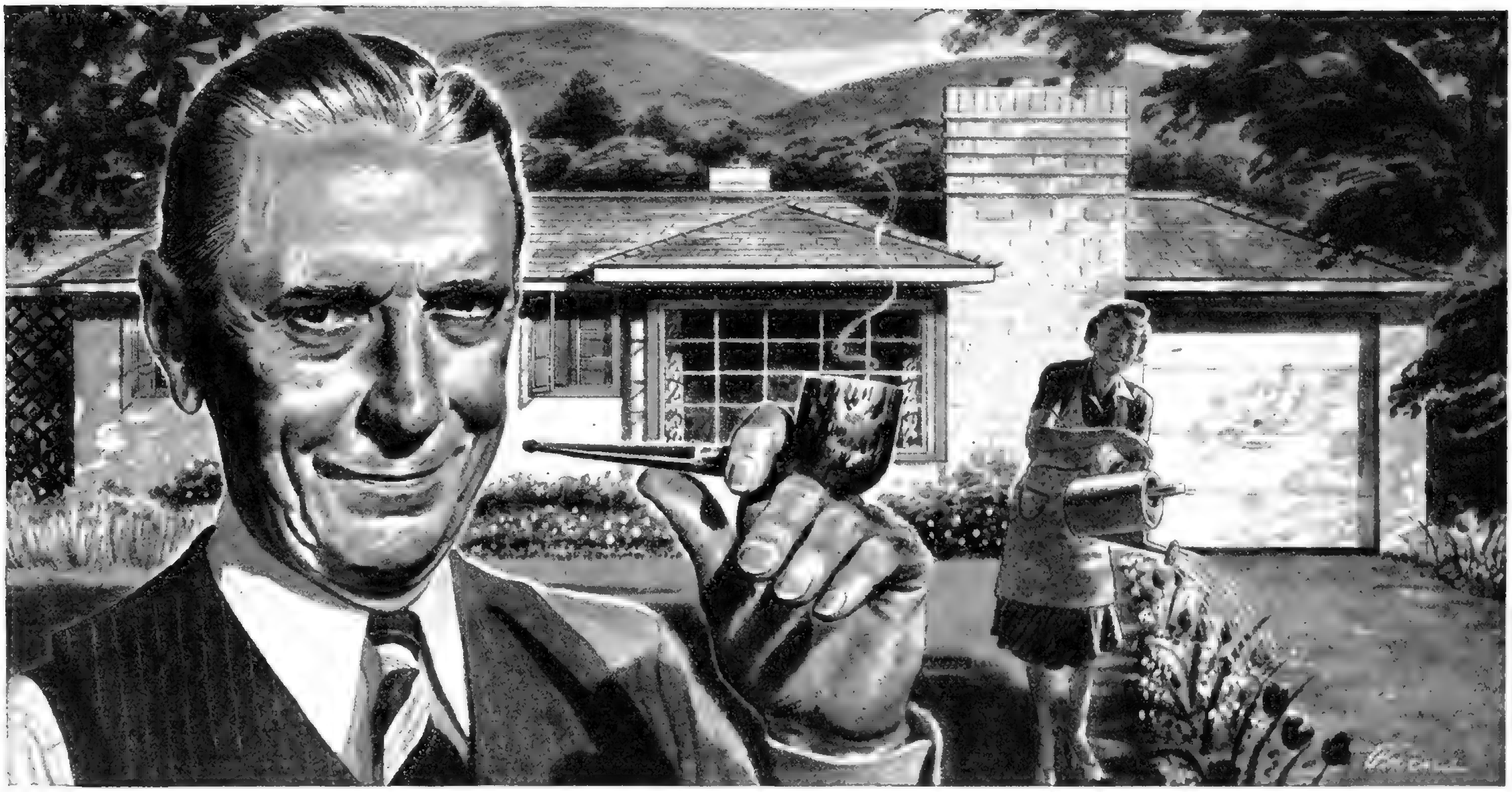
That's Specially Designed to Trap Impurities!

● Yes, the Gremlins go to town for you when you smoke a Royal Duke Pipe. Every Royal Duke is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC BIT, specially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter in a special self-contained device and an exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc., York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York.

Standard $1.50 De Luxe $2.50
Supreme $3.50

Royal Duke

At best counters. U. S. canteens overseas. Ship stores around the world!



A message for you . . . from 1953

(Today, John Jones is just an average American, wrestling with all the doubts and worries and problems that beset every one of us right now. But let's skip ahead 10 years. Let's look at John Jones then*—and listen to him . . .)*

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as a man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '43—that was our second year of war, when we were really getting into it—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like most everybody else, I was buying War Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. '*Please* don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's *wonderful* to know that every single payday we have *more* money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We made clothes do—cut out fancy foods. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the War Bonds.

"We didn't touch the War Bonds then, or any other time. And I know this: The world wouldn't be such a swell place today if we had!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation
★ *the publication of this advertisement by* ★

Esquire

'Tis a pr-r-roud moment!

Great occasions in a man's life are fittingly honoured in a great Scotch whisky. Men of action everywhere describe the superiority of Teacher's in three short words . . .

"It's the flavour"

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm TEACHER & SONS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The Ten Best Jazz Tunes

Continued from page 116

list of the pick of the jazz tunes:

Don't Be That Way
Honeysuckle Rose
I Got Rhythm
It's the Little Things That Mean So Much
Sundown
The Man I Love
Night and Day
Don't Get Around Much Any More
Benny Rides Again
Swing Time up in Harlem

I had to attend a jam session at Nick's to catch the Dixieland trumpeter of wjz, Bobby Hackett. I wanted the opinion of a pure improvisor, for the swing artists had listed a few songs which were weak and mechanical. After several minutes he handed me this copy of his examination:

All the Things You Are
Easy to Love
Sugar
Struttin' with Some Barbecue
Muskrat Ramble
When Your Lover Has Gone
I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart
Sweet Georgia Brown
Body and Soul (or)
I Cover the Waterfront
Satanic Blues

And finally, what about myself? I had thought that the six jazz champions would make my job easier because their lists would tally. But in jazz favorites, one man's meat is another man's corn.

I decided to line up all the tunes I knew and whenever one of them won me completely, I would add it to my list. When the ordeal was over, I had fifteen titles. I removed five of them, and here are the remaining:

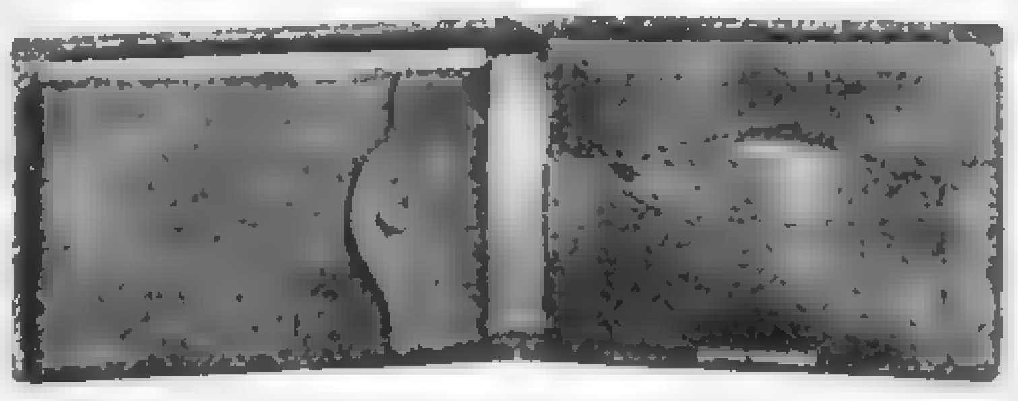
St. Louis Blues
Some of These Days
After You've Gone
Darktown Strutters Ball
Sweet Georgia Brown
Honeysuckle Rose
Sugar
Margie
Whispering
My Buddy

This list called for an operation. All tunes looked good. I was on the point of cutting out *My Buddy* and then decided that was unfair. Like a father who has to disinherit his favorite child, I crossed out the tune which is the rage with every young person in the world—*Tiger Rag.* The ghost of Gershwin didn't haunt me with *Rhapsody in Blue,* as it should have, but with a forgotten tune, *Nashville Nightingale.* When I finally closed my eyes, it wasn't with the sleep of the just, but with the uneasy sleep of the guilty; I was pursued by phantoms and, like Orpheus running before the Furies, I ran, ashamed at having forgotten *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Dinah, Swanee, Some Sunny Day, Avalon,* and others which disturbed my youth and now soften the melancholy of my middle age. ⌗

MEEKER MADE
Gifts of Fine Leather

POST EXCHANGE
CASHIER

You Couldn't Give Him
ANYTHING
He'd Like Better
or Use Oftener!



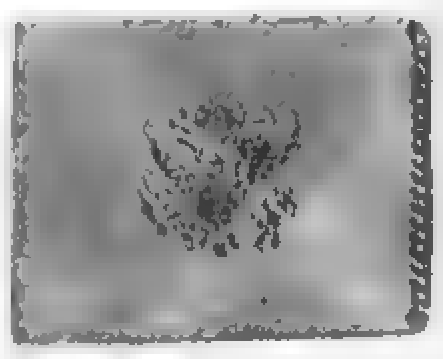
The DOUBLE-DUTY Billfold

Any man will welcome this handsome, useful gift. It's a clever, new Combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case. Trim, compact . . . yet has a place for everything!

Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds eight passes, cards, snapshots, licenses, etc. Remove Pass Case . . . and there's a sleek, thin Billfold.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds, all noted for their fine quality, smart styling and expert workmanship, $1.00 up . . . At Dealers Everywhere.

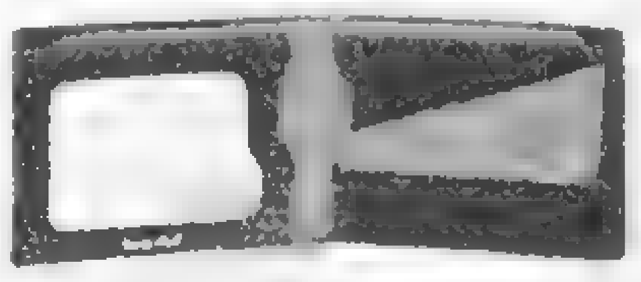
The Service Billfold



Hand-boarded, hand-colored, hand-tooled Calf . . . embossed with official Army, Navy, Air or Marine insignia.

For Mother, Sweetheart or Sis!

This lovely MEEKER-MAID Billfold has double bill compartment, space for cards, and handy Change Purse. Comes in fashionable colors.



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New York: 347 Fifth Ave.—Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

for a Christmas gift . . . CORONET

for colorful magazine entertainment

your best bet is . . . that's sure to please

for sparkling variety all year 'round

SAY YOUR MERRY CHRISTMAS this year with the gift of entertainment . . . with a gift subscription to Coronet. Each and every issue of Coronet is crammed with as many features as we can pack into 180 pages. Articles, book condensations, picture stories, game books, photographs, personality sketches, book excerpts—you'll find more variety in just one issue of Coronet than in two, or even three, other magazines combined. So give Coronet for Christmas this year . . . then you can rest assured that you've chosen a gift that's bound to please.

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HERE'S WHY . . .

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You avoid hours of shopping

You don't waste valuable hours fighting your way through throngs of shoppers. You do your Christmas shopping the easy way—from your favorite chair at home.

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You save money

Take a look at the special Holiday rates below . . . and see why Coronet is also a money-saving gift. Note that on each subscription after the first one you save 25% from the regular year-round rate of $3.00.

3

Your gift worries vanish

No disappointments because war-high prices and priorities have pushed many things off your gift list . . . or because you find a "sold out" sign at your usual gift-buying spot.

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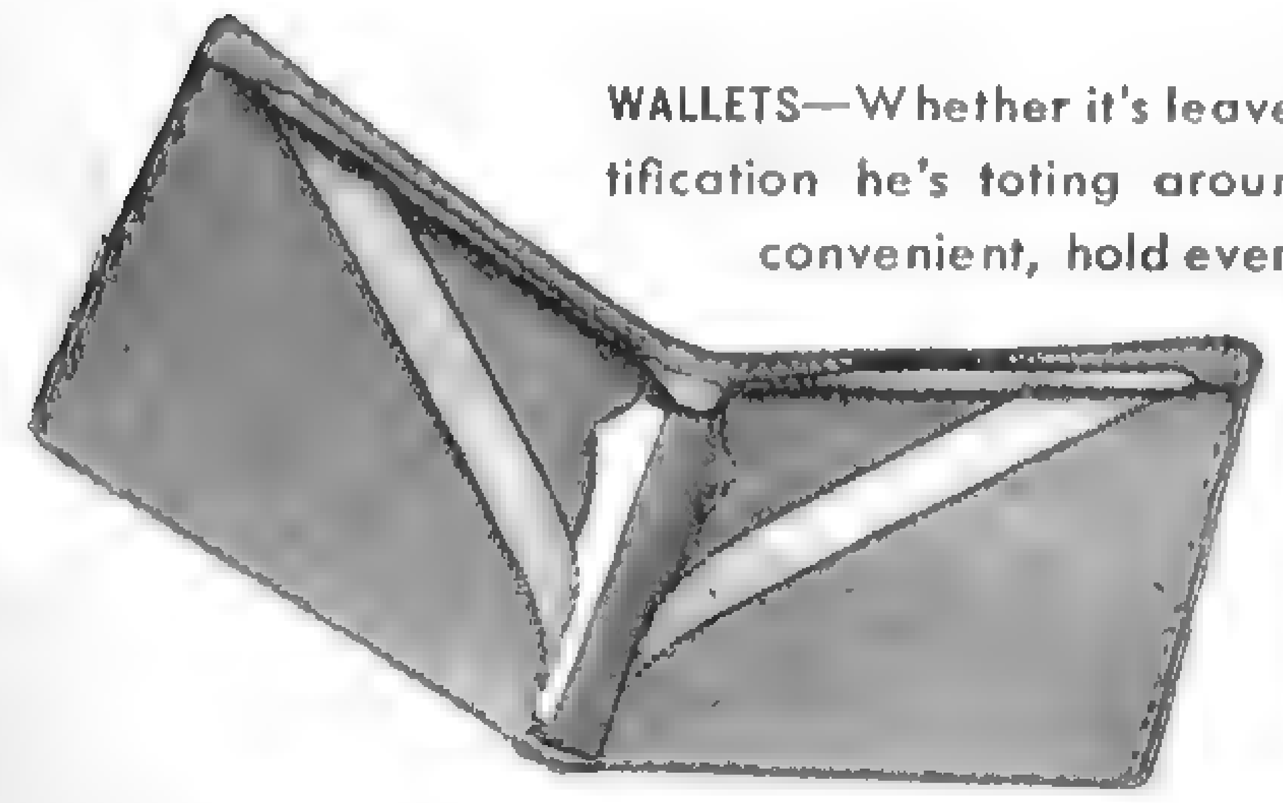
1 subscription, 1 year . . . $2.75
additional yearly subscriptions . . . each $2.25
special military rate, 1 year subscription . . . $1.50
For foreign postage add $1 per year

send your order in today to

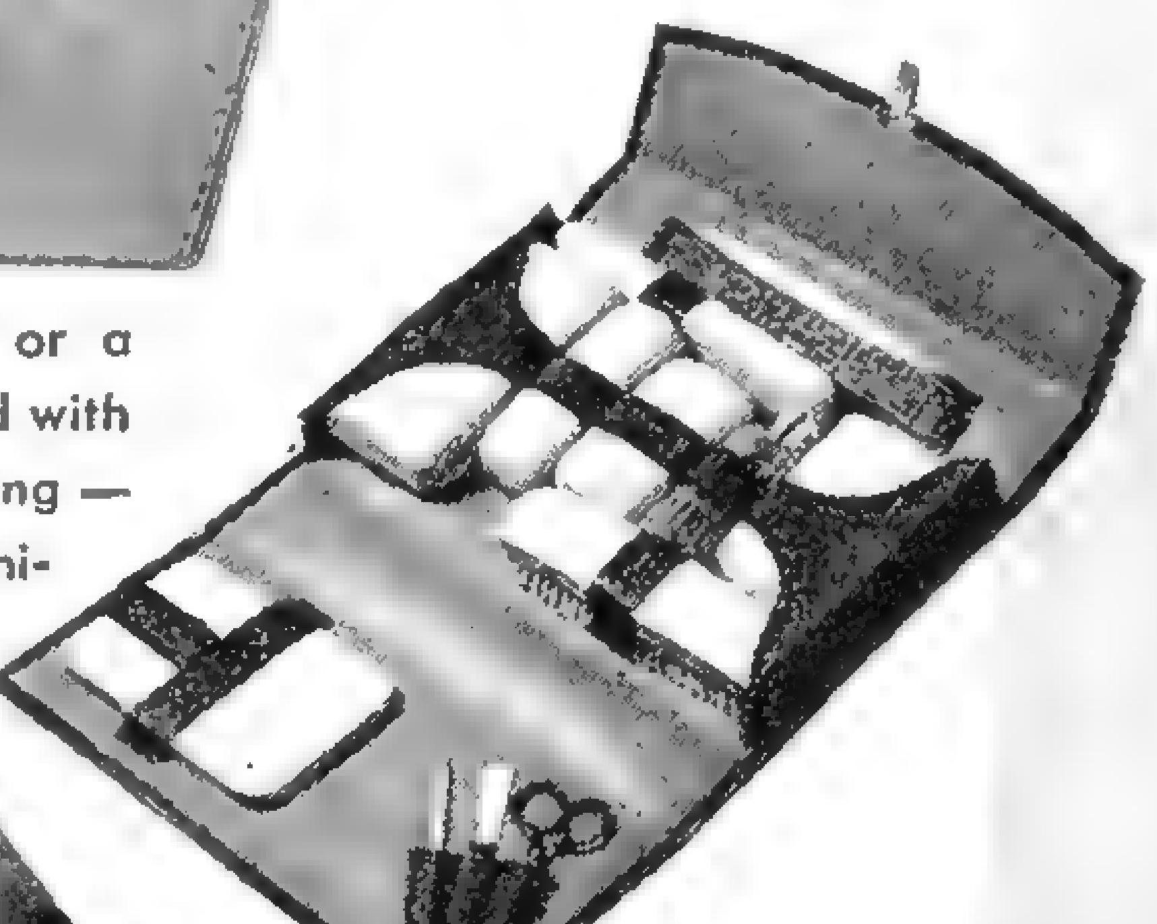
CORONET 919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

GIFTS FOR
STYLE and SERVICE
by
Rumpp

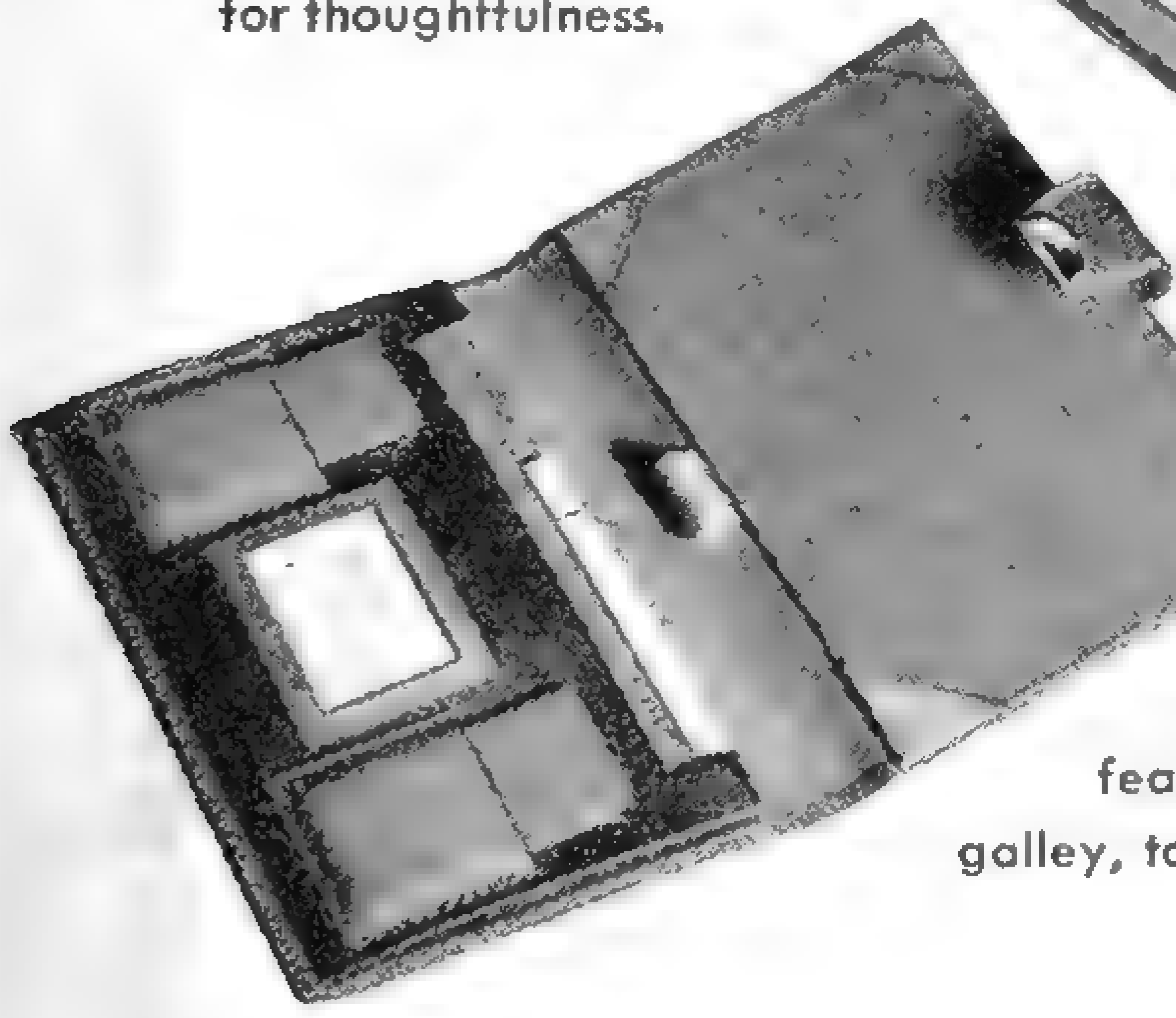
A MAN ABOUT TOWN AND A MAN ABOUT TUNISIA both like the same things—but for different reasons. Rumpp had them both in mind when designing their "Gifts in Leather"—Be sure to look for the name Rumpp when selecting gifts.



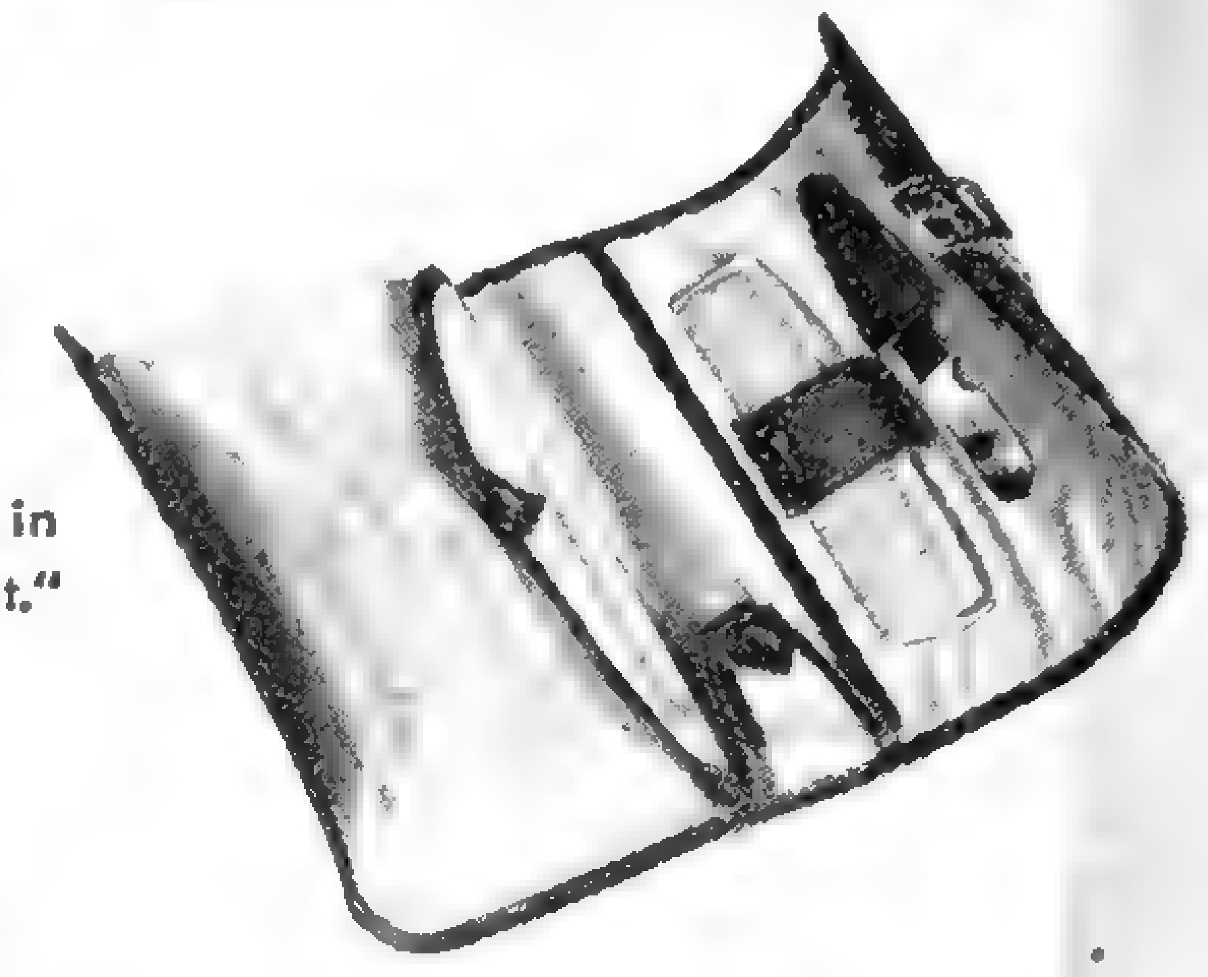
WALLETS—Whether it's leave papers or plant identification he's toting around—he'll welcome a convenient, hold everything Rumpp Wallet. Variety of styles and leathers.



TRAVEL-KIT—When on leave or a business trip, he'll be prepared with everything for good grooming—brush, comb, shaving and manicure needs—and he'll bless both you and Rumpp for thoughtfulness.



WRITING CASE—"Desk space" for stationery, correspondence and a blottered flap for easy writing—all in one case. It's light as a feather and compact as a ship's galley, too. In a variety of leathers.



ROLL-UP CASE—Neatly fitted, oil silk lined, brush, comb and fittings. Compact to tuck in when traveling "light."

"The Sterling of Leatherware"

Easily identified in all the leading stores by the Rumpp name and trademark.

If you cannot find the Rumpp leather-gift of your selection, remember Rumpp is busy with war work too.

Rumpp
GIFTS OF LEATHER

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa. Since 1850

Prescription for the Heart

Continued from page 155

consent to the quarantine that made them prisoners together. Briskly then Doc warned about infection, to beware of his mouth and throat, but not to fear the scale from the rash. Before he left he gave Ola a bottle of rubbing alcohol for Dan's chest and back.

The Hills were his last patients. Heading homeward, he whistled. Jim was sad. The old man was in his dotage. Corn liquor for tuberculosis, rubbing alcohol for scarlet fever that didn't exist! Jim had examined Dan Hill too, and he knew scarlet fever from a simple hangover, if his father didn't.

A sense of duty forced Jim to accompany Old Doc when he drove up the Hollow next Friday to visit the Hills first. Dan and Ola were sitting beneath the trumpet vine, very close together. Only for a moment did the silly, happy grin leave Dan's face. "I kissed her onct," he choked. "Now she'll git it."

Doc Heartwell examined Ola's throat. "Not a chance."

They made their other calls to find the strep throat well, the other scarlet fever victims improved. Jim kept silence, soberly thinking. At last he remarked: "Dad, I can't get over Dan and Ola."

"Guess that rubbin' alcohol fooled you."

"Oh, that. Yes, that was good stuff all right. Put him right on his feet," said Jim generously, in the tone of one who humors a child, "but I wasn't thinking of that. I wonder if we haven't stumbled onto something else—about Sally and me. I mean if it worked for them, if all they needed was to see a lot of each other . . ."

Doc turned it over in his mind thoughtfully. "Believe you're right, Son. People are people, in the Hollow or out. Anyway, it'd be worth tryin'. Say one of those little islands up in Maine . . ."

"Then would you mind cutting your calls short?" asked Young Jim. "I want to catch a train."

"Just one quick look at Lum, so his feelin's won't be hurt."

Lum was chopping wood and bragging on Doc's corn liquor liniment. What with rubbing half on his chest and not having Dan Hill to drink with, Lum hadn't been overindulging either. When Doc said that Dan was himself again, and Ola too, Lum winked at Jim. "Bet Dan never had no scarlit fever. Bet Doc was jes' fixin' it so's I couldn't git to 'im.

"Just one o' Doc Heartwell's cures," he crowed. "He'll dose you for one thing and cure you for somepin' else you don't even know you got."

It was Jim's turn to glance at his father narrowly, and seeing in that wise, weathered face the telltale truth, there came into his own eyes a look of chagrin that gave place to humility and gratitude and warm respect. #

OC Oppenheim Collins
33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

"Temptation"

Christmas "Eve" Nightie

$8.98

Tribute to the eternally feminine! Sculptured white rayon jersey gloriously rose-printed. Artfully designed with bare midriff. A Lady Leonora creation, exclusive with us. Sizes 32 to 38.

If you like "Temptation", write for the above photograph. Free to service men.

....Also at our other Oppenheim Collins Stores....
Mail and phone orders filled while quantities last.

Please send me________"Temptation" Night Gowns at $8.98.

Sizes________________
Name________________
Address________________
City________________State________

Charge ☐ Paid ☐ C.O.D. ☐
or phone Miss Winstead, WIs. 7-8200
Add 15c shipping charges for deliveries beyond our delivery area.

Oppenheim Collins, 33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

The Navy's Air Arm Gets Tough

Continued from page 86

"Then slip him the old convincer."

"The convincer" is a well-directed blow with the knee to the groin.

That initial toughening up period develops two qualities the sailor-airman is pretty sure to find handy in combat. One is air fitness, the other sea fitness.

Tumbling, rope-climbing and dry-land diving on the trampoline (a spring-rigged sheet of canvas on a pipe frame) all help develop a sense of balance in the air.

Sea fitness, of course, comes from swimming and there's plenty of that in the station's three 175-foot pools where the trainees learn to swim for their lives. They swim with their clothes on, paddle under water, practice inflating and propelling life rafts and learn how to go over the side of a vessel.

One trick is to learn a peculiar bobbing and fanning technique so that if you're dumped overboard in a sea of flaming oil you can come out of it without much more than singed eyebrows.

Gunners are at the station only fourteen weeks, so the course had to be streamlined for them, but they go through the same grind without the breathers.

A key man on Commander Halas' staff is Lieutenant Charley Gelbert, well-remembered by baseball fans for his heroic feats with the St. Louis Cardinals of the 'thirties. Two other assistants are Lieutenant Harvey Chrouser, athletic director at Wheaton College in Illinois, and Lieutenant Floyd "Mickey" McBride, University of Oklahoma basketball star and later athletic director at East Central Oklahoma State.

Incidentally, the Navy's two schools of thought on physical fitness find a meeting ground in the Halas system. Some instructors come from the Hamilton schools, where the apostles of "punch-'em-in-the-nose" fill them with contact sports theory. Others are from Commander Gene Tunney's schools for specialists in push-ups and leg swings.

The whole staff works together with a seriousness which is stimulating. Every officer and specialist is out to sell the blue jackets a "combative attitude" and "mind set" to win.

Do the sailors like it?

Almost every night, long after classes are over, you can find them back at the ropes and on the trampolines—for fun. That is one of the truths and consequences growing out of Commander Halas' grim earnestness and drive about this matter. He gives it to them hard, but has so sold them on its value and importance that he makes them like it. ⌗

Over 3½ Centuries of Knowing How!
Since 1575
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BOLS Liqueur Monastique—86 Proof; Creme de Menthe—60 Proof; Distilled Geneva (distilled from grain)—81 Proof; Apricot Liqueur—63.4 Proof; Silver Top London Dry Gin—94 Proof

Product of Argentina

Sole Importers { G. H. MUMM CHAMPAGNE (S.V.C.S.) & ASSOC., Inc., New York City
W. J. MULLIGAN & CO. . . . . San Francisco, California

---

War-Born, To Live On

Smith *Synchro-Plastic* Soles

Many wonderful substitutes for scarce materials, war-born out of necessity, will live on because they excel in service to you. Smith *Synchro-Plastic* Soles are, we believe, on this roster of superior, wartime substitutes with a bright, peacetime future. You find that Smith *Synchro-Plastic* Soles are NON-SKID, LEAVE NO MARKS, are MOISTURE-PROOF. You find them even MORE PLIANT, MORE DURABLE than selected leather soles, and EASILY REPAIRED . . . Try a *Synchro-Flex* style, *Synchro-Plastic* soled. *Synchro-Flex* construction—the years-ahead, patented process that co-ordinates shoe-action with foot-action—is today nationally recognized as a revolutionary advance in shoe-building. *Synchro-Plastic* Soles may well be another revelation to you.

Photographed: The modern Moccasin, Brown Calf with SYNCHRO-PLASTIC Soles. Supply limited at present . . . but will be increased steadily.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS, MORE OFTEN

Smith SYNCHRO-FLEX

BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 22, ILL.

Makers Smith Synchro-Flex for Men, British Walkers for Men and Women

SKINNER'S TACKLE TWILL*

THE 3000 HORSEPOWER RAINWEAR FABRIC!

Like the brand new 3000 horsepower airplane motors, Skinner's Tackle Twill* is the ultimate in fabric engineering. It combines, in streamlined form, light weight with great strength — the fabric of tomorrow produced today largely for military use. Dull cotton poplin on one side, satiny rayon twill on the other, Long Life Cravenetted for water repellence, it is the smartest, best looking rainwear fabric now being made.

Tackle Twill* is just one of the many outstanding fabrics to come from William Skinner & Sons. After the war, others will appear, covering important peacetime needs from lingerie to stormwear. One quality they will all share with Tackle Twill*—the 95 year old quality of Skinner excellence.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, NEW YORK *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ESTABLISHED 1848

Skinner's QUALITY RAYONS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Lesson in Deportment

Continued from page 74

to the recruitin' officer an' held up my hand."

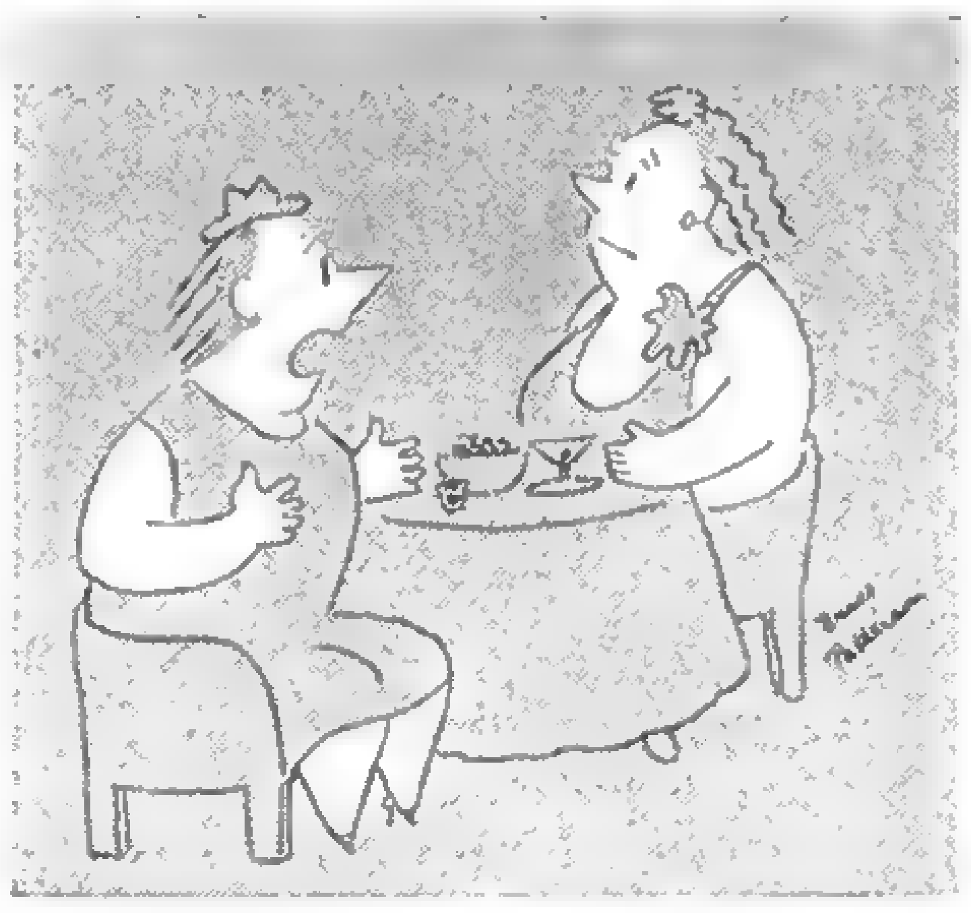
"Why did you join the Army?"

"Not out of patriotism, Sor. I well knew the Army didn't need me, but by the Great Gun of Athlone I needed the Army. All my life I'd lived as peaceable as a monk, whilst me inside boiled wit' a yearnin' to raise ructions."

"Like the old monk from Siberia, you broke out of your cell with a hell of a yell."

"How did me wife locate me, Sor?" Duffy asked.

"A friend of hers saw you marching down Market Street and told her. Apparently she induced your senator to request the War Department to order your discharge.



"Life is so unfair—if I shoot him the pension stops"

"Sergeant-Major, prepare for my signature an endorsement to this communication from the adjutant-general. State that the name of James Patrick Scanlon does not appear on the muster-rolls of this regiment but that a comparison of the photograph of the man Scanlon with the features of Private Hugh Duffy, an honorable old soldier of this regiment, shows such a resemblance it is understandable why a glimpse deceived Mrs. Scanlon's friend."

I heard the sergeant-major leave the room. The colonel said: "I referred to you as an honorable old soldier, which you are. Can I help it if the adjutant-general will write the senator that Mrs. Scanlon is barking up the wrong tree? You may now bow your head in a minute of silent prayer for the soul of James Patrick Scanlon. He's deader than Socrates."

"I can't say, Sor, that I'll shed any tears over him, for I never liked the fella. He was a mouse of a man, lackin' in spirit an' enterprise an' I'm glad he's been lost in the records. I thank the colonel for a grand job of undertaking."

The colonel laughed. "I trust, Private Duffy, you will enjoy your first—and last—wild fling with the young fellows. I know I always have. Good luck to you. Dismissed!" #

BASS SKI BOOTS CLIMB A TREE!

Bass Ski Boots are tops for helping you whiz down a soul-stirring slope. But did you ever hear of them climbing a tree? It's possible — but only on the following conditions: (a) it must be a Christmas tree; (b) some kind person should know your size; (c) the dealer has to be lucky enough to have some of the rather limited supply available after Bass furnishes special boots to the Army. As for climbing trees on the ski-run — never! Your control is perfect when you wear good Bass Boots!

BASS ORIGINATORS OF WEEJUNS

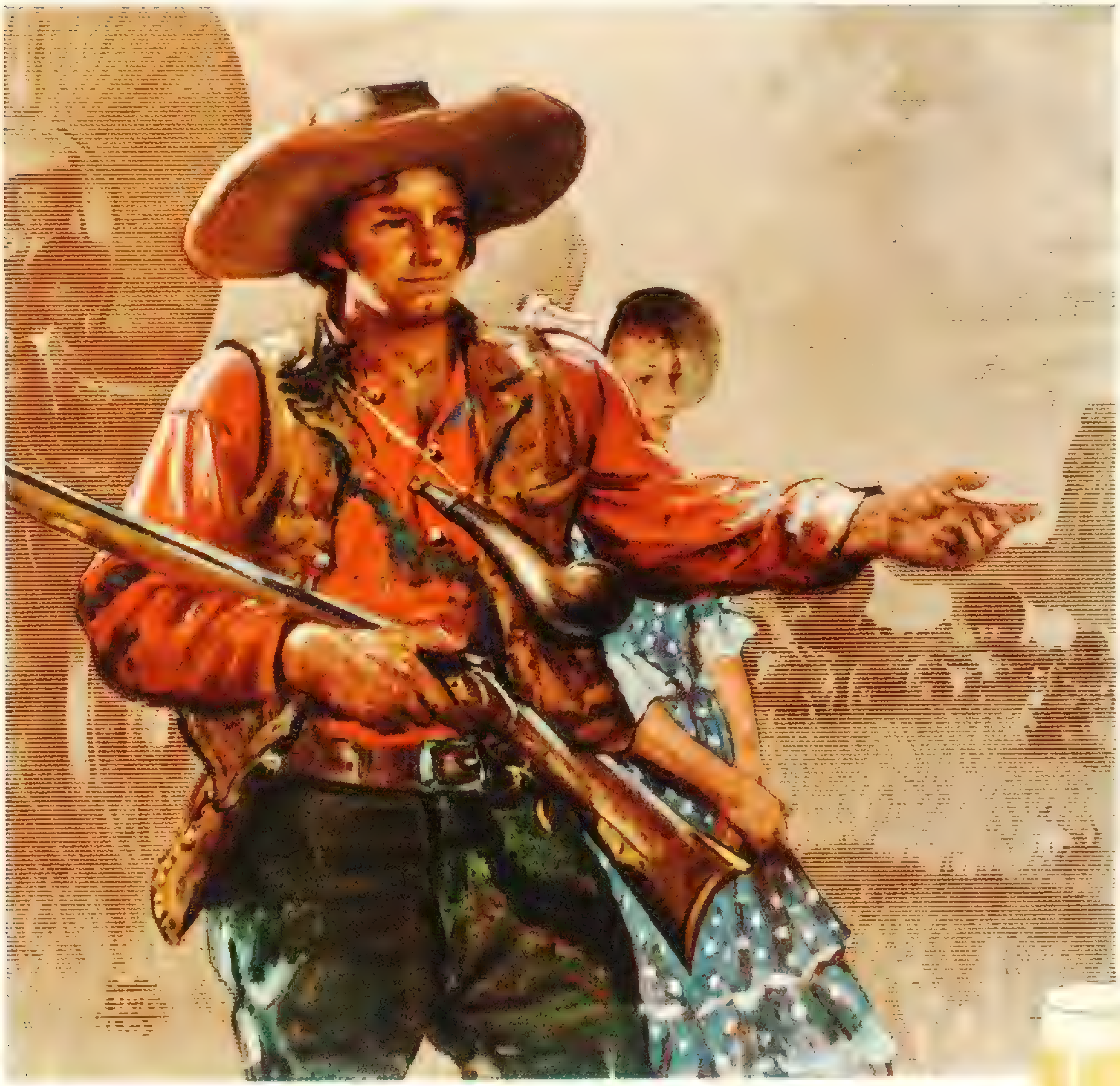
Weejuns climb trees, too . . . or give stylish comfort in the ski lodge or at home . . . or promise foot freedom for next summer's beach or locker room . . . or even do their stuff in barracks! Made for gals, too, but wartime supply can't always keep pace with their popularity!

Free! Send for booklet showing Bass Outdoor Footwear still available. And remember that Bass also stands for "best" in footwear for golf, hunting, fishing and leisure.

G. H. BASS & CO., 512 Main St., Wilton, Me.

Pioneering Since 1849

A long history of pioneering, embracing every major development in American brewing,* is thrillingly climaxed in the Schlitz you drink today. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz brings you that famous flavor found only in this great brew.



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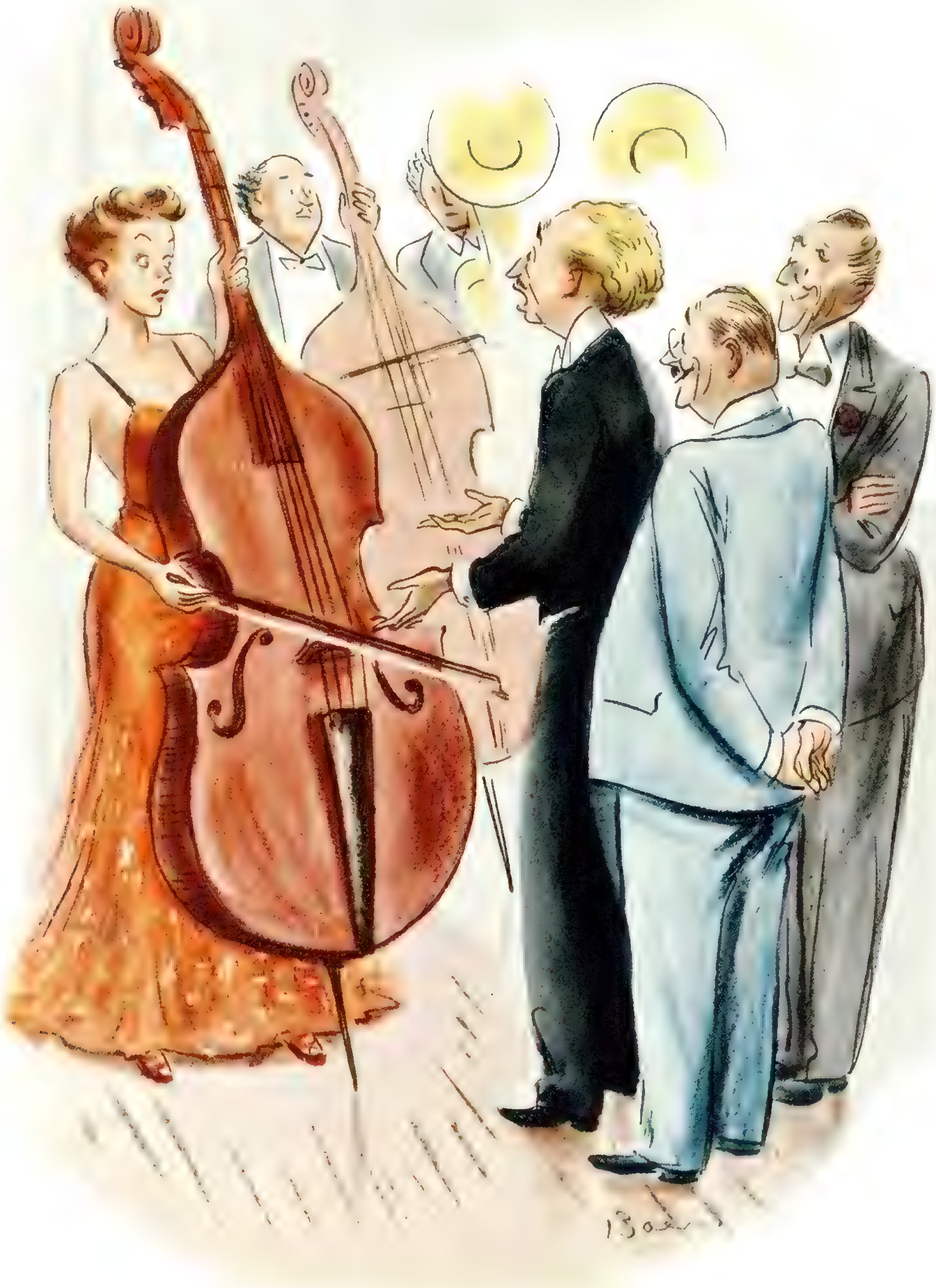
*Schlitz pioneered Pure Culture Yeast, famous Brown Bottle; Precise Control; exclusion of air from bottle. Just the Kiss of the Hops.

JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

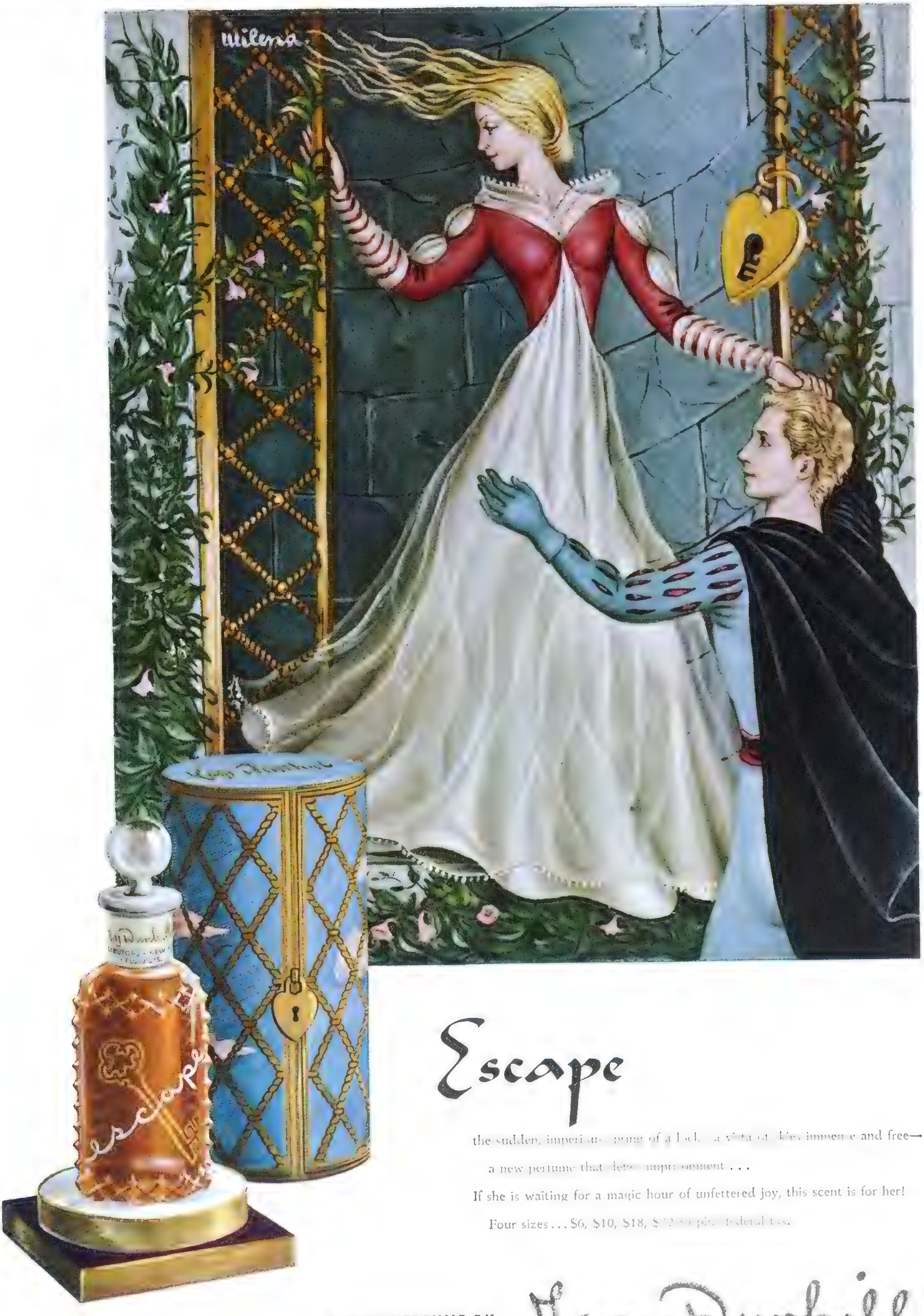
..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



"The Board of Directors think it would be nicer if you stood in front of your instrument"



Escape

the sudden, imperious spring of a lock... a vista of skies immense and free—
a new perfume that defies imprisonment . . .
If she is waiting for a magic hour of unfettered joy, this scent is for her!
Four sizes . . . $6, $10, $18, $[illegible] plus federal tax.

A NEW PERFUME BY Mary Dunhill
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

FOR YOU, FOR YOUR SERVICE FRIENDS

3 entertaining Esquire Christmas Gifts

LUCKY STARS

Bridge Size

1 YOU'LL GET TWO OF 'EM in these two gorgeous decks of VARGA GIRL PLAYING CARDS. These delicious luck-bringing Varga twins are printed on sturdy, lasting two-ply stock with easily cleanable cellulose coating. Order both decks, and we'll send you free in attractive gift box, a 64-page "What's the Score" booklet . . . containing complete rules for Gin Rummy, a handy Bridge and Gin Rummy score pad, and 30 Esquire cartoons.

$1 *a deck*

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

please send me:

___*Pairs of Varga Girl Playing Cards at $2 per pai*

___*"A" decks of Varga Girl Playing Cards at $1 per deck*

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I enclose ____, payment in full.

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A NEW LEASE ON LOVE

Size 5" x 7"

2 AND LOTS OF LAUGHS are ready and waiting for you in Esquire's new 106-page plastic-bound DATE BOOK. Help yourself to the Date Book's informative articles and quizzes . . . amusing Checkpayers . . . handy date calendars and charts . . . hilarious full page cartoons . . . and gorgeous glamor girl photographs, (*19 in full color and 8 in black and white*) — and we'll guarantee you a whale of a good time.

50¢ *per book*

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

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RACY CORRESPONDENCE

Size 4½" x 7"

3 IF LETTERWRITING IS SLOW, speed it up with giant ESKY-CARDS. Larger and far more impressive than ordinary post cards, Esky-cards are quickies to write. Printed in color on deluxe chromecoat stock, Esky-cards show 6 Varga girl drawings, 6 Hurrell photographs, 6 Bohl watercolors, 6 Waxman dog photographs, 6 Szyk caricatures, and 6 Esquire cartoons. 25c per set of six, or $1 for your choice of five sets.

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- ☐ *6 different Varga Girl drawings*
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- ☐ *6 different Szyk caricatures*
- ☐ *6 different Esquire cartoons*

I enclose ____, payment in full.

my name____________________ PLEASE PRINT

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city & state____________________

Commodore, Show Us Some Rats

Continued from page 103

with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Y-you damn big bull," stammered Childers, ears aflame, "what a fullback the Academy could have made out of you!"

Taken aback, Hawse Pipe rapped his nose with a knuckle and stalked off to the chart house.

"We're changing course, directly into the storm front abeam," he told his second-in-command, Lieutenant-Commander Anderson. "You'll head for our original destination with the *Leonidas* and the *Chestnut Hill*.

"I mean *you*," said Hawse Pipe, stabbing a thick finger across the chart table. "I'm boarding the *Dog Robert* as my flagship . . . It's going to be slum-gullion-thick, once we're inside. Just a bare chance I can lead that pack of splinter boats through without the Japs sighting us. If we don't—"

"Which is more like it," agreed Anderson sourly.

"If we don't, we'll make a battle royal of it—then run like hell."

"What's my part in this show—what do you want the *Leonidas* and the *Chestnut Hill* to be doing?" inquired his second-in-command.

"Your job is to get away while we're raising all the hell we can," replied Hawse Pipe grimly. "And I've got a hunch we'll keep the other crowd busy for a couple of hours at spearing minnows while the two big fish get away."

"What two?"

"The *Leonidas*—the *Chestnut Hill*. What did you think I meant!"

Anderson shook his head.

"Look, you gloomy Scowegian, you've got aboard here all that new gear the whole Southwest Pacific Fleet is crying for. And the old *Chestnut* has a million gallons of 100 octane gas for the bombers that's got to go through."

Anderson shrugged. "Pleasant job you're handing a sailor, Hawse Pipe."

The fabled calm of the South

Continued on page 282

"Your idea seems to work, Corporal!"

YOU'LL GO OVERBOARD for this suggestion once you've tried it! To make your pipe taste better (and smell sweeter), clean it regularly and switch to mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. It's cool, fragrant, extra-mild. Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America"!

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

ANOTHER FREEDOM COMING UP
THE EAGLE Lounge Model

You sense it in the free and flowing lines . . . *you see it* in the lower waistline and the natural hang of the shoulders. Definitely, there's an easy grace—complete, unhampered freedom of movement—in the new Eagle Lounge Model, soon to be released. It is also a model which makes the average man appear taller and slimmer at the hips. As befits a masterpiece of design, the Lounge is being made available in pure, full-blooded worsteds, each an exclusive Eagle pattern. Write now for name of nearest dealer.

Buy *MORE* War Bonds
. . . *THAT'S* the Style!

EAGLE Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

FREE Print your name and address on margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.

The perfume of promise...
JE REVIENS
WORTH
Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)
unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

Commodore, Show Us Some Rats

Continued from pages 103-281

Pacific had given way to an angry sea by the time the *Dog Robert* pulled close abeam of the wallowing *Leonidas*. Twice the frail little subchaser missed by inches crashing into splinters against the steel side of the mother ship.

The *Leonidas* took a towering sea, green over her bows, and squatted deep while the chaser rose high on the crest of the same wave, rolling to port so far that the man in the crow's nest could have almost handed his cap to Hawse Pipe astride the lee bridge rail and poised for a flying leap onto the chaser's chart house.

In that split second of equilibrium, Hawse Pipe projected himself out into space, caught the guard ring of the chaser's crow's nest with one hand and swung pendulum fashion just clear of the slender steel mast.

Red Wilcox, ex-chief boatswain's mate of the regular Navy, greeted him with an angry blast:

"You'd have been shark bait if you had missed that grab. What gives, you should be coming aboard in weather like this?"

A huge drop of tropical rain hit Hawse Pipe's nose and trickled off its tip. "Over the hill in there, Red, a Jap task force—don't know how tough—is at large, contrary to the best interests and desires of the U.S. Navy. We're going in and lodge objections. Sound G.Q.!"

"Here's hoping I get more than a deck grating this time," grumbled Red.

The raucous blast of the ship's electric siren brought the entire crew of the *Dog Robert* from the hatches to battle stations . . .

"Forward gun manned and ready, Sir!"

"Amidships jukes manned and ready, Sir!"

"After gun manned—"

"K-guns manned and ready, Sir!"

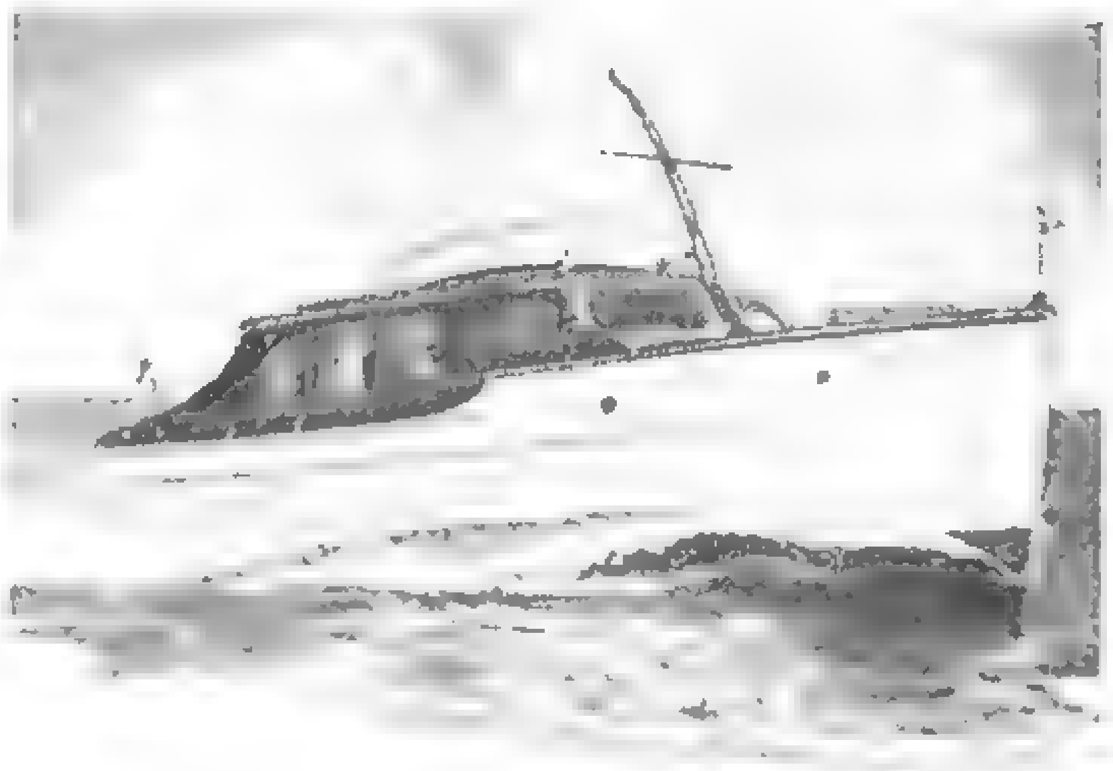
Red Wilcox turned with a grin to Hawse Pipe. "Now show us some rats, Commodore!"

Hawse Pipe, concentrating on checking the answering signal hoists from the other twenty-three subchasers in his force, said without removing the binoculars glued to his eyes, "Belay that commodore gag. Those birds are all dead."

"Okay, okay, Skipper," answered Red, trying to squint through a charthouse window, milky with a continuous sheet of tropical rain. "But three will get you ten, if you don't get your shoes filled with Pacific Ocean bottom mud instead, you'll come out of this as a live commodore."

Just then the loud speaker in the chart house started croaking, "Hello downstairs! Anybody home? . . . Come, come, speak up. If she isn't your wife, we won't give you away. We're all gentlemen—"

Red Wilcox jerked his head in



Once Aboard an Owens and You're Sold!

FROM the first glimpse, her graceful lines and gleaming mahogany will win you. And when you step aboard an Owens, see the roomy luxury built into her 30-foot hull, mister, you're sold! Her skipper will tell you (try and stop him!) about the sturdy whiteoak ribs, mahogany planking, bolted keel unit, and other features that make her the stoutest, safest, 30-footer ever. But wait'll he takes you below!

Big Yacht Cabins: This is just *one* of the big, luxurious cabins. Up forward, there's another roomy, two-bunk cabin, a complete, modern galley and a spacious lavatory, all with six-foot headroom. What's more, Owens design provides ample locker space for clothes, linens, kitchen utensils, suitcases, supplies, etc. All this and 60 square feet of open cockpit aft, too!

Heat and Sound Insulation are standard on an Owens to insure maximum comfort at all times. Here the little sketch shows the thick roof of the main cabin with its insulation, and one of the cabin ventilators. All-weather, rain-tight, these ventilators create fresh air circulation even when the cabin is tightly locked. Features like this are typical of Owens care-in-construction.

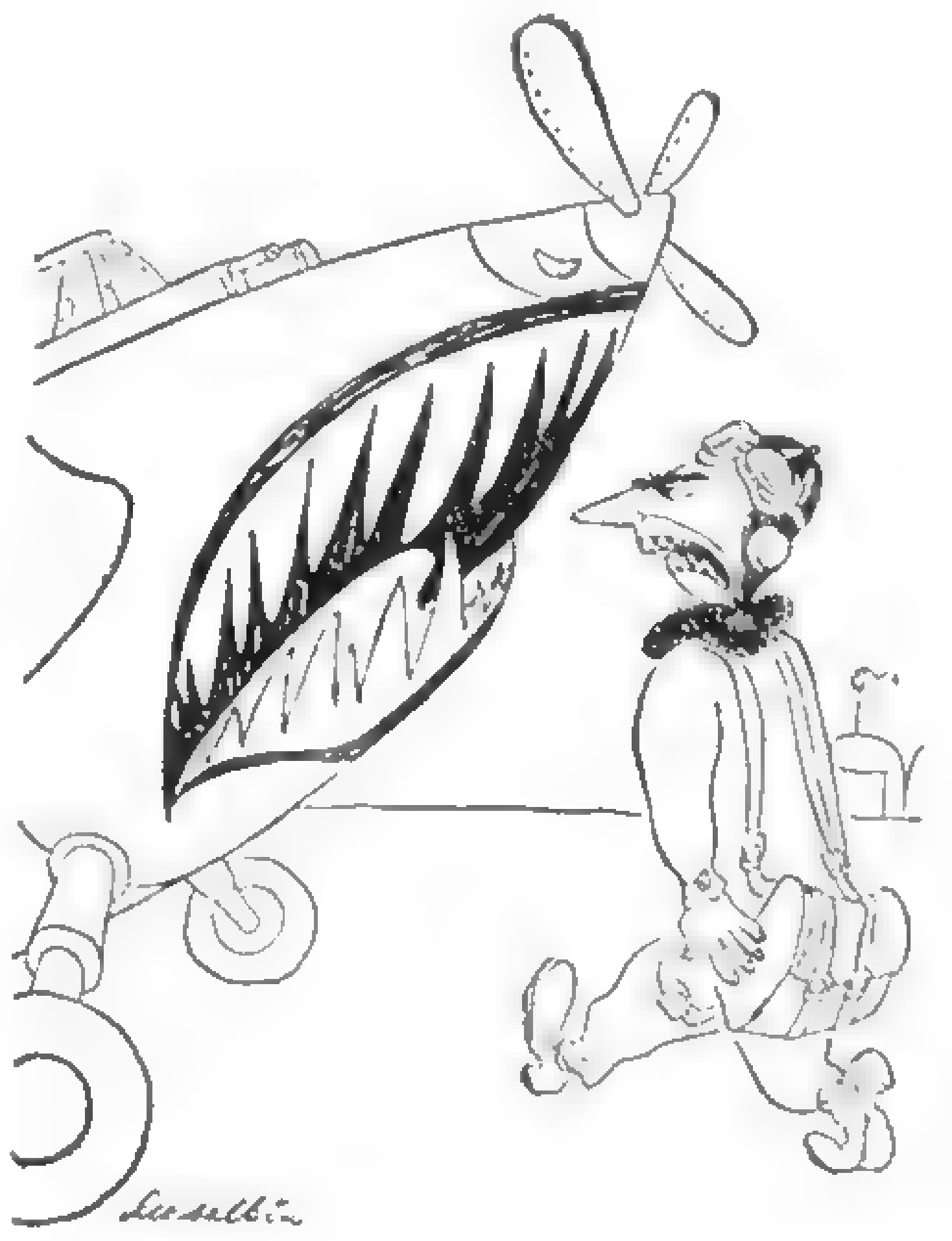
Invasion starts at the big Owens plants, now building landing barges for the Navy and aircraft rescue boats for the Army. That's why you can't get a new Owens today. But after Victory we're planning the sweetest new cruiser you ever saw. So save for it now with War Bonds. Meanwhile, let us send you our pre-war literature. Write for folder E, Owens Yacht Co., Baltimore, Md.

OWENS 30 ft.
The Ideal Cruiser

the direction of the loud speaker.

"All P.B.Y. crews go cloud-nutty like that sooner or later."

"We know *somebody* is down there," warned the loud speaker chidingly. "We've got ways of seeing around the corner of a dark alley in a pea soup fog. Now here's our proposition. We're running short of that stuff. But we got a nice full quart of très bon cognac. Since we are on the wagon ourselves, we will give you the evil beverage for just ten drums of 100 octane gas. Please dump the stuff over the side with a couple of smoke buoys to mark the spot and we'll find it."



"Nuts to you guys," Red Wilcox flung back at the loud speaker. "You have been repeating that line every half hour all afternoon." He turned a pleading look on Hawse Pipe. "Just lift that radio silence order for five minutes and I'll stop the chatter from that tree full of squirrels—"

"I'll pull all your ribs out through your big mouth if you let out one yip over that thing. That's just what the Jap is hoping for—a radio bearing on us."

"I hope those fourteen-dollar pants I've never worn get tangled in somebody's rudder." Red scrubbed the heel of his hand over the glass in the chart house door. "Couldn't hit a bull on the nose with a bass fiddle in that soup out there."

The deluge had flattened the sea. The *Dog Robert*, her twin Diesels throbbing at full throttle, led the van of twenty-four sub-chasers, not one of which could see the one immediately ahead. The men at their battle stations, stripped down to their drawers and steel battle helmets, stood ankle deep in rain water which flowed aft down the gangways.

Hawse Pipe looked at his watch for no reason in particular and said, "Red, get out there and key up your men. It will be snap-shooting when it happens."

"This time," growled Red, stripping to his drawers and kicking off his shoes, "I'm staying outside."

Through the murky chart house window, Hawse Pipe could see

Continued on page 284

Cartier

Straight to the Heart with a Cartier Gift

With a pair of two-toned gold heart shaped ear clips, $48; a very lovely gold brooch with sapphires and diamonds, $250; the gold flexible link identification ring, $30; and not forgetting him—a gold pencil he's certain to enjoy, $32. . . *Prices include Federal Tax.* . . Mail orders receive immediate attention.

Other Cartier Gifts from $1.00. . . Special gifts for those in the service.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22

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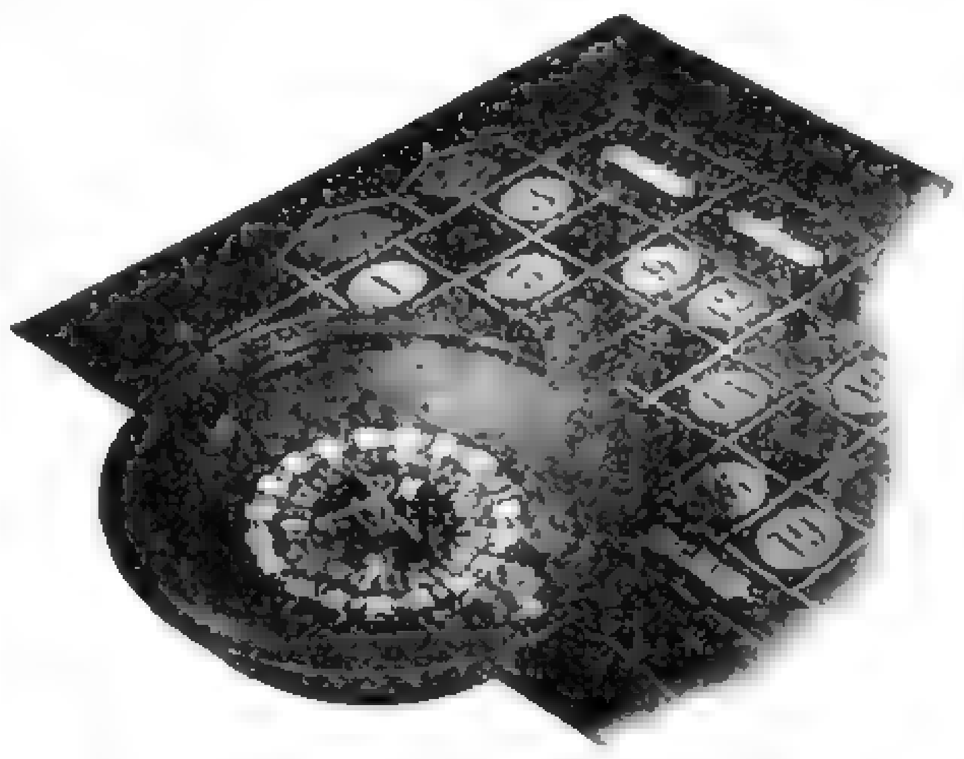

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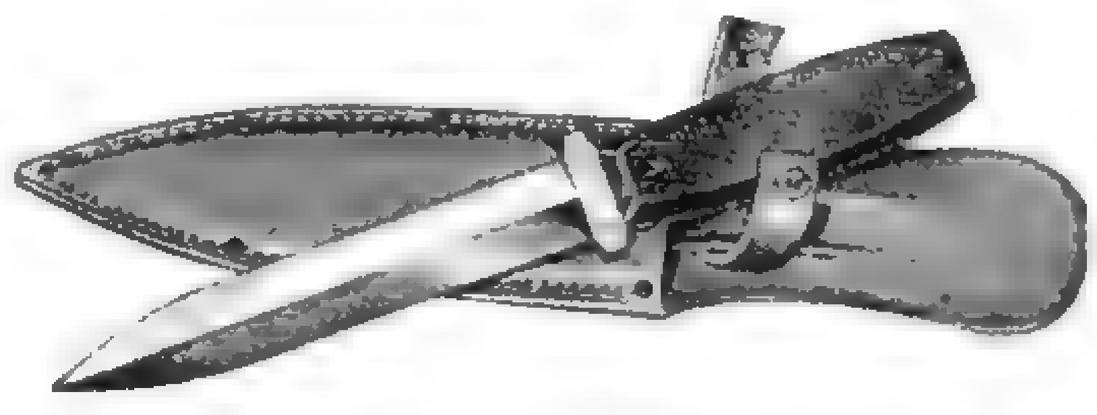

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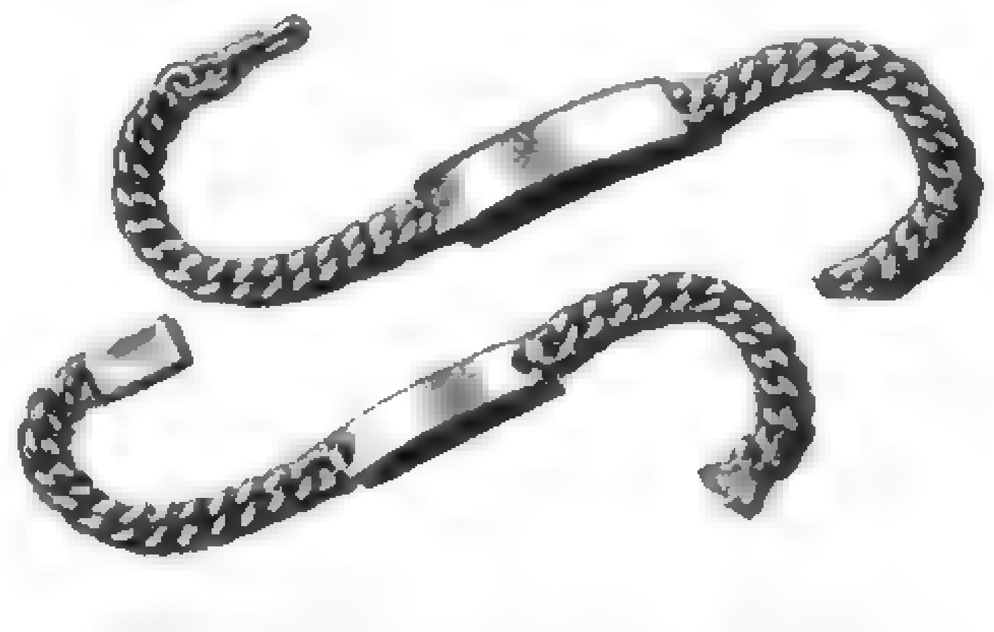

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Every day, every hour, in every part of the world, Croton waterproof watches, built to resist water, shocks and magnetism, are justifying the scientific thoroughness that has made them great! *Remember, if it isn't an Aquamatic or Aquamedico, it isn't a Croton.*

Right now, all available Croton waterproof watches are being supplied to the armed services exclusively.

Croton
WATCHES
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

Croton Watch Company, 48 W. 48th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Commodore, Show Us Some Rats

Continued from pages 103-281-283

Red's gleaming white body move wraithlike among the other dim figures on the forward deck, then vanish down the port gangway on his way aft . . . five minutes . . . ten, went by.

The quartermaster at the wheel stared as though hypnotized at the dimly lighted compass card and said over his shoulder: "Whatever we hit is going to be picking splinters out of itself for the rest of this war."

"Hold your course, whatever happens," Hawse Pipe started to say when, suddenly, a streak of flame and the ear-splitting bark of the gun forward cut the order off, undelivered.

Before Hawse Pipe could drop a starboard window, the Bofors blasted again. The starboard gun added its contribution to the din. Then the after gun began pounding away.

Out there, so close aboard that he could have tossed his battle helmet up on her deck, Hawse Pipe could see the rain-blackened glistening side of a Japanese light cruiser, her ugly gun turrets and superstructure illuminated by the almost constant flashing of the *Dog Robert's* small caliber guns. . . . Then the forward gun went silent. But the smaller automatic cannon aft of the bridge kept on firing for another ten seconds or so.

"What was that, Sir?" asked the helmsman without unlocking his gaze from the compass card.

"Just the boys giving a free paint-chipping job to a crummy Jap light cruiser, is all," answered Hawse Pipe with a grim chuckle.

Red Wilcox entered the chart house, rubbing the rain out of his eyes with a curved forefinger.

"Have I pulled one for the book in the screwiest naval show that will ever happen! . . . When that thing jumped out of no place, right in front of my nose, I grabbed a boat hook and started to fend her off, s'help me. Then I snapped out of it and touched off the sta'board K-gun. Blooie—out goes an ash can. Smacko, it bangs its arbor into her forward funnel and was sticking there yet when I last saw it."

"What was the sense of throwing away an ash can?" snapped Hawse Pipe. "Those things won't detonate without submerging."

Faint flashes were coming from astern, followed by the barking of light guns from the other chasers—then the rumbling of heavier metal as the enemy cruiser's guns answered.

"If we only carried torpedo tubes, like a PT, what a pasting we could have given that big cow!" sighed Red.

Hawse Pipe snatched for the radio microphone and began chanting: "*Dog Robert* to P. B. Y.—5—37 . . . *Dog Robert* to P. B.—"

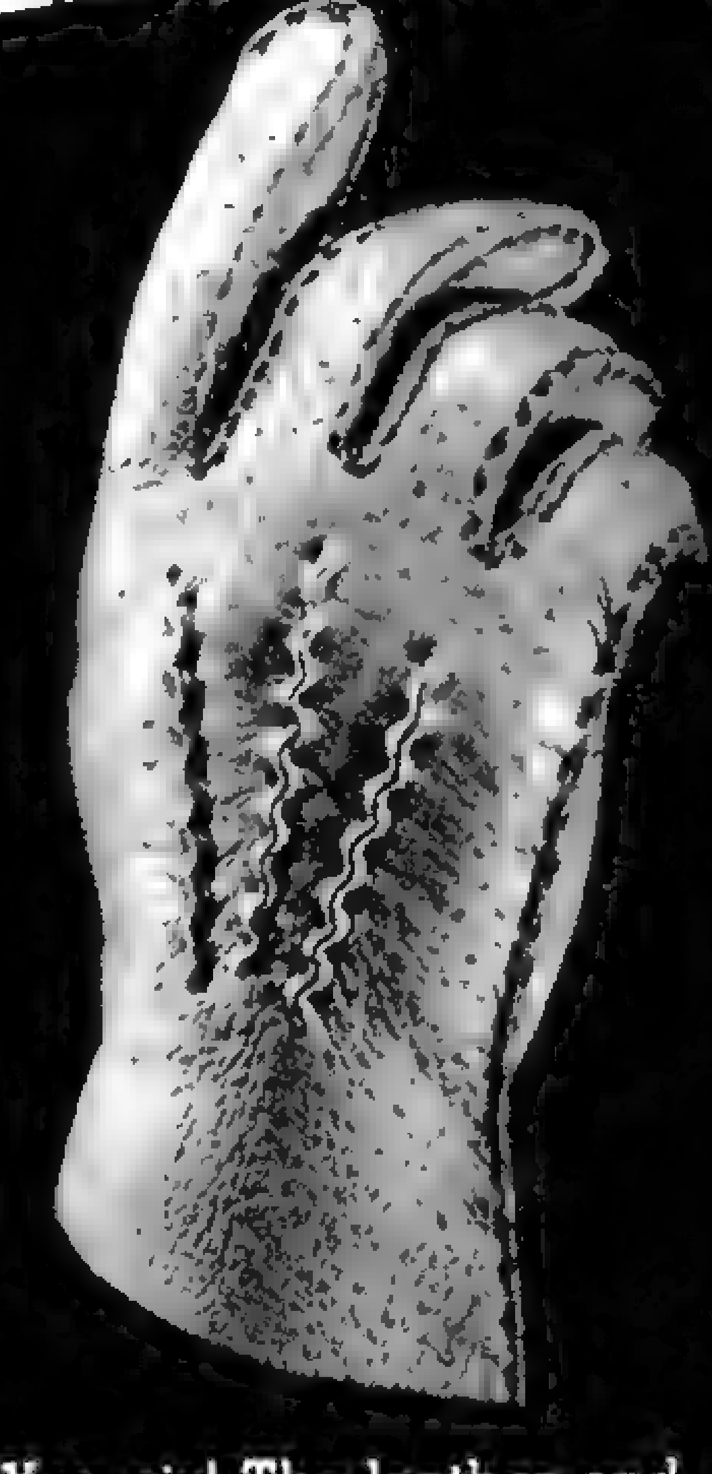
"Go ahead, *Dog*"

"Jap cruiser just broke off engagement with us. Now heading

the original
RUGBY

There are many imitations . . . but it pays to insist on the Original Rugby. It's smarter . . . warmer . . . tougher. Slip-on style features a heavy, distinctive rolled cuff. Leathers are sturdy but pliable . . . in a selection of popular new shades.

the guaranteed
Husky



Yes, sir! The leather and seaming of the Husky are so superior, the maker will cheerfully repair them without charge (if they ever need it). Made of extra-plump genuine peccary pigskin. Hand-sewn in masculine raw-edge gauntlet style.

Wilson Brothers
SUPERB GLOVES
CHICAGO

on course that will intercept *Leo* and *Nut.* Catch him breaking out of storm front. Skip bomb from his starboard. Center your hits around forward funnel if possible. Repeating—"

"Thanks, *Dog*, but save it. Know just where *Nut* is. Picked up five hundred gallons of fuel from her, less than an hour ago."

Now using the radio telephone freely, Hawse Pipe directed his forces of chasers to swing about and take up the trail of the cruiser.

SGT. Ned Hilton

"This is like trying to win the Kentucky Derby with a three-legged pig," cracked Red Wilcox after more than two hours of uneventful pursuit. "That thing can make two knots to our one with half her boilers cold. She'll chew up the poor old *Leo* and crack the *Nut* and be on her way, laughing, before we come over the hill."

"Shut up and listen," snapped Hawse Pipe. "Hear that anti-aircraft fire?"

The radio loud speaker began croaking: "Nice place, upstairs here, for a scrap metal drive. . . . . . . We're going in. If we pull out of this without shedding all our feathers, we'll be seeing you subsequently. . . . Centered on forward funnel, per request, *Dog Robert!* . . . Bombs away—"

The loud speaker lapsed into silence. Hawse Pipe automatically checked the time with the sweep-second hand of his watch and waited.

Red Wilcox fished his discarded trousers from under the chart table and pulled them on . . . He was fastening his belt when a series of muffled heavy explosions rattled the chart house windows.

"Twenty-five seconds. Approximately five miles from us," announced Hawse Pipe.

The air pulsated with lesser explosions—A-A guns firing.

"Sounds like the boys still have enough feathers left to fly," remarked Red Wilcox, then paused to add: "Look—sun coming out."

In another twenty minutes, the crow's-nest watch sang out, "Sail ho! Main truck of a cruiser, one point off the port bow . . . Now I can see . . . Wow, she's *afire!*"

Hawse Pipe snatched the binoc-

Continued on page 286

Your
GIFT
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USEFUL

Lamb Knit Sweaters Are Very Useful . . .

America is a nation at work! We are busy around the clock pounding out the implements of war and weaving the fabric of complete Victory and *permanent* Peace. For those we would remember this Christmas, let the gift be useful and practical. Something to keep him warm and comfortable for months to come.

Lamb Knit Sweaters are sold in men's shops from Coast to Coast.

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
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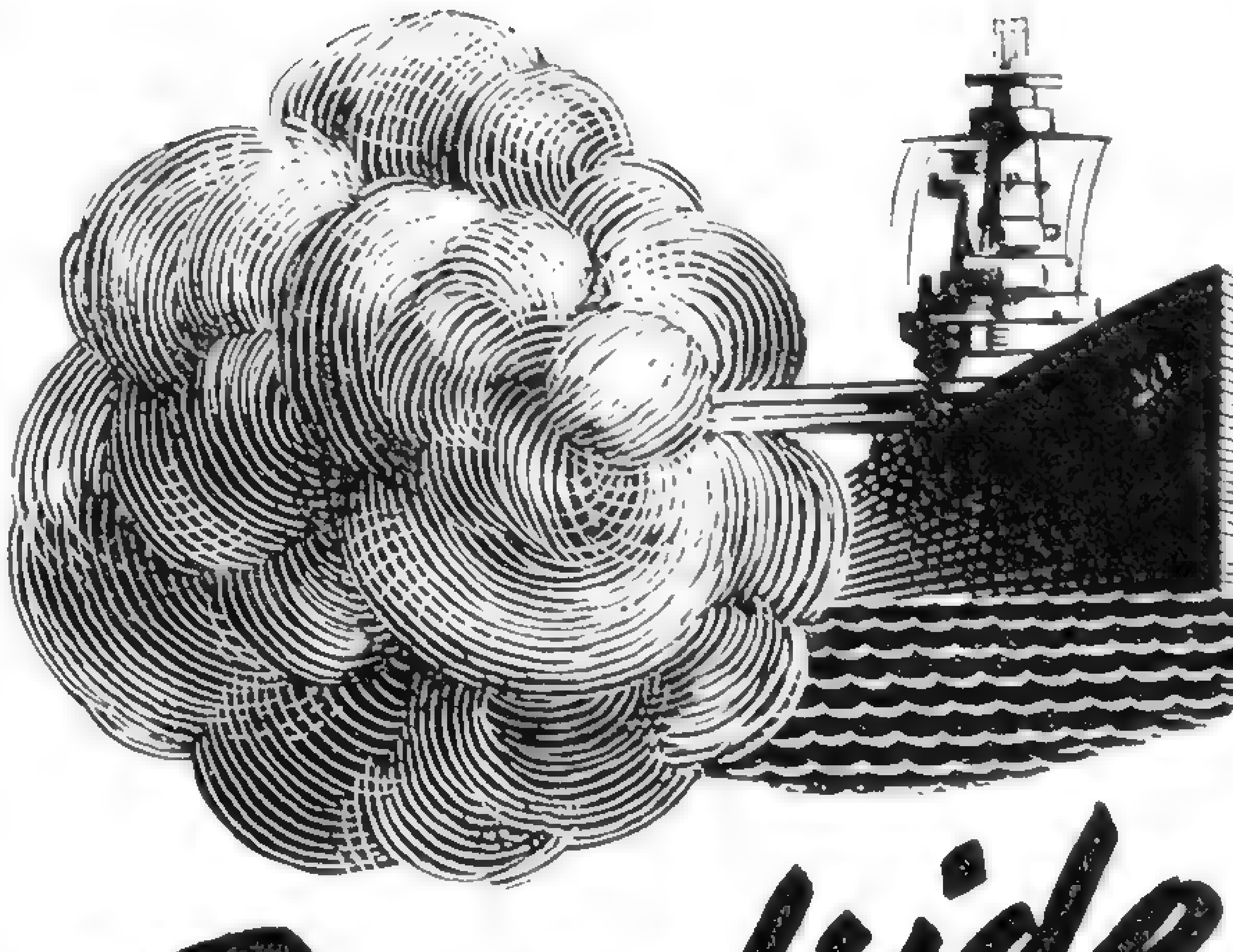
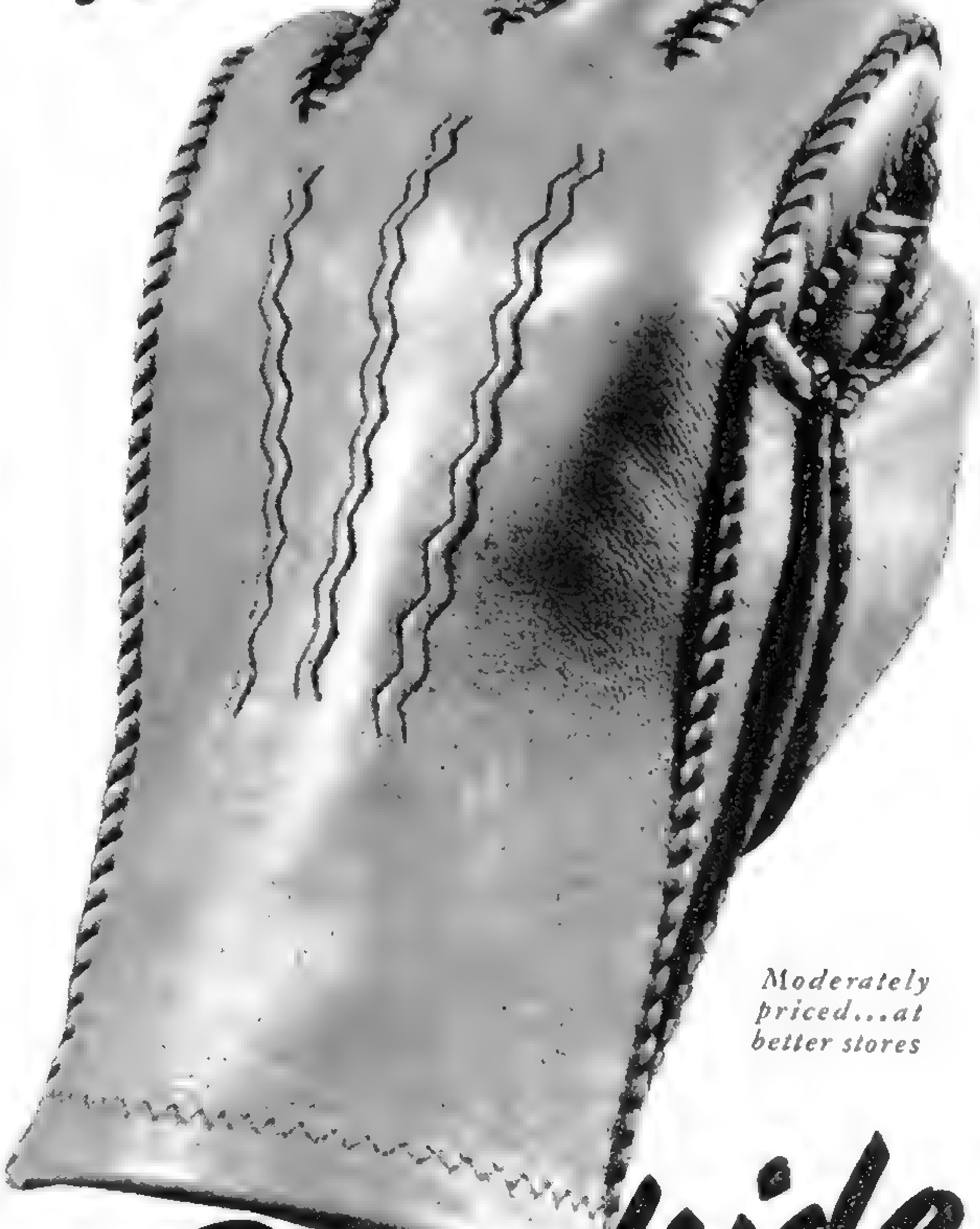


Broadside
THE GLOVE WITH A PUNCH



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Wilson Brothers
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Today
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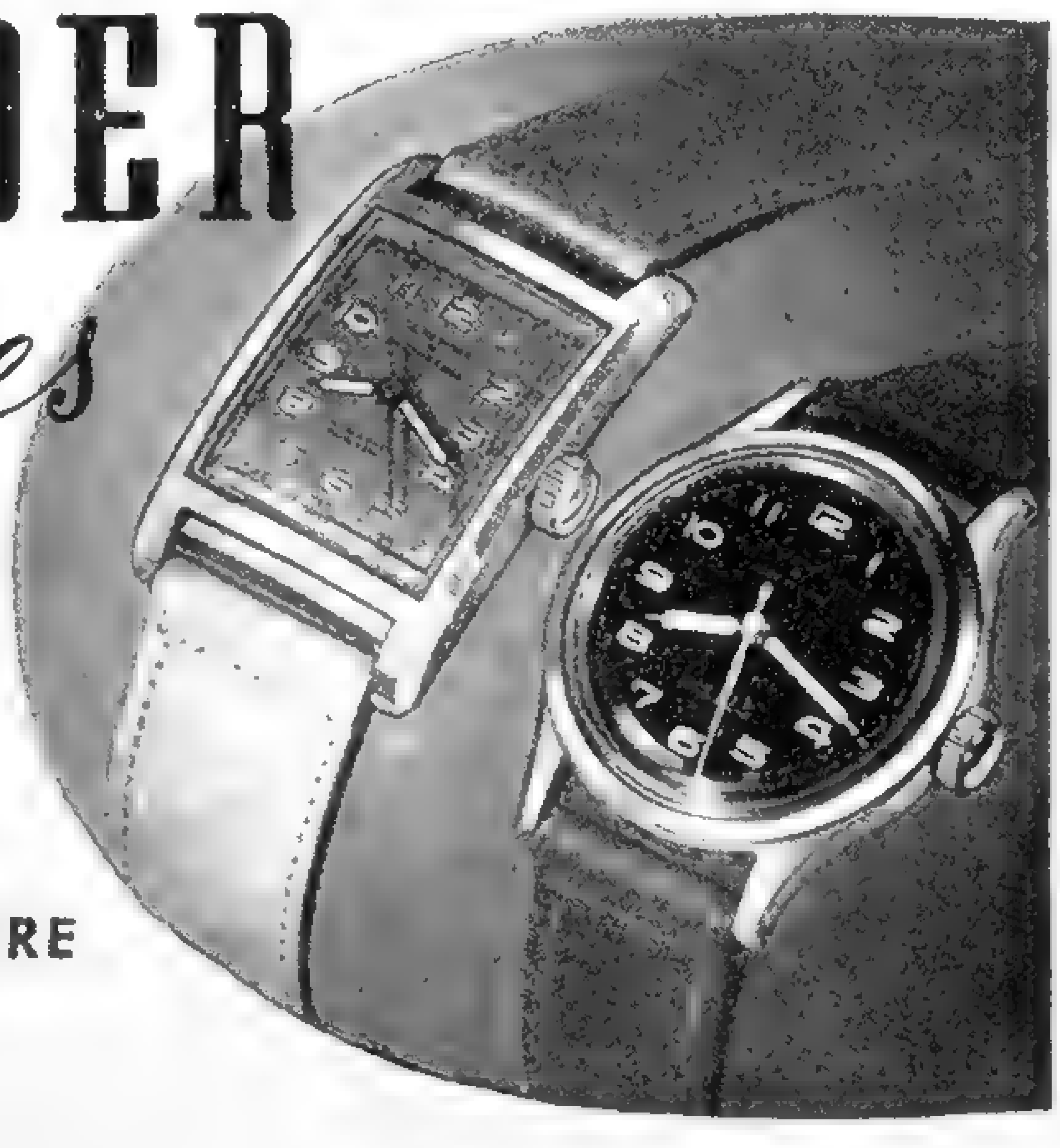
The rigid demands of wartime speed are changing our concepts of watch performance. In the new American scene a watch must be more than a mere timekeeper — it must continue its performance under conditions of haste, shock and exposure that would impair any normal timepiece . . . There is one watch that is built for faultless service under every trying emergency — The Defender . . . Equipped with an extraordinary movement that represents the newest technological advances in timepiece craftsmanship . . . yet designed to conform with the most critical style requirements . . . Defender Watch models are available from $39.75 (tax included).



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DEFENDERS OF TIME
NOW AND IN THE FUTURE

WATERPROOF • SHOCKPROOF • AUTOMATIC • NON-MAGNETIC

EDWARD L. STERN & CO., 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Commodore, Show Us Some Rats

Continued from pages 103, 281, 283, 285

ulars right out from under Red Wilcox's hand and clapped them to his eyes. A light cruiser was burning furiously amidships. Standing off from her, at less than two thousand yards, were both the U.S.S. *Leonidas* and the lumbering *Chestnut Hill*. They were pouring shell after shell into her from their five-inch deck guns. Soon all twenty-four of Hawse Pipe's chasers were pouring a stream of shells from their forward guns into the cruiser.

"Almost like kicking a dead cat," commented Red Wilcox grimly as he watched the light cruiser rapidly disintegrating. Then a terrific explosion sent great sections of her superstructure hurtling high into a huge mushroom of black smoke. The ship buckled downward in the middle and sank in a blazing lake of fuel oil from her own bunkers.

Pulling alongside the U.S.S. *Leonidas*, Hawse Pipe leaped for the Jacob's ladder slapping her shell-pierced side and climbed to the bridge of his flagship. He stared long and hard at Anderson, his second-in-command.

"Sure, you told me to keep out of this scrap." Anderson grinned insubordinately. "And while you're about it, go ahead and blast me for letting the P.B.Y.—5—37 have enough gas from the *Nut* to stick around and give that Jap a plastering."

There was the drone of twin motors leisurely cruising overhead. The loud speaker on the bridge began croaking, "Hello, downstairs. Tut, tut, Hawse Pipe McCloud! Haven't you any better sense than to let your little splinter boats get that near a big bad Jap cruiser? Why, if we hadn't been around . . ."

Hawse Pipe snatched for the microphone. "Listen, you overgrown box kite up there, it wasn't any of your bombs that sunk her. It was a depth charge from the sta'board K-gun of the *Dog Robert*."

"Why, you glory-stealing liar, Hawse Pipe," came back the shocked objection. "Not one of your little rowboats was within five miles of the target when we laid the stick of bombs that stopped her cold."

From his own chart house the skipper of the *Dog Robert* chimed in, "Looks like the air arm of this man's Navy expects credit for sinking anything within range of its radio."

"Were you there, Red?" came back the mocking question from the P.B.Y.

"No, but one of my depth charges was—buried like a third strike in a catcher's mitt in that Jap's forward stack. That's what your overgrown hand grenade hit. Nice shooting at that, Sailors!"

"Umn," came the cryptic comment from aloft. "We were wondering why you were yelling for

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Merry Christmas Dick

For Holiday Greetings that carry with them a real "Merry Christmas"—wire flowers. In fact, for any occasion, flowers say things for you in a way people never forget.

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

But remember, help is scarce so try to give your FTD Florist enough time to deliver your flowers on time. Another good idea is to ask your FTD Florist to make the selection. He is an expert on the right flowers for any occasion.

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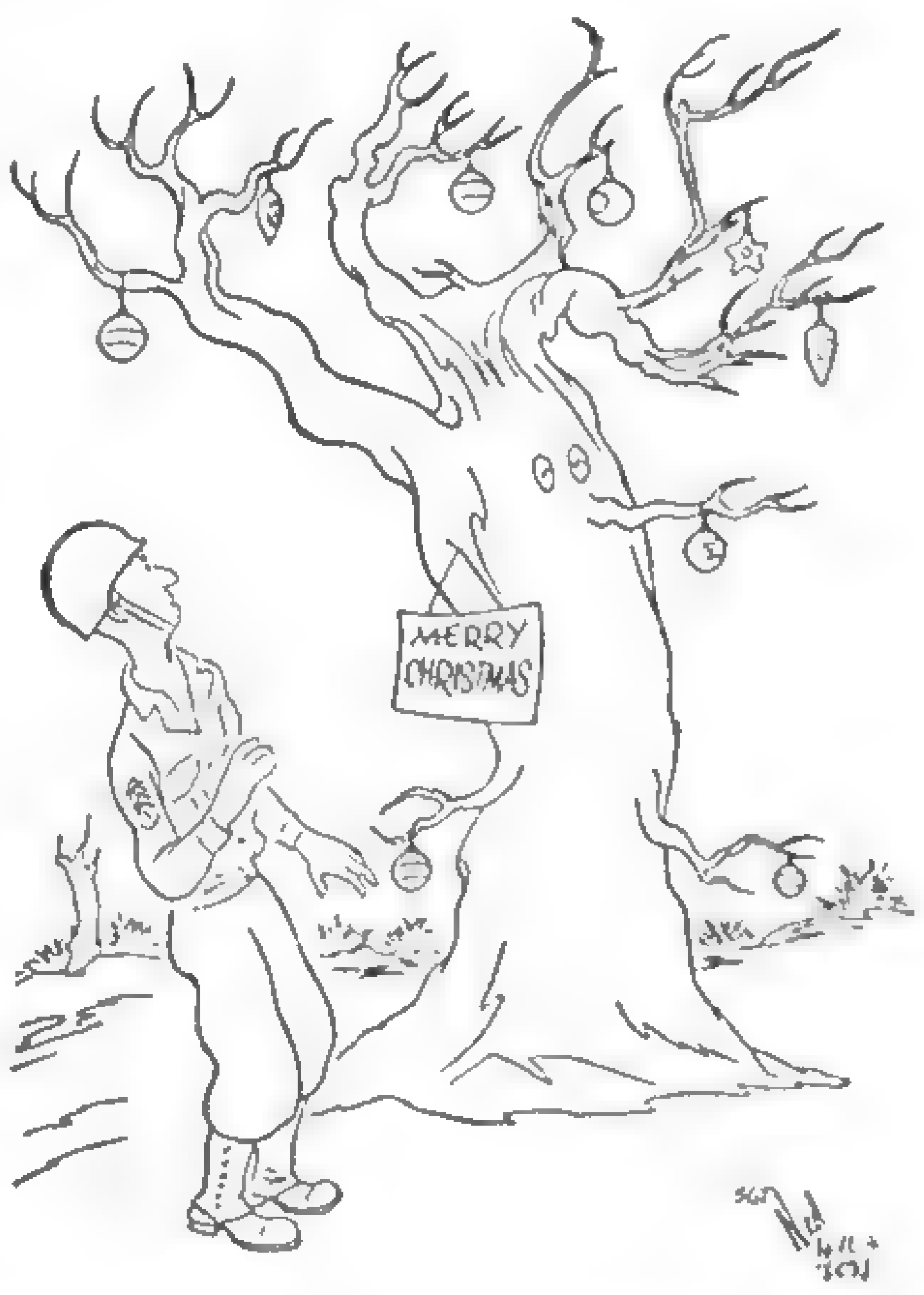
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

a bomb hit near her forward funnel from the starboard side."

Anderson took the microphone from Hawse Pipe and demanded crossly, "You welchers, where's that bottle of tonsil polish you promised for the gas I gave you?"

"Sorry, Andy. We drank it to keep the gremlins away. Scary business, boring down through the muck to locate your smoke buoy."

The P.B.Y. circled once overhead, dipped its wings in salute and soared off to the southwest. Hawse Pipe went back to the rail and scanned his fleet of twenty-four small wooden submarine chasers which had again taken up their regular convoy positions.



Childers, his communications officer, came from the radio shack and handed him a draft of a message.

"Thought we'd better get one off to COMPAC before that gabby crowd upstairs slop over."

The red glare from the lake of flaming bunker oil astern played over Hawse Pipe's jaw as he read: ENGAGED ENEMY LIGHT CRUISER. NO SURVIVORS. MC CLOUD.

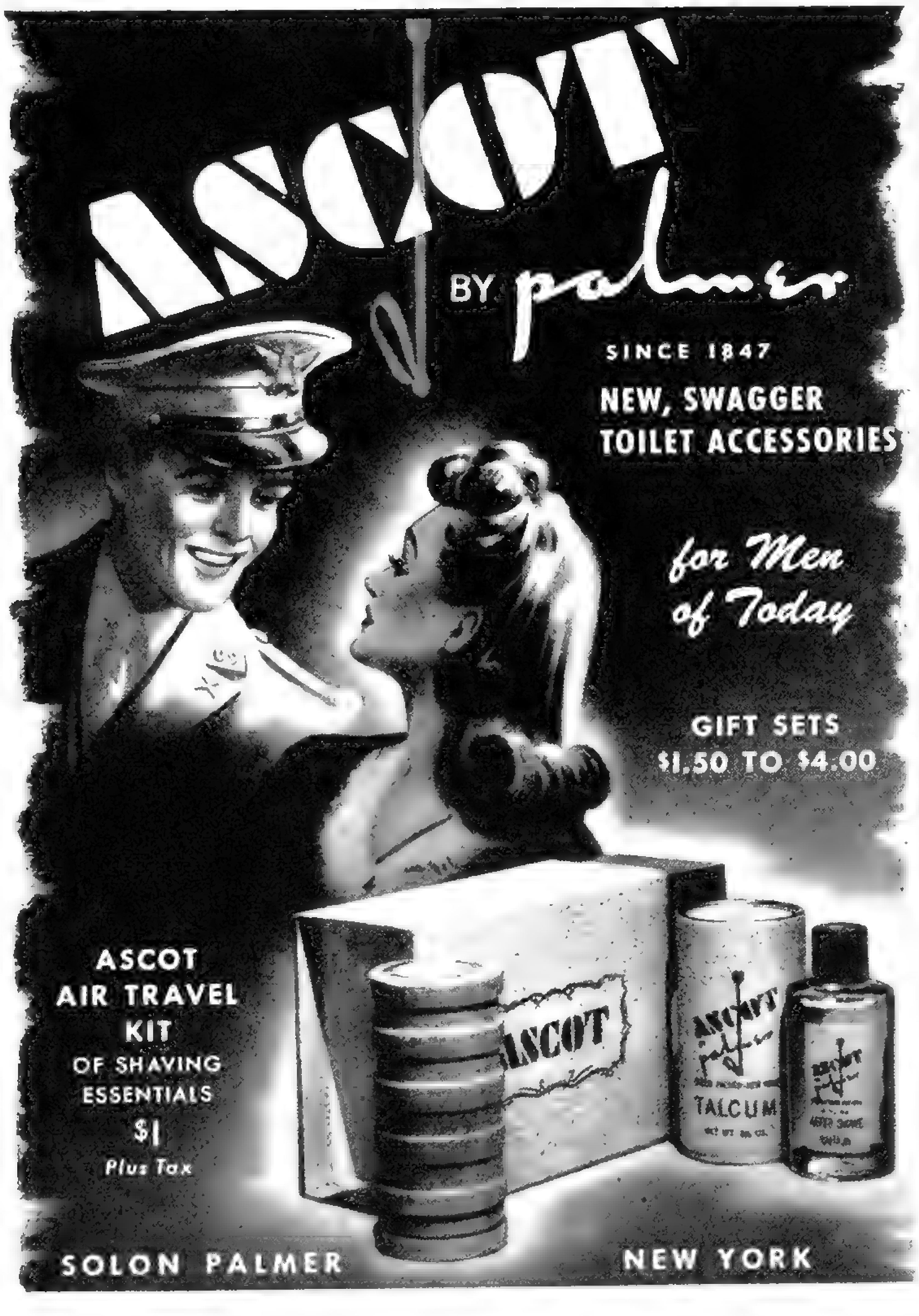
"Your pencil—gimme," said Hawse Pipe, then turned the message blank over and wrote: ENEMY LIGHT CRUISER SUNK WHILE ATTACKING LEONIDAS. DAMAGE SLIGHT. NO CASUALTIES. YOU MAY EXPECT FULL REPORT FROM P.B.Y.—5—37. PROCEEDING. MC CLOUD.

After sourly reading the revised message, Childers said, "Blast it, Captain, this makes us out a bunch of defenseless castaways on a rubber raft rescued by that flying barn. We turned in a more respectable job than that."

"Sure we did," admitted Hawse Pipe. "We were the big hunk of cheese in the rat trap. Stick that in the message if you like."

Childers, being a well trained communications officer, sent the message exactly as revised . . . Around midnight, the sleep-groggy crew of the P.B.Y. was roused out of bed by a crackling demand from COMPAC for a five-thousand word battle report of the sinking of an enemy cruiser.

Which is exactly what Hawse Pipe expected was going to happen. #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HARVEY'S IMPORTED *Sherries & Ports*

ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING... select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet

HARVEY'S HUNTING... fine tawny port, mellow and dry

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THIS LITTLE *Klikit* WENT TO WAR...

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THIS LITTLE *Klikit* STAYED HOME...

But like a good little Klikit he's helping to win the war, too. He's on the man behind the man behind the gun, keeping production workers' garments snapped and snapping, so they can work in comfort at top speed.

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THIS LITTLE *Klikit* . . . AH!!

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York Chicago Los Angeles Gloversville Montreal Toronto

Mexico Is Not Napping

Continued from page 118

U. S., Doris Hart, junior champion of the U. S. and William Talbert, doubles champion of the U. S. Players from Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Peru, Cuba, and many other countries were invited.

Ten years ago sports in Mexico stood about where they now stand in the United States and other American republics—right at the feet of the wealthy few. Tennis, golf and the rest were recreations of a rich man's son, and he often learned them when he went to school in England, Spain, or the United States. But the government-maintained clubs in Mexico now are used by everyone, from millionaires to peons. Everyone likes and supports the new program—even the employers who finance it. They like it because the big sports meets bring big business with them.

Girls are participating, too. There were about six or seven of them in my group of sixteen pupils, and their present champion is a very good player. It's just a question of training and experience and competition before this program produces more champions.

As athletes, the Mexicans are terrific. I've seen them play soccer for an hour without getting off the field—and at 6,500 feet above sea level.

And they're getting better. I've observed Mexican youths off and on for several years, and I can see a distinct difference in their general progress.

And so the siesta has undergone a stiff course of rejuvenation. The one o'clock gong sends a Mexican to the sports club for a game of doubles or a practice soccer match, rather than to a daily return match at the dinner table. The dinner that used to take an hour and a half now rates a quick thirty minutes just before he goes back to work at 3:30 or 4:00. Supper is late—perhaps between eight and ten in the evening. Such midday recreation is custom-built for a country of high altitudes—it might not work out in such hot damp spots as Cuba or the coasts of South America.

But we could do it here, not in the middle of the afternoon, but after office hours. Funds could be collected in the Mexican way, or as our park budgets are collected—only there must be a separate bank account for the sports program. As long as we depend on park funds to develop public sports facilities, a bronze bust of the city fathers or shrubbery along the highway is bound to come first.

We, of the country by and for the people, might try giving sports back to the people. They'll know what to do. #

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ENJOYED BY PARTICULAR PEOPLE
for 163 YEARS

Particular people, whose taste demand the best, have made LAIRD'S THREE STAR Brandy their choice. LAIRD'S quality is one for which there has been no substitute for 163 years.

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LAIRD'S
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APPLE
BRANDY
86.4 PROOF

BUY BONDS for VICTORY

They Come Back Different

Continued from page 65

were insane?" her mother asked.

"Of course not, but he isn't."

"Are you sure his mind wasn't affected?" Mrs. Deventer spoke with the gentlest insinuation. "Is a man sane when he gives, *gives* to the Government half a million dollars, which is considerably more than half he was worth?"

"It was fine, it was grand!" Nan's face lighted up with the keenness of her response.

"Quixotic." Mrs. Deventer made the word and the action she used it to disparage, sound as mad as the Knight of La Mancha. "Quixotic, but hardly fine. Harry's wife and children, if he ever gets them, which I doubt, will have to go without plenty of things so that he could show off . . ."

"Mother! You know it was secret, and we'd never have known if Daddy hadn't been his broker."

"Yes! And your own father told you only as a warning. He said the man was crazy; and if one of the cleverest men in Wall Street, whatever his faults, and the Lord knows they were terrible, thinks that of Harry Morgan . . .

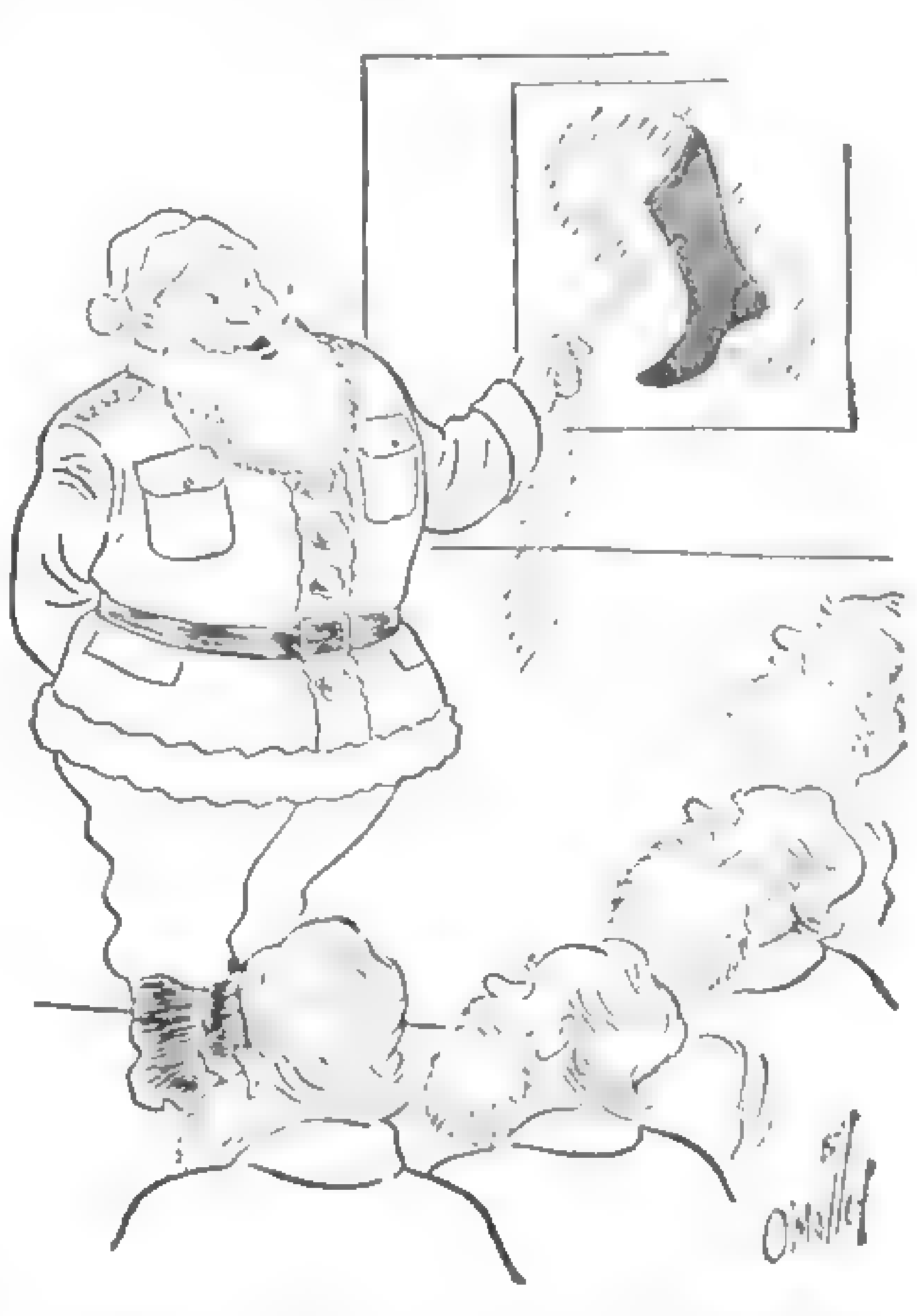
"And then," Mrs. Deventer's voice broke in on the girl's thoughts, "why does he have to stay on here at a Government hospital when he can still afford to pay for decent attention? And why he had to drag us down here . . ."

"Mother, please! I'm still engaged to Harry," she reminded.

"But Nan darling! After all we've said, after going over and over it a million times . . ."

"I must see him first," Nan said firmly.

"A cripple," Mrs. Deventer wailed, "and a madman."



"This, men, is your objective for tonight"

* * *

The garden shadows were shorter, the bird chorus had quieted down and the crickets and katydids were working up in crescendo. Morgan's wheel chair had not been shifted, but a garden

Continued on page 290

Because of the demand for the Movado man's calendar watch, we take pride in announcing the same calendrical features in a woman's watch. A limited supply of both watches is available.

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WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
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1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!

2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS with Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Gives you well groomed hair without that slicked down look. Contains no alcohol. Made with soothing Lanolin*. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

Try it today!

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**GROOMS THE HAIR...RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF**

Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin* removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

*REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

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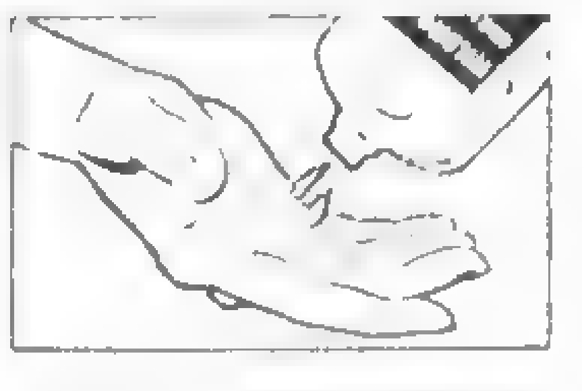
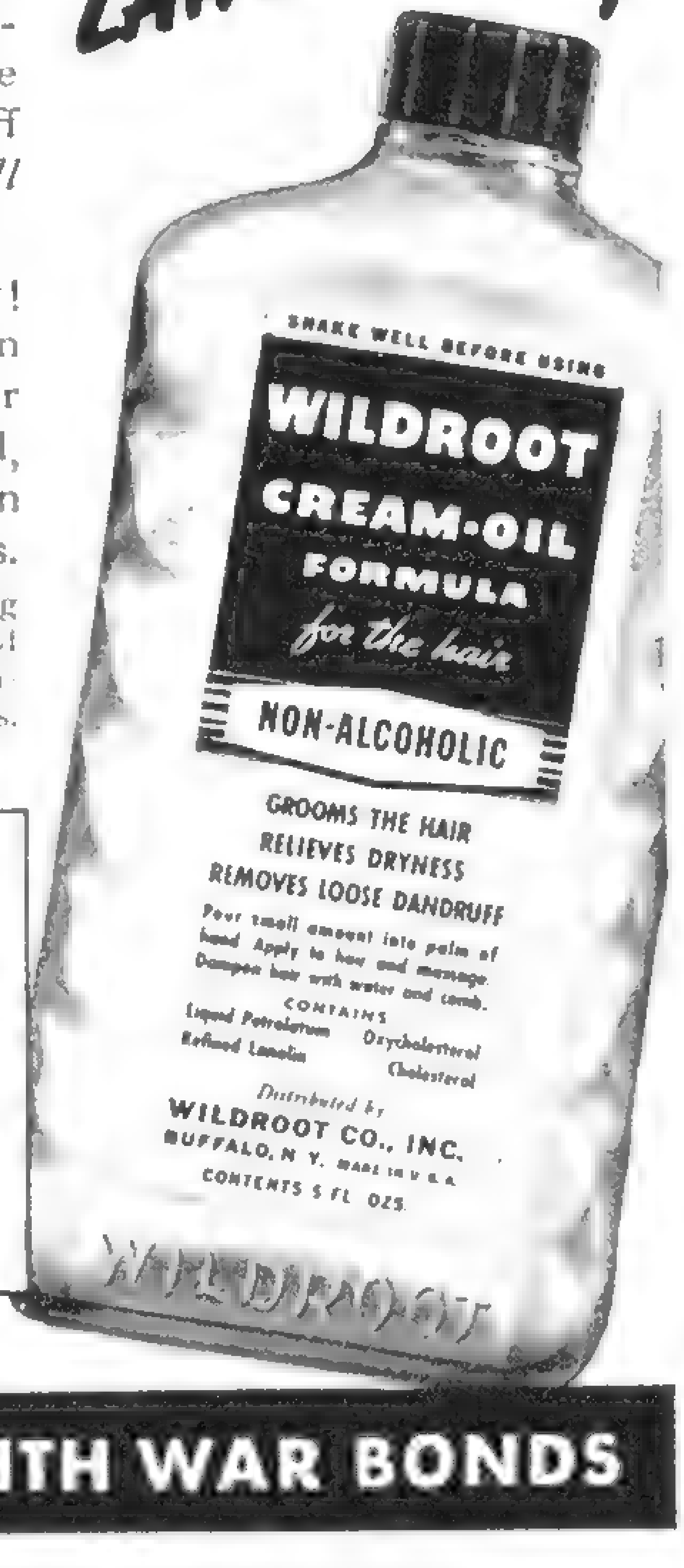


Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.

Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.



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BOWL-ER Shaving Bowl. Black ceramic replica of a three-grip bowling ball. In gift box. **$1.50**
SHAVING BOWL-ER*
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distinctly **masculine**
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They Come Back Different

Continued from pages 65-289

chair with cushions had been brought out and put at an angle to his own. The books lay untouched on his table, and he seemed entirely and pleasantly occupied with his own thoughts. Once some distant moving specks over the sea caught his attention and he looked at them through his field glasses, whereupon the specks resolved themselves suddenly into man-o'-war birds, the hi-jackers or aristocracy of the air, who live by robbing other birds. Harry watched them. Just as well, he reflected, not to get too idyllic and smug, but remember the injustice and killing which are almost essential conditions of life.

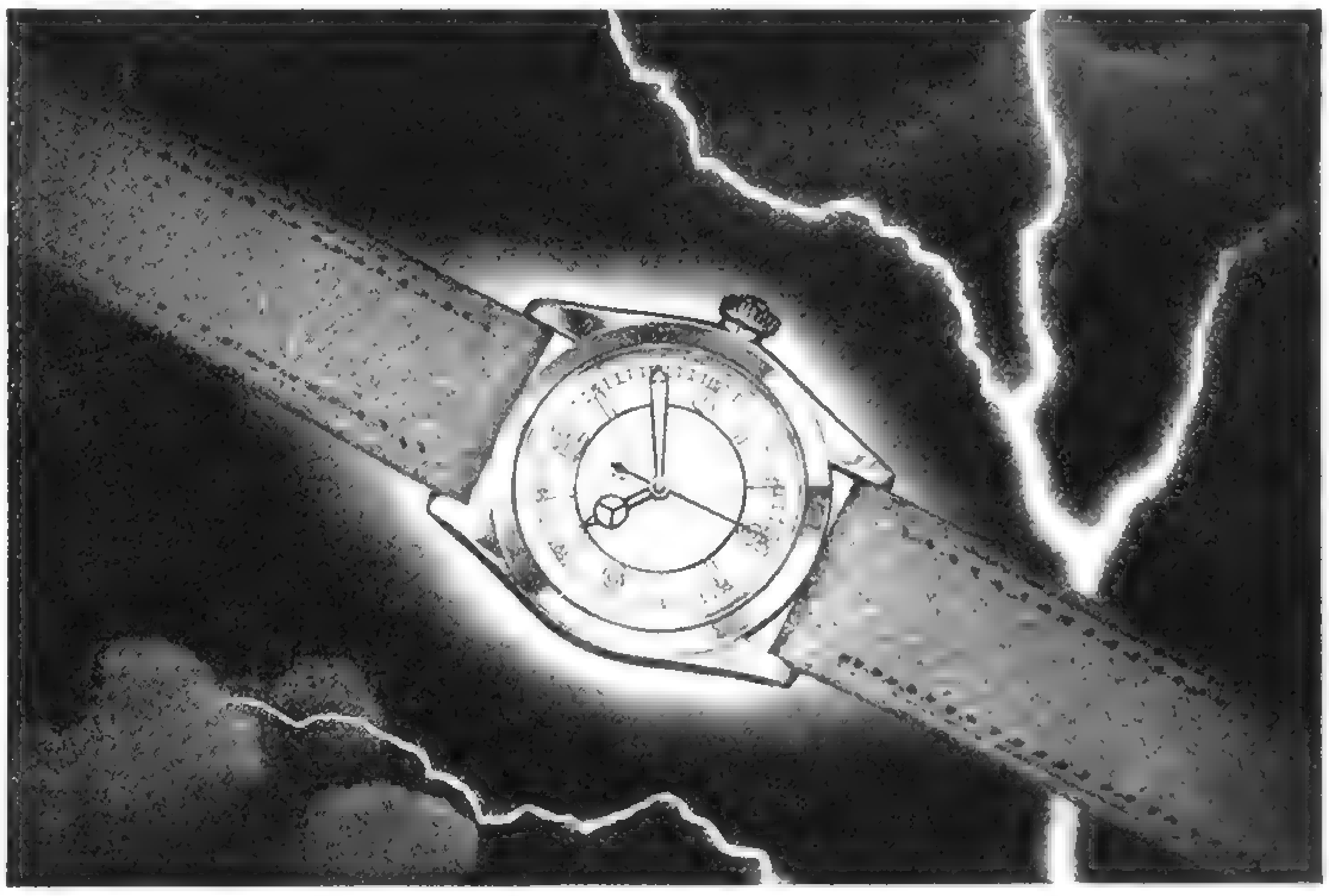
"Your visitor, Lieutenant," said the nurse's voice from behind him.

"Hello, Nan," he said.

She came over to take his hand, but did not kiss him. That moment was one of pure shock for them both. He had forgotten how beautiful she was and how much he had loved her, and just for that second as their eyes met he wavered in his resolve. The shock was almost pure pain for Nan, for, made vulnerable by memories and a new gentleness, she was utterly unprepared to find that she scarcely recognized him. Crossing the wide space of grass it had been in her mind that graciousness at least demanded than she bend and kiss him in his cripple's chair, but now she could do nothing but stare at him with a child's frightened eyes. His face wasn't scarred or twisted in any way—the flame and crash which had shattered his leg and dashed him into unconsciousness had not scathed his face. It was simply that he had gone away one man and had come back another.

"You must forgive me if I don't get up," Harry said. "There's a chair behind you."

Nan sat down, feeling very near to panic. All her carefully prepared and long rehearsed speeches fled from her in dismay—they had been made, not for this man, but for someone else. She sat stiffly, her hands in her lap, fighting a silly impulse to twist her fingers like a scared culprit. Harry watched her with a faint, almost fatherly, smile. To the wounded man, with his newly acquired clarity of thought and insight, it seemed that he could read and interpret every movement and expression of her troubled face, as easily as he noticed that she was too expensively dressed. He saw that she was trying to work herself to the point of saying whatever it was that lay in her mind, but without intending to interrupt he spoke first, and thereby, but again quite unintentionally,



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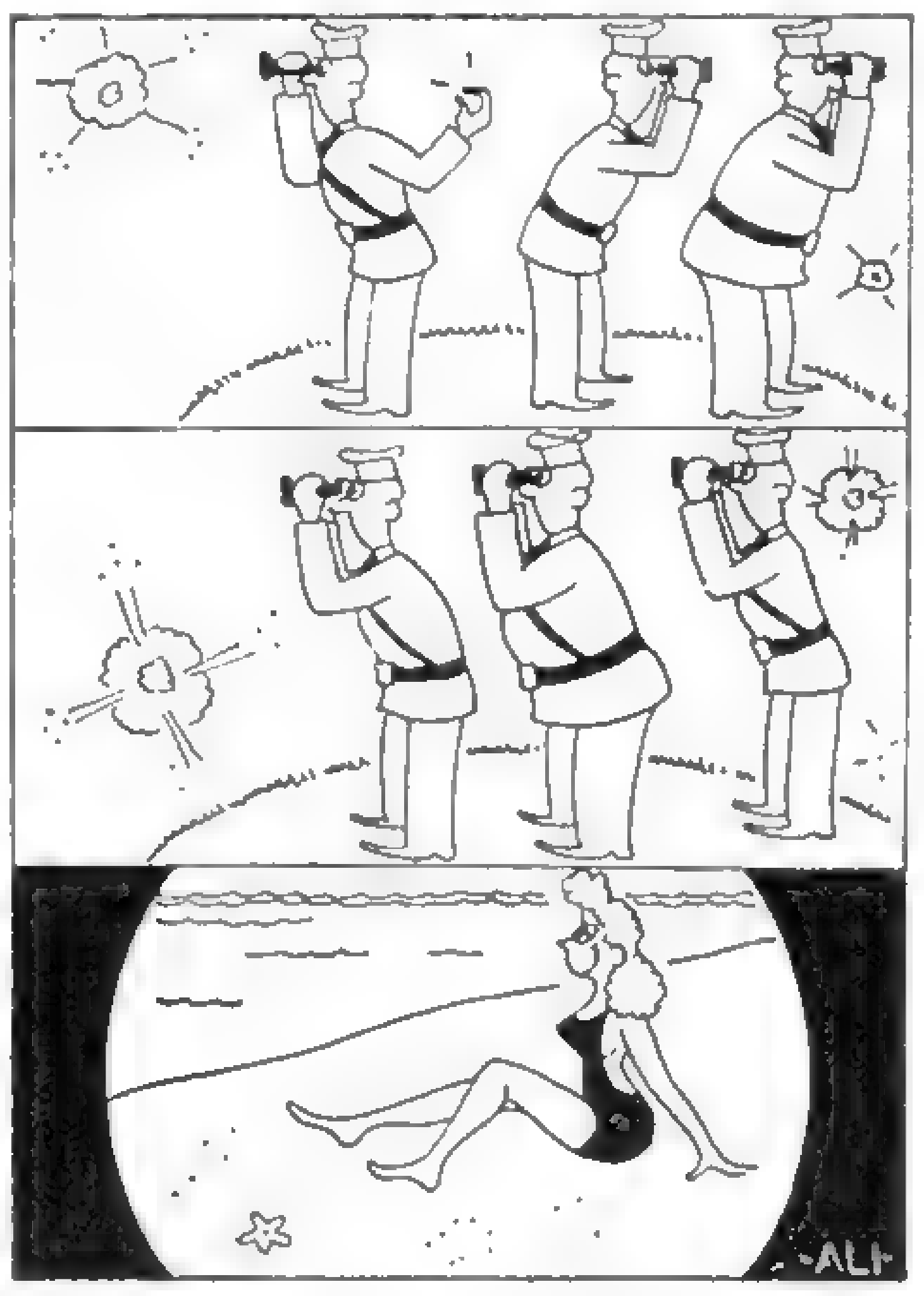
completely led the interview.

"Shall I apologize for bringing you all this way—in wartime?" he said. "But there are things, a few things anyway, which can't be written and must be said."

There was a trace of irony in his voice, but she failed to notice it. Her hands moved in a little vague gesture which he chose to take as a signal of agreement.



"And is it possible to say them, even face to face? I'd never realized until lately how much there is for which there doesn't seem to be words." He smiled.

She evidently was not listening, for she startled him by saying:

"You look so different."

"So I'm told," he tried to remain nonchalant. "Perhaps I do not feel or think quite the same either." In spite of himself Harry's voice had a trace of the bitterness felt by those who have suffered undeservedly for those who without merit have escaped. And supposedly this should have been the reward of all sufferings, this girl, whose smooth, unsorrowful face seemed too much of a privilege in what was now a broken world.

"I believe I can tell you what you've been thinking recently and what you meant to say to me."

"Don't be too sure," Nan tried to speak lightly.

"Shall I tell you?"

"You'll be wrong."

"Shall I?" He thought a moment. "Now, let me see . . . Yes, I think that's it. First, when you heard of my—of what happened—you were genuinely upset, really unhappy, though you found it very difficult to believe that what you had read about in newspapers could actually be true . . ."

He broke off, and laughed.

"Well, perhaps there's something in what you say," Nan admitted. "But what then?"

"'And then, and then came
Spring, and rose in hand
My threadbare penitence in
pieces tore,'"

he quoted derisively. "Kind acquaintances began dropping hints. Mother—by the way how is your mother?—talked seriously and with deep understanding. There were rumors. Was it right, was it

Continued on page 292

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They Come Back Different

Continued from pages 65-289-291

fair, to tie a lovely young girl for life—or six weeks in Reno—which ever way it turned out—to a one-legged sourpuss who was losing his mind . . ."

"How can you say that? How can you?" she protested.

"In your place I should have felt much the same much sooner," he said. "And after all you did come here not quite certain whether to hand me back the ring, so to speak; but prepared for it by everyone around you, and actually, in yourself, hoping some way out could be found which didn't look too unkind."

"Do you have to be brutal?" Nan exclaimed.

"Can surgery be a battle of flowers? Look here, the reason I asked you to come here was to spare you any remorse. Forgive me for asking it, but will you release me from the engagement?"

She took the heavy direct blow very well.

"You got it in first," she said almost gaily. "You win."

Harry laughed, but not at all disagreeably.

"You think I'm just saving my pride? I'd admit it, if it were true, for I'm coming to think scrupulous truth-telling one of the most important . . ."

He broke off suddenly, and sat gazing downwards at the grass, lost in a reverie whose subject Nan could not even remotely guess. She profited by his sudden absence of concentration to dab her eyes with a handkerchief. Nan was luxuriating just a little in the sensation of feeling she was complicated—a little angry at being brought on a fool's errand, a bit sorry for poor Nan's broken heart, and a good deal irritated with Harry for being so cheerful at losing her. Mother was right perhaps—he certainly was queer.

"Isn't it amazing," Harry said vehemently and suddenly, "how much one man can do for evil and how little another can do for good?"

"Harry!" Nan spoke appealingly, holding out her hand in a gesture of appeasement, for he *was* queer, there was no doubt about it. He laughed.

"But that isn't the point, is it?" he asked. "What we have to do is to sew up our wounds neatly . . ."

Nan stood up, and held out her hand with dignity.

"What else is there to say? Why not say good-bye now?"

"No, no, no, no," he said quickly and impatiently, "Sit down, sit down." He spoke so intensely that Nan could not refuse—being sick gives people such an advantage. "Don't go away just yet. You know, I thought it was going to be very hard to ask you not to marry me, and very easy to say all the other things . . . Have you ever felt that you've got to take your whole life along another road, and know that you've even

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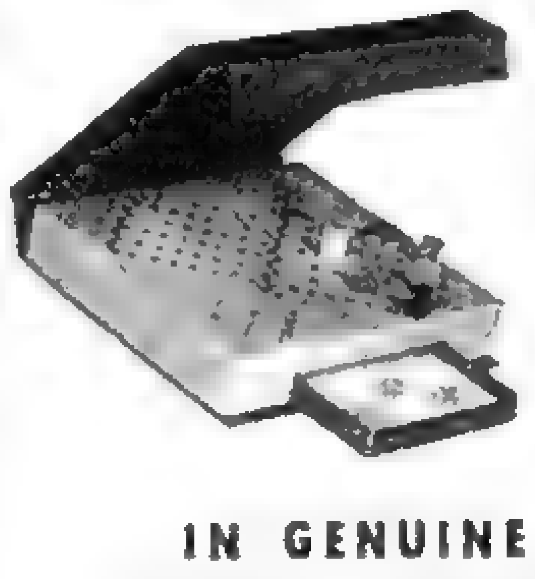

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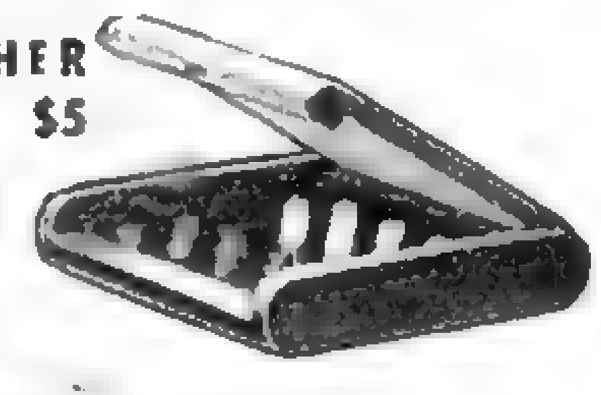

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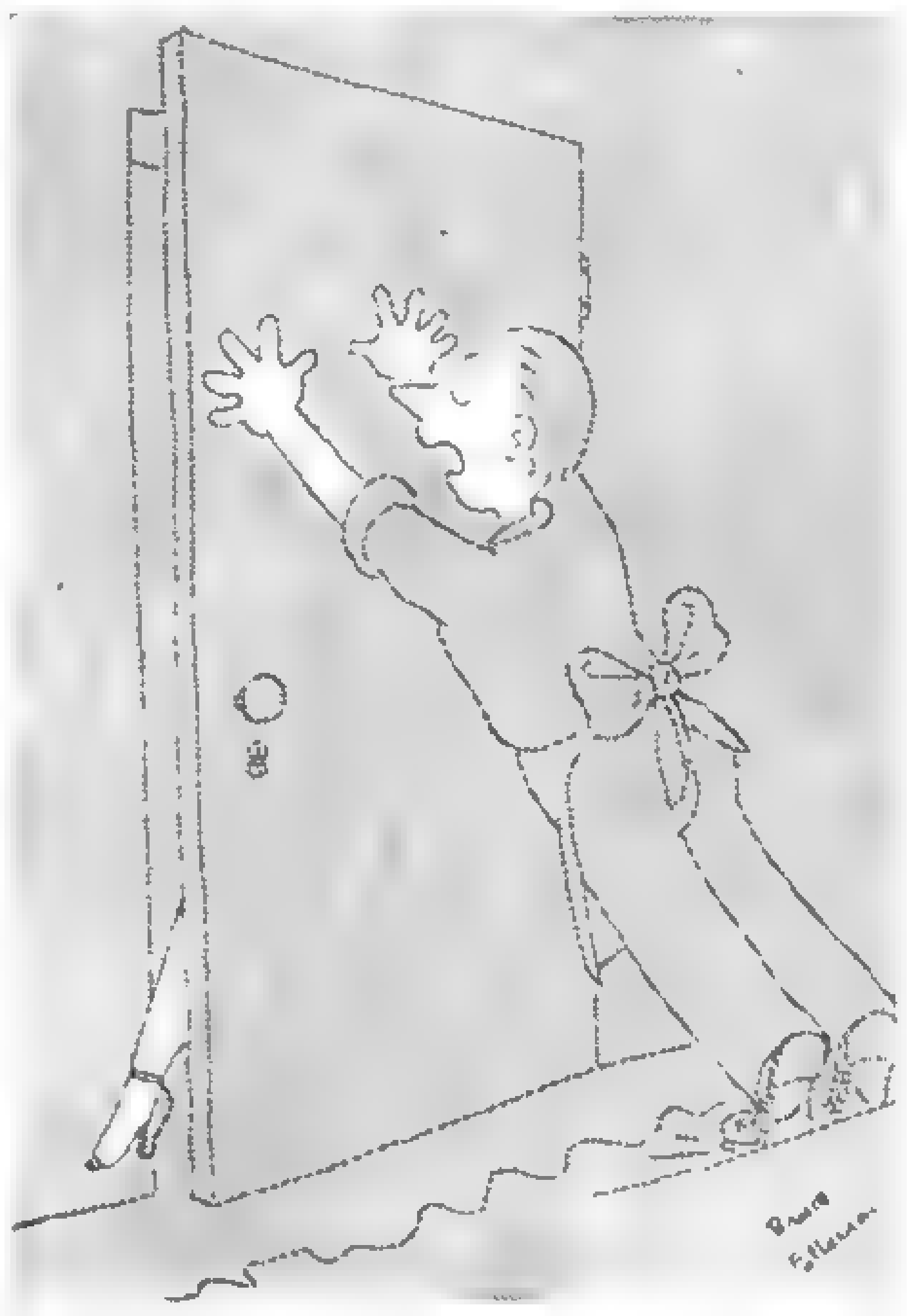
started, and yet don't know where it's taking you?"

Nan thought he meant his maimed leg and, with her immense powers of response to the obvious, she at once felt a glow of sympathy.

"It must have been dreadful," she cried. "We can't ever repay or tell you how we admire you."



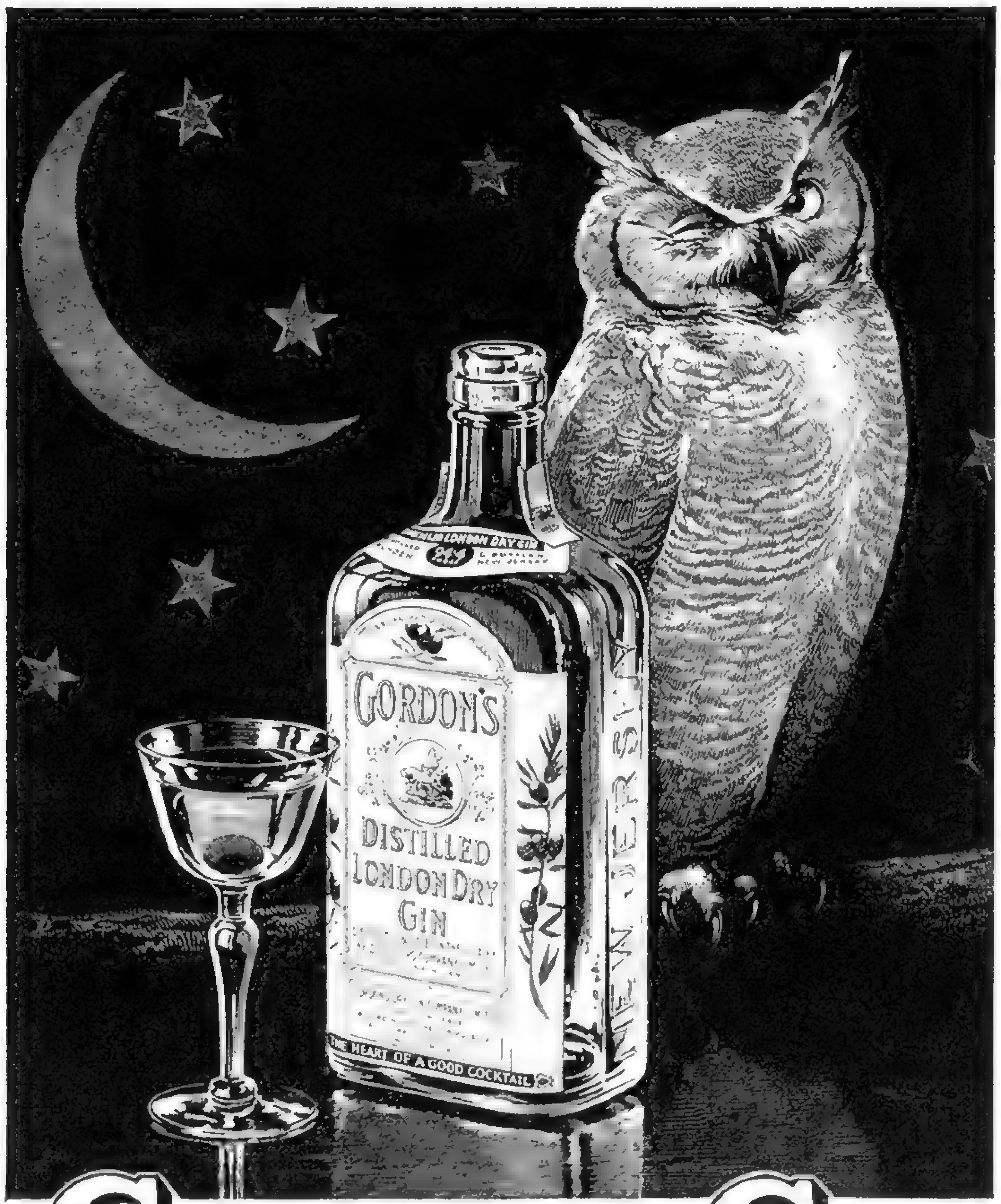
"Take your foot out of the door, or I'll call my wife"

"Oh, that!" Harry interrupted, looking puzzled at first. "I admit it's not a small thing to lose a leg at my age, but right now it's one of my lesser worries. They make wonderful artificial limbs."

"Then what is it? Why did you bring me here?" The sympathy had evaporated as quickly as it was generated.

"Here's where I hunt for words." He grinned a bit sheepishly, like a schoolboy who hasn't got the answer to a question. Then he was serious again. "Nan! I'm no prophet, and the dear Lord knows I'm not one of the world saviors with a blueprint for tomorrow in my hand. I speak for myself as I see things, and think for myself. One of the things I see is that everybody is longing to get back to the world as it was, and seriously believing it can be done, so seriously that they're almost too impatient to get this war job done and they're quarreling over the spoils before they've ketched the critter, if you'll excuse the phrase. But time's a one-way street, Nan, and U-turns aren't allowed. Even if we could go back, the old world we knew wouldn't be there waiting for us. I've a hunch that we shall find something very much grimmer and harsher than we've ever thought possible, though eventually it may come to be much better than we ever wanted. But unless we can adjust there'll just be no room for people like you and me and our friends and relatives—I mean as we were and mostly still are. We've got to get to truth, Nan, throw away the ballyhoo and the big words masking mean actions and mean motives. We have to get over the idea that the finest opportunity in the world is the chance to grab more

Continued on page 294



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They Come Back Different

Continued from pages 65-289-291-293

than our share in a free-for-all.

"Nan! If we were to marry, you and your family would expect me to behave in certain ways—oh, long accepted and most respectable ways—which I now think are not only obsolescent but really evil. Maybe I'm wrong. I'm like a man who's been through a big earthquake and who knows the earth isn't the solid proposition the real estate men claim it is. The earthquake hasn't hit your area yet, so you think I'm crazy. But it will, and it's you, not me. If we married, it would be discord marrying misery—we'd never see anything the same way. Maybe I will marry some day, but not yet, not now. What I have to do now is to possess my own soul, and wait for the shock, the big new shocks . . ."

* * *

"This ridiculous excursion has turned out just as badly as I always said it would." Mrs. Deventer's gold fountain pen simply bounded over the hotel notepaper as she wrote indignantly to her latest husband. "I was hoping we could take the plane back on Tuesday or Wednesday, but no! There are 'priorities,' if you please. Horrible little bureaucrats, I expect. How I hate them.

"Well, Nan came back from her visit of charity in a state of hysteria, which was to be expected, but also in a condition of self-abasement for which I can find no excuse. She allowed Henry Morgan to get ahead of her, and instead of sending him packing, allowed him to get in ahead and break off *his* engagement. I'm so mad about it, I have to walk up and down every time I think of it. Of course, the man's mad, but that doesn't make the insult any more agreeable to us. He talked like a communist or something equally vile and unpleasant, and Nan came back in tears.

"Why the good Lord should choose to afflict *me* in this way passes my comprehension, but then it must be for some good end and we must all be prepared to suffer in our Fight for Freedom. We must do our best to distract poor little Nan from her childish grief and help her to forget this horrid little episode. We shall certainly be home Friday, so mind you invite some young men, particularly Bob Roscoe and Joe Bragg—they're both devoted to Nan, and I shouldn't be sorry to see her marry Joe, as I understand that firm has recently landed a wonderfully fine contract.

"Tell Rodgers to have the house ready for guests this week-end and to see that this time he does not fall down on meat and butter.

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A Sense of Direction

Continued from page 85

"Can I help it if the laundry lost my overalls?"

gan said, clearing the tail of the big bomber. "Look at the set-up. You don't even have to track."

Kerry watched the armored car. It started to turn in a curtain of white dust, completely surprised by the sudden appearance of the tank. Jensen said, "Watch the birdie, gents," and then the rifle thundered, and the brass hull dropped down into the catch-case with a tinkling musical clink. It was point-blank range, but a nice deflection shot, for the car drove into the shell burst and stopped being a car.

"Haul us out," Kerry told the driver. "Get off from the plane and let Willie lay a couple on her. We can't leave her to the Jerries."

"Sure, Sarge."

They waddled off across the sands and turned, and Jensen blew the plane to bits with two direct hits. Jensen was a shooting fool that day.

"Left," said Kerry, and when the left track halted, the right still working hard, he continued, "Hold her on, Harrigan."

The engine was bellowing, and there was a stink of smoke inside the armor. Some one passed the salt tablets around, and they all munched the nasty things. Kerry had the hatch up and he used the binoculars a lot. Jensen's broken compass hopped around like a hen on a hot griddle. Kerry shook his head and frowned. It was unfamiliar country.

"You know what I think," the pilot, Wallingford, said after forcing himself up into the turret. "I think you're lost, Sergeant."

"No, *Sir*," Kerry said. "Not me. I've got a sense of direction like a homing pigeon."

"Yah," Harrigan said on the interphone (which the pilot could not hear, thank heavens), "you got a sense of direction like a bat under kleig lights. You're the only man in the armored force who

Continued on page 302

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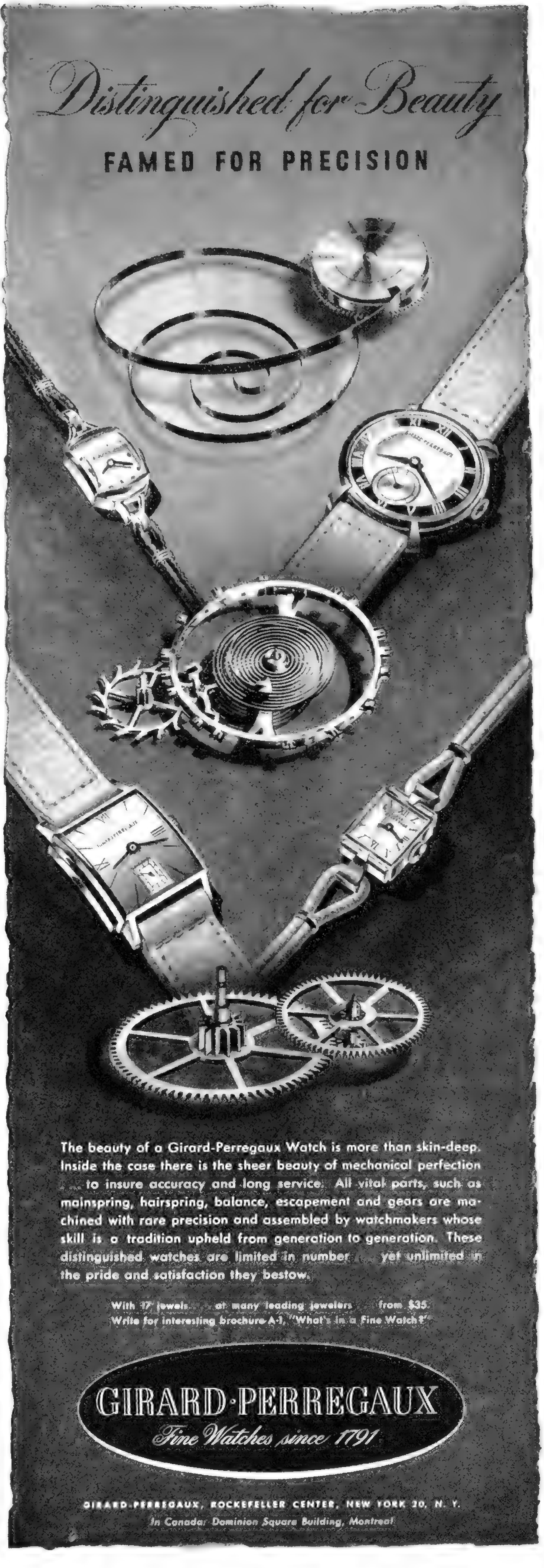

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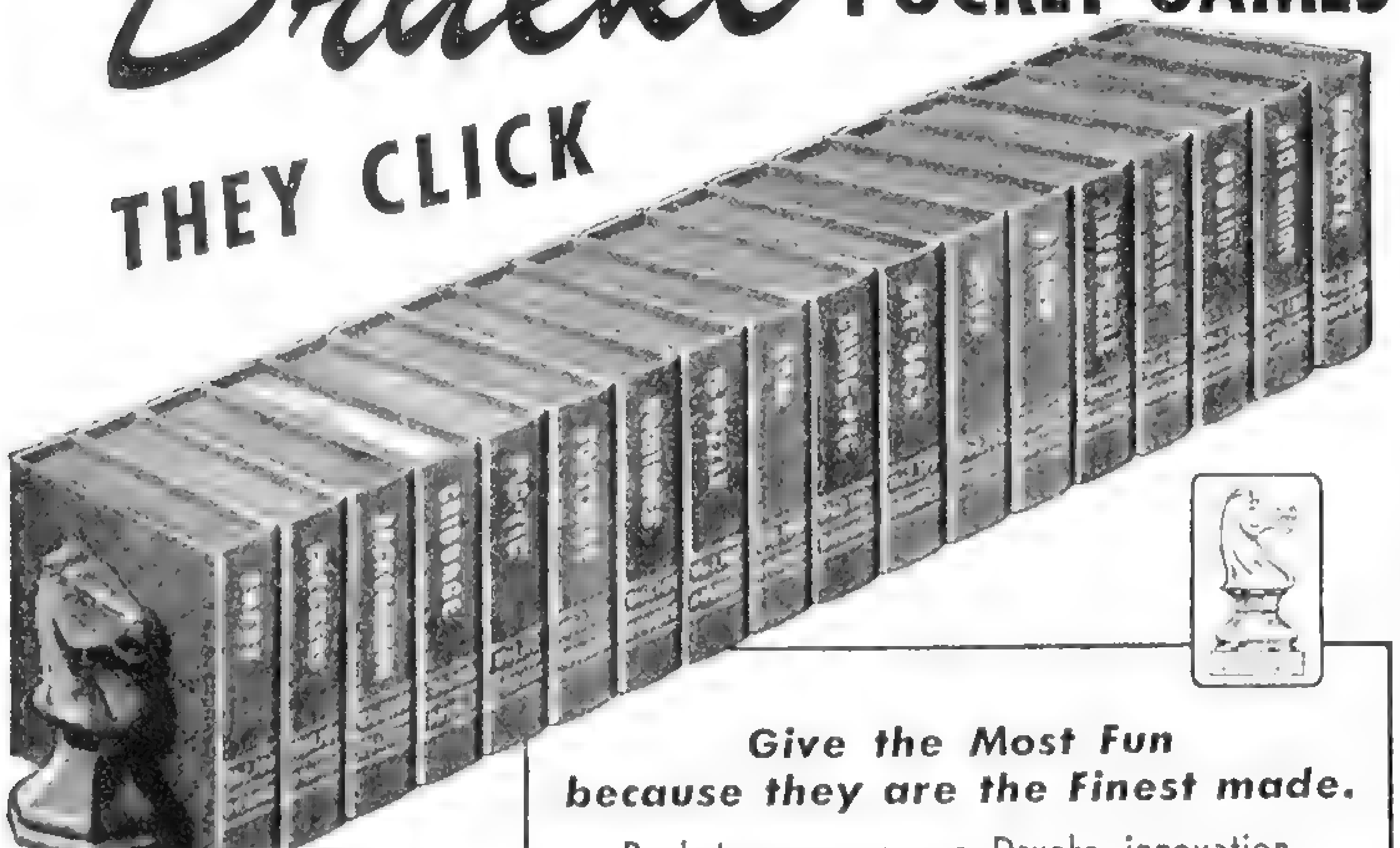

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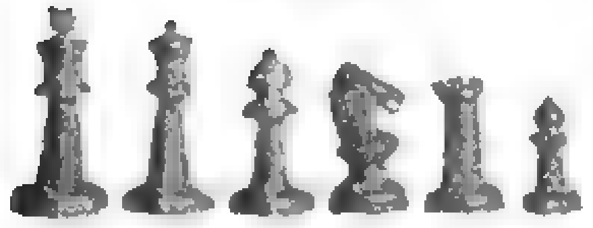

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

A Sense of Direction

Continued from pages 85-301

could get lost in a foxhole."

"Lord," the pilot groaned, not having earphones and so having missed Harrigan's hooker, "does a tank always move this way? It's worse than a PT boat. Are you sure you know what you're doing? When I flew over this sector two hours ago—"

"Don't worry, Sir," Kerry said grandly. He pulled his mike plug out of its jack, cutting Harrigan off from his words. "You'll be swapping handshakes with General Doolittle in maybe two hours."

The pilot was dubious. He stared out the slits for a moment hard-eyed and nervous. "I hope you're right," he said. "Because the gentleman downstairs happens to be an envoy from the Syrian-Free French on his way to meet General Giraud in Algiers. You have a faint idea, I trust, what fun it would be for the Afrika Korps to catch up with him?"

"Look, Sir," Kerry said, "I'll get you through. I know just what I'm doing."

Then the pilot went below, and Kerry plugged back his microphones. "Radio!"

"Yeah, Sarge," Radioman Harris said.

"How's for a radio bearing?"

"Not so good."

"Put me on transmit."

"Go ahead."

"John Freddy John to Charing Cross," Kerry said, using the code name for his tank and his base. "Come in."

Nobody came in. The earphones were dead.

"Sarge?"

"Yes, Harris."

"Got a busted tube here. The concussion must've popped it. It's the oscillator. You ain't transmitting at all. I'll see if we got a spare in the kit."

"Okay," Kerry said. "Full speed ahead on the present line, driver."

The sun was past zenith and falling into the west, so that it was relatively easy, even for a guy with a sense of direction, to know which way was east. The General Sherman headed toward Egypt wide open, and soon the heat, dirt, smell and racket became unbearable, except that they bore it. Kerry clung to the perch wildly, groaning at the buffeting and wondering if just maybe he was trying to guide the tank down to join the Free French at Lake Chad or something. After all, the infinite desert could be tricky. While he was thus brooding, he cleared the peak of a dune, and his eyes popped as if a bee had let him have it in a tender zone.

"Driver, halt!" he yelled frantically. "Gunners, open fire on the target!"

"Oh, golly!" Swede Jensen thundered, and he started tracking the 75, and opened fire. He kept right on firing, and the noise was ter-

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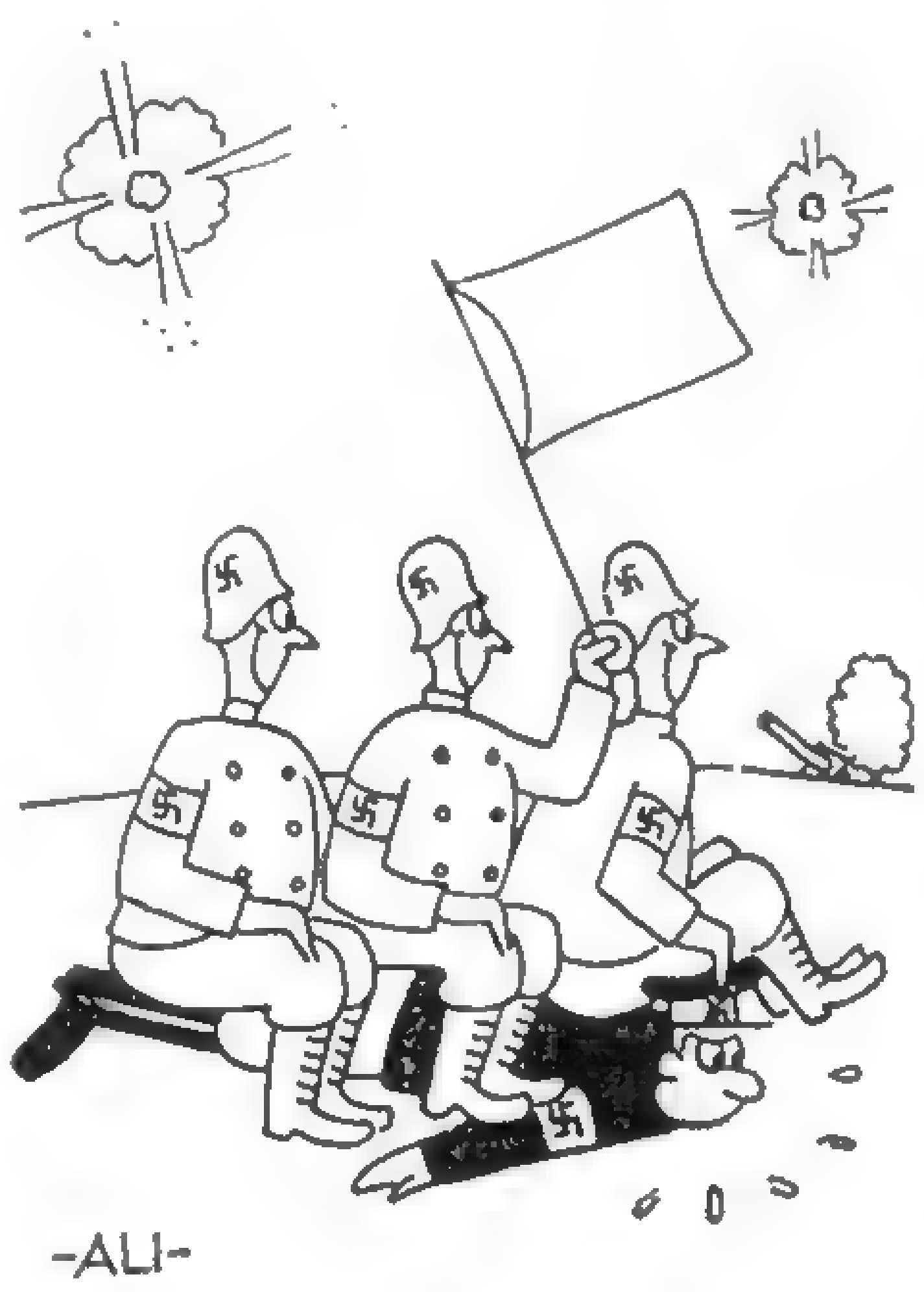
BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

rific. From their dune, they could see another dune. On this was situated a congress of camouflaged German 88 mm. anti-tank high velocity squirters, which made bad medicine for an M4. The fortunes of war had them pointing east, and the *Annie Oakley* came upon them from the west. Further, the battery was concentrated in a 100-foot area.

The 75 made a mess of the battery; Harris at one machine gun, with Pilot Wallingford at the other, made a mess of the personnel. What had been a sweet ambuscade for any tank which came across a third ridge eastward, turned into a gunners' jackpot. It took ten overwhelming minutes to reduce the whole area to a smoking shambles, with the ammunition dump going off like a fireworks show. Not once did anything heavy reply to the fire.



"In the name of heaven," Captain Wallingford said, as the hatches were open, and air—hot and heavy—poured in, "do you have to fight a battle at a time like this? Get us out, Sergeant, get us back to base quickly. My passenger—"

"Begging your pardon, Sir," Kerry said, "but this battery was on the way, and it seemed we could kill two birds with one stone, Sir."

"You are either," Captain Wallingford groaned, "the most nerveless liar or a fool for luck."

"But you said yourself, Sir, that you saw that ambush when you flew over it back awhile—"

The pilot desisted with a rolling of the eyes, and went below.

Kerry took a deep breath. So far so good. He wondered hard exactly where they were. He looked at his map, but that didn't do any good. He could have been in any one of three sectors. They had wandered for a long time after Lieutenant Gaines was killed.

"Sarge," Harrigan said, "how's about it? Where to?"

Oh, well. No point in proceeding due east with the sun behind you because you might run into a Mark VI Heinie who was acting as bait for the ambush, and you couldn't ride your luck forever

Continued on page 304

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Highlights from
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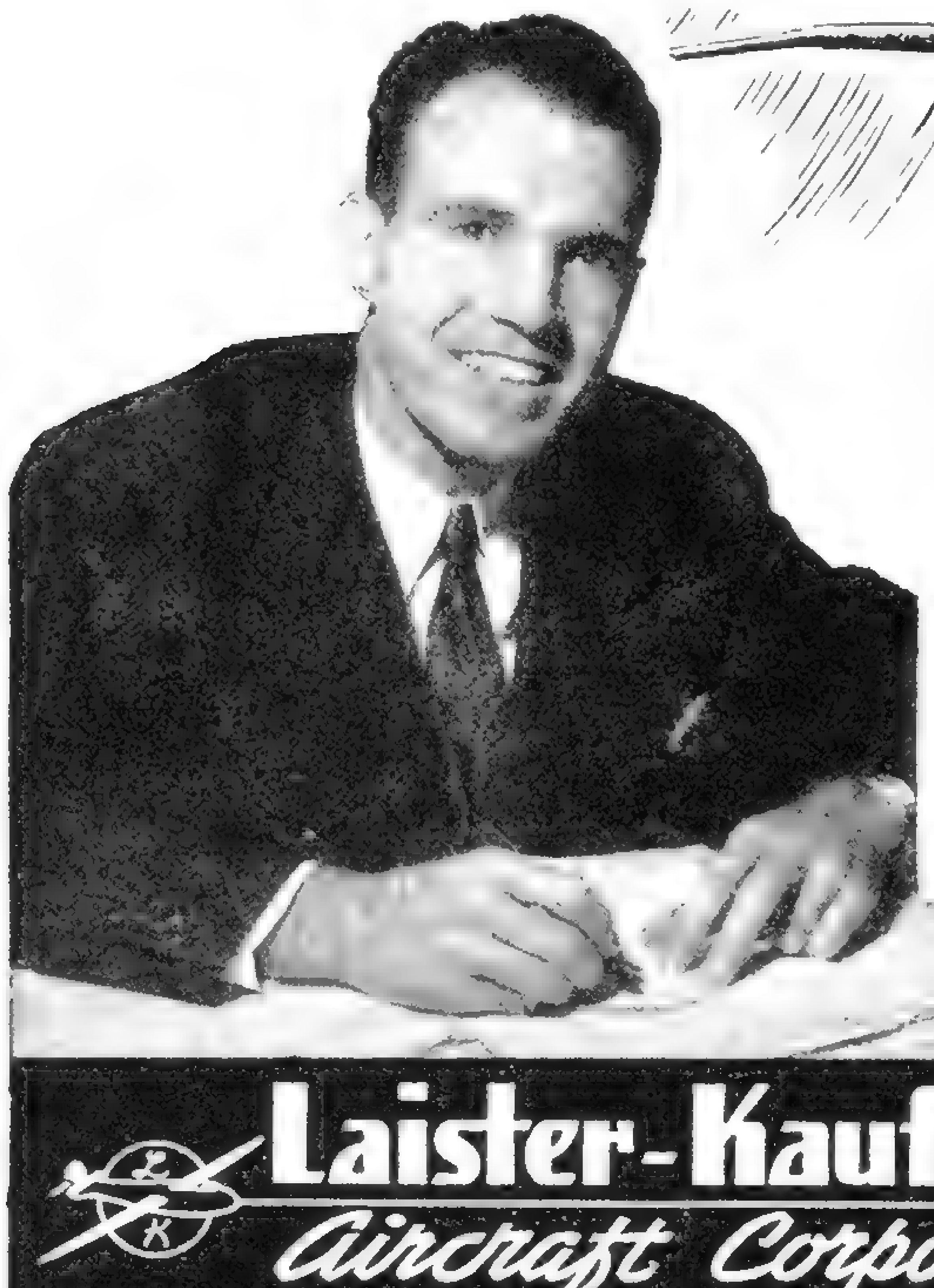
the story of Jack Laister

Behind a desk today as President of Laister-Kauffmann Aircraft Corporation, Jack Laister is no desk-born executive. At 12 avidly studying the adventures of the Byrd Polar Expedition . . . at 13 building National prize winning model ariplanes . . . at 14 working on his first glider and at 15 making his first flight, it is no wonder that a few years later Jack Laister was earning his tuition at Detroit's Lawrence Institute of Technology by serving as the school's gliding instructor. Here he designed and supervised the building of experimental gliders—two of which are today in use by the Army for glider pilot training. Star of this group was the now famous Yankee Doodle, veteran of numberless State and National contests and high honor contender at the 1939 International Soaring Contest in Paris. In the heart of many a boy now serving his country on the endless horizons of aerial warfare there is a special place for Jack Laister and his beloved Yankee Doodle . . .

Thus, in 1938, when Jack Laister was graduated as an Aeronautical Engineer, he could stand squarely on his feet and approach the business world with the confidence born of achievement seldom seen in a youngster of 24. In addition to his career as one of the country's foremost glider enthusiasts, he had an enviable record reading from glider building during his high school days, through the long months as a mechanic in a Detroit experimental laboratory while in college, to the day of his graduation when he held the position of Assistant Chief Engineer in another Detroit organization. Therefore, it was no surprise when a responsible position with an aircraft manufacturer took 25-year-old Jack Laister to California. And when, two years later, he accepted a job of still more importance in the Middle West, friends agreed that it was **just what they had expected of him!**

Finally, when gliders assumed their present tactical importance in the war, it seemed almost a foregone conclusion that Jack Laister would build them for our government.



Jack Laister's desk is big . . . big enough to serve as a designing board . . . big enough to spread a half dozen blue prints on . . . big enough to take care of the job into which he's putting the last measure of his intelligence, his experience and his devotion—Laister-Kauffmann's war contract—Gliders for the Army—Gliders for the ATTACK!

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A Sense of Direction

Continued from pages 85-301-303

either. Better to cut north while you had a sun, and you might wind up at the Mediterranean. "Swing her left, Harrigan . . . Hold her there . . . Okay, nurse her half open."

The desert was filled with dust mirages and the sound of heavy artillery. All of it seemed remote. There were more aircraft in the sky now, most of it high, and the dogfights were thrilling. He risked strayed and spent bullets to watch the fights as Harrigan rolled the tank northward. Soon the sound of sharp and steady fire reached his ears, and it came closer as the tank proceeded.

Kerry watched ahead nervously, the winds having obscured his vision with dust, but he began to have his doubts. Then finally, he crossed a ridge, and beyond stretched a flying field. An advanced flying field. Golly, what luck! There were lots of planes in the air overhead and they were strafing the field. A raid. But even so, what luck. The ack-ack was thick and it was the anti-aircraft guns he had heard. There were wrecks of planes scattered around the field.

"Sarge," said the radioman, "I got the transmitter fixed. You want to palaver?"

"Yeah. Transmit."

"Go ahead."

"John Freddy John to Charing Cross."

At last, there was life in the headphones. "Charing Cross to John Freddy John. Thought you were blotto, old boy. Give your location and report."

Kerry pulled his map over. The only advanced flying field in this territory was in Sector Jolly. There it was on the map. "John Freddy John reporting in at Sector Jolly, now approaching airport from the south. We rescued crew and passenger of AATC Liberator, forced down in action. General LeClerc is safe and sound. Over."

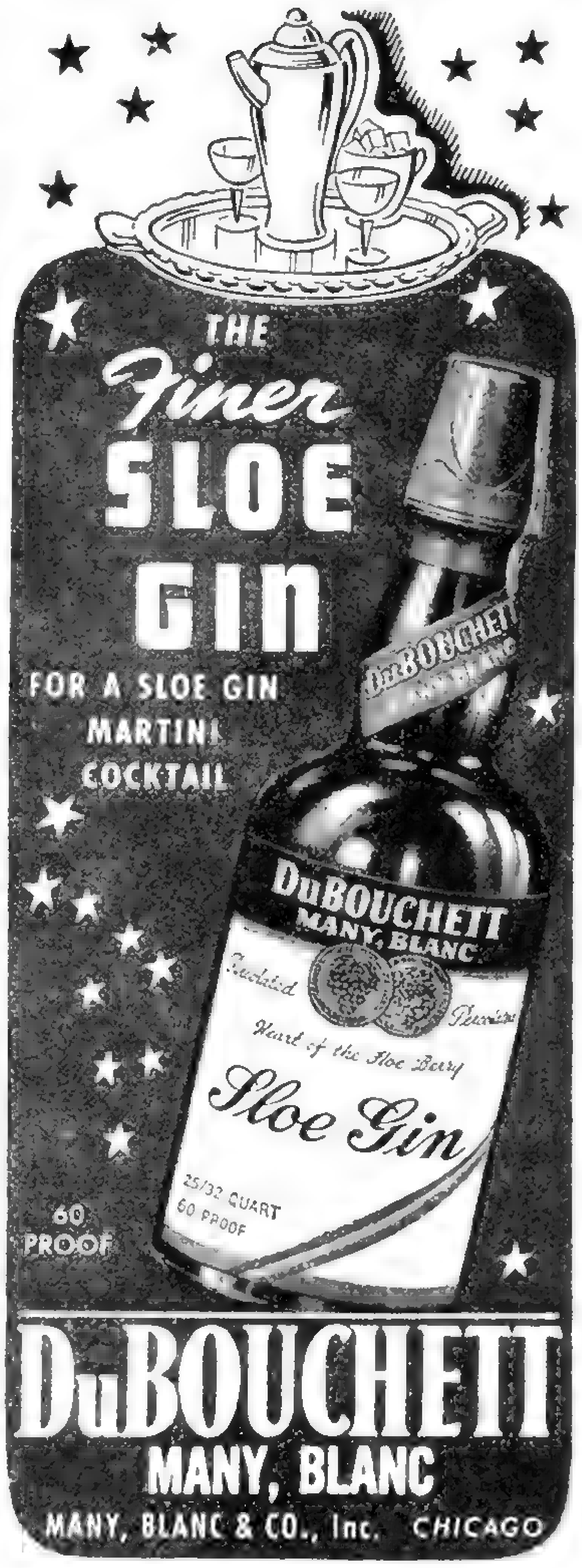
"Charing Cross to John Freddy John," replied the base operator sharply. "Good news, old man. Repeat position."

"Position," said Kerry happily, "is Sector Jolly. Advanced field six. They're having a hell of a raid."

"There is no raid at field six!" Charing Cross reported. "All quiet there. Advance far beyond it. Good lord, man, you're in Sector Sweet! You are approaching enemy advanced field w! It is under attack by our own forces. Sheer off and stand by!"

"Holy smoke!" Swede Jensen screamed at the top of his lungs at that moment. "Those are Spitfires upstairs! This is a Jerry field! Them Jerries are firing at *us!*"

This observation proved accurate a moment later when a shell kicked up a geyser of sand and plastered them with steel splinters. At the same time, remote



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machine guns began to hit the gong all over *Annie Oakley's* stem. The timpani was unpleasant.

Through the slits, Kerry finally recognized the fact that the wrecks of aircraft strewn around behind revetments and in the open were a conglomerate assortment of German and Italian combat planes, burning Maccis and Messies. Torn Focke-Wulfs and Condors and Heinkels. The flashes of fire and explosions were brighter than a Montgomery communique.

"All right, you guys," Kerry roared, his Adam's apple jiggling his twin throat microphones ridiculously, "throw the book at 'em! Swede, lay yours on that white building. They've got a big one in there! Harris, spray the flak boys with your squirter! Harrigan, can you man that 37 millimeter gun?"

"Hell, yes, Sarge," replied Harrigan. "I'm doing so!"

Kerry said, "Open fire!"

He himself passed ammo to the Swede, and acted as loader while Jensen tracked the gun. To the left, Harrigan opened with the 37 mm. and it barked nastily. The machine guns were rattling, Captain Wallingford having manned the fifty caliber on his own. He sprayed an antiaircraft revetment very nicely. The 75 thundered. Four hundred yards away, the stucco facade of the hidden artillery burst with the shell.

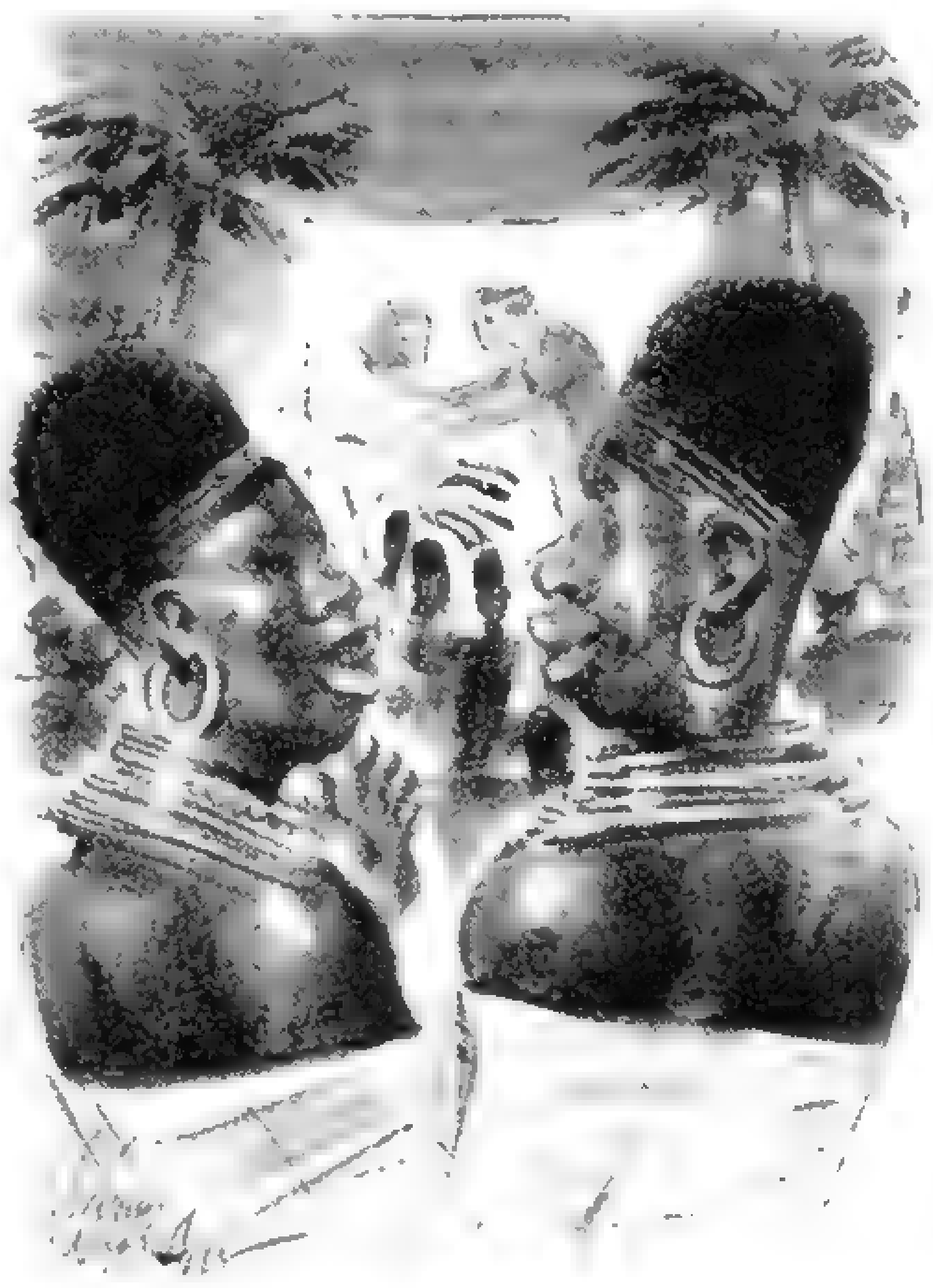
The comic opera began. White flags blossomed like flowers in the spring. The ack-ack crews left the revetments and ran toward the tank waving handkerchiefs, sheets and underwear. Anything that was white. Out of the stucco house poured a multitude of men with their hands up, waving whites and screaming, "New York! New York! Helloa boys! We surrenda!"

"My gorsh!" Harrigan screamed like a lunatic. "The whole show is over! These boys are kicking in!"

"Cease firing!" Kerry ordered. "Take us down Harrigan, and watch a trap. But it looks okay."

Upstairs, the American and British planes circled the field without strafing. Somebody had

Continued on page 306



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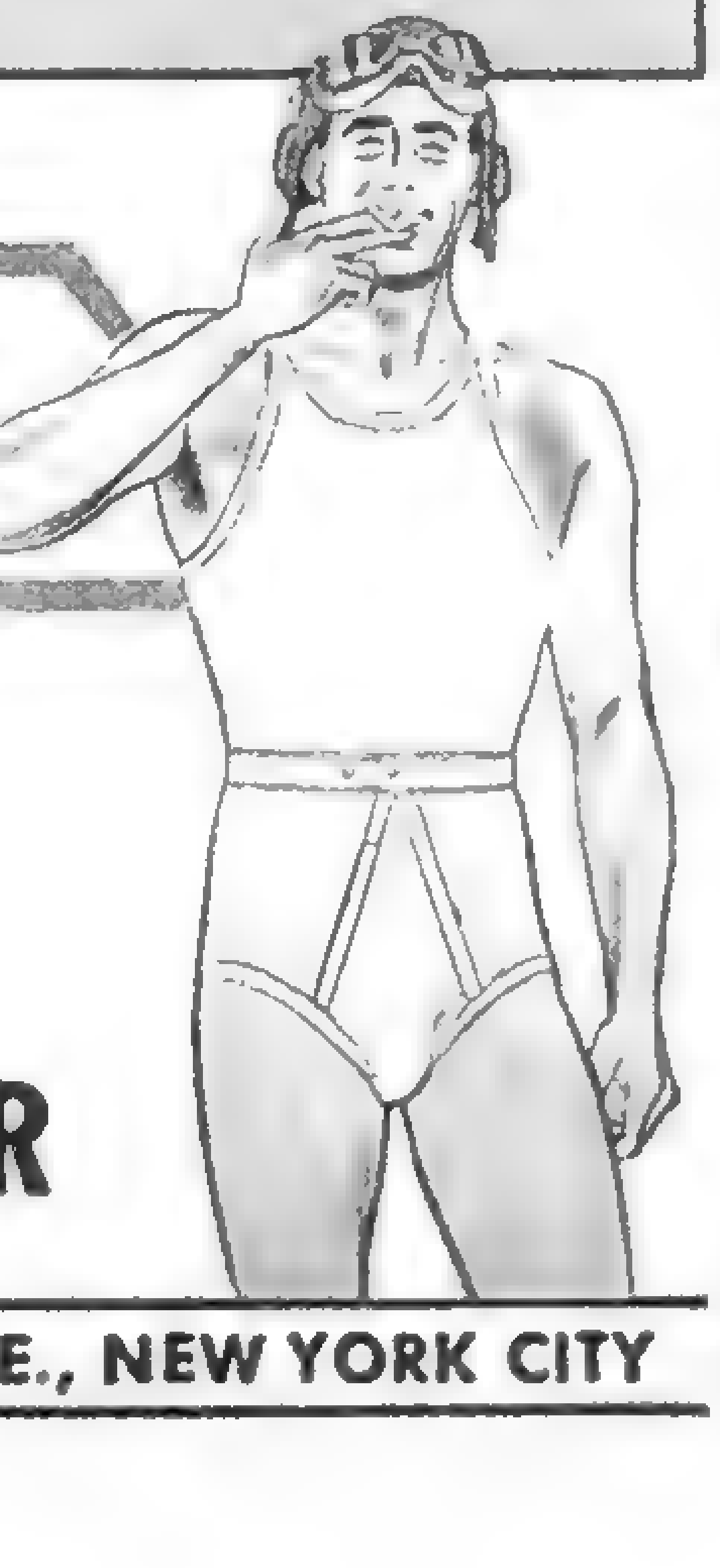

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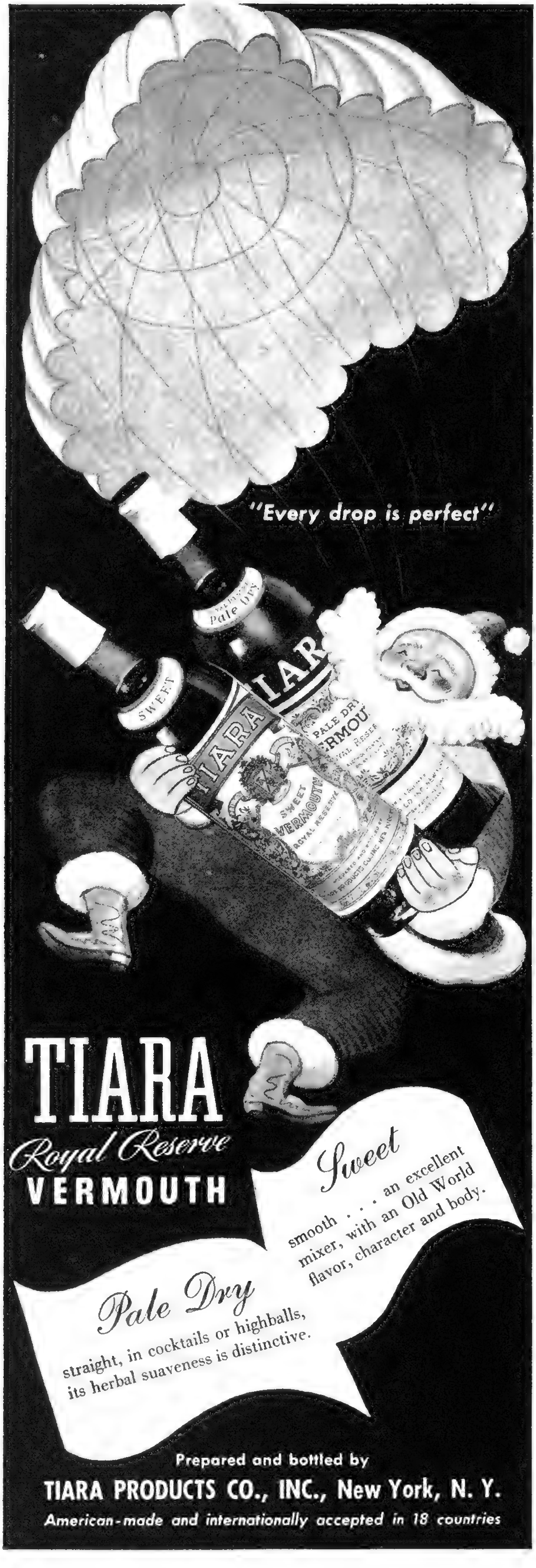
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A Sense of Direction

Continued from pages 85-301-303-305

laid a white cross on the field, and the pilots could see the whites being waved frantically. Harrigan drove the *Annie Oakley* down across the field, careful to pick a route where the muzzles of big rifles could not be brought to bear quickly. When they reached the stucco building, they were surrounded by men with hands raised. Kerry took a grenade and a tommy-gun and opened the hatch.

"Surrenda! Surrenda!" the self-made prisoners called.

"Anybody spik English?" asked Kerry.

"I spigga English," a guy said.

"You guys Jerries?"

"Italiano! The Boche, she maka da retreat. We holda da bag."

"What's your name, kiddo?"

"Luigi Canzotti."

"Look, Louey, you line up your guys here and tell 'em to sit down until somebody arrives they can surrender to, see? And you stick around here with me. And don't worry."

"I'm-a not worried," Luigi said.

"Put me on transmit, Harris," Kerry said.

"Go ahead, Sarge."

"John Freddy John to Charing Cross."

"Charing Cross to John Freddy John. Over."

"Field w, Sector Sweet, is in our hands," Kerry reported. "Any instructions?"

"Good Lord, yes, old boy. What happened?"

"I dunno, Sir. They just surrendered. All Italians. The rear guard action didn't act, that's all. I still have that French envoy and if you can send a plane for him, I'd feel better."

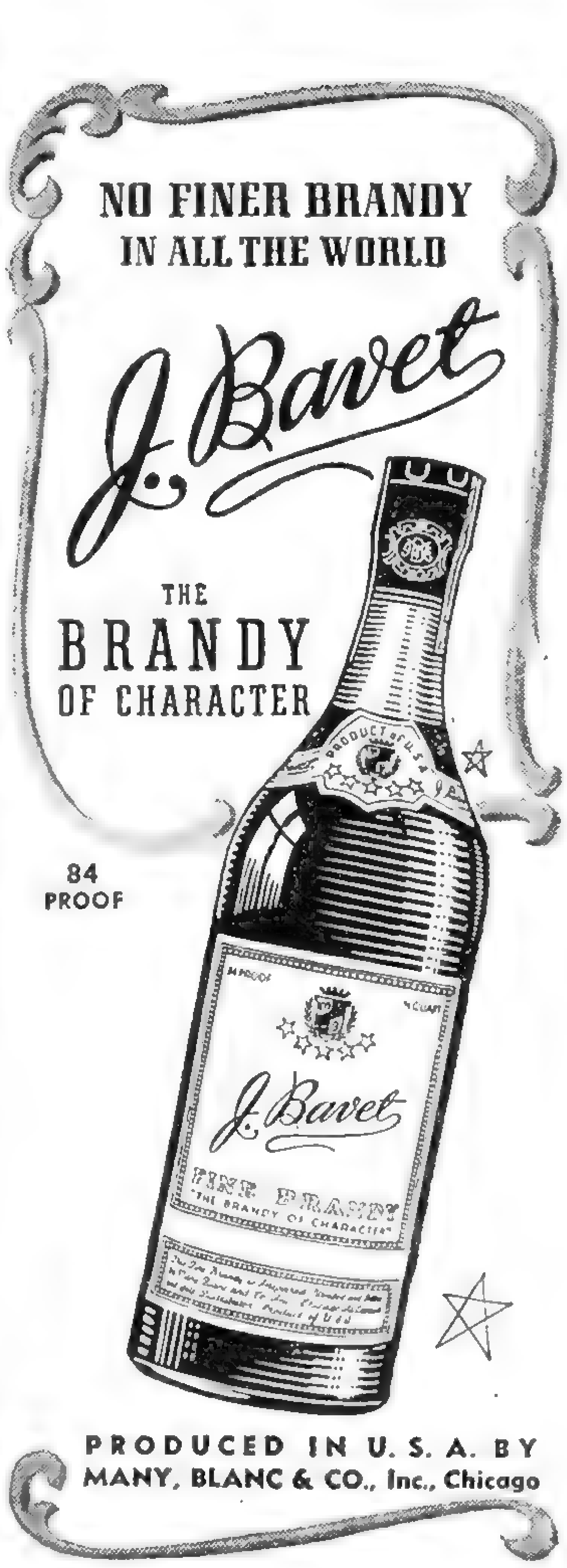
"Righto. Hold your position. Infantry will reach you shortly. Charing Cross clear of John Freddy John and calling Bucko."

Kerry listened now, his part done. Bucko called in. Charing Cross told Bucko that w was in Allied hands and to continue the advance. This was hardly confirmed when the Australian infantry began to move and they saw it in the east, advancing toward Field w with fixed bayonets. Charing Cross then called Flamingo and told Flamingo—which was obviously the advanced air force—that w was ready for air occupation.

The infantry had not reached the field when the planes overhead began to land on the flight strip which they had specifically left unmarred by bombs. Then the infantry arrived and mopped up the place, and soon the lorries with petrol and supplies had moved in and the infantry moved on in pursuit of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

* * *

A little later, a Martin Marauder flew in and landed, and Captain Wallingford and his charge, General LeClerc, were informed that the plane had been sent to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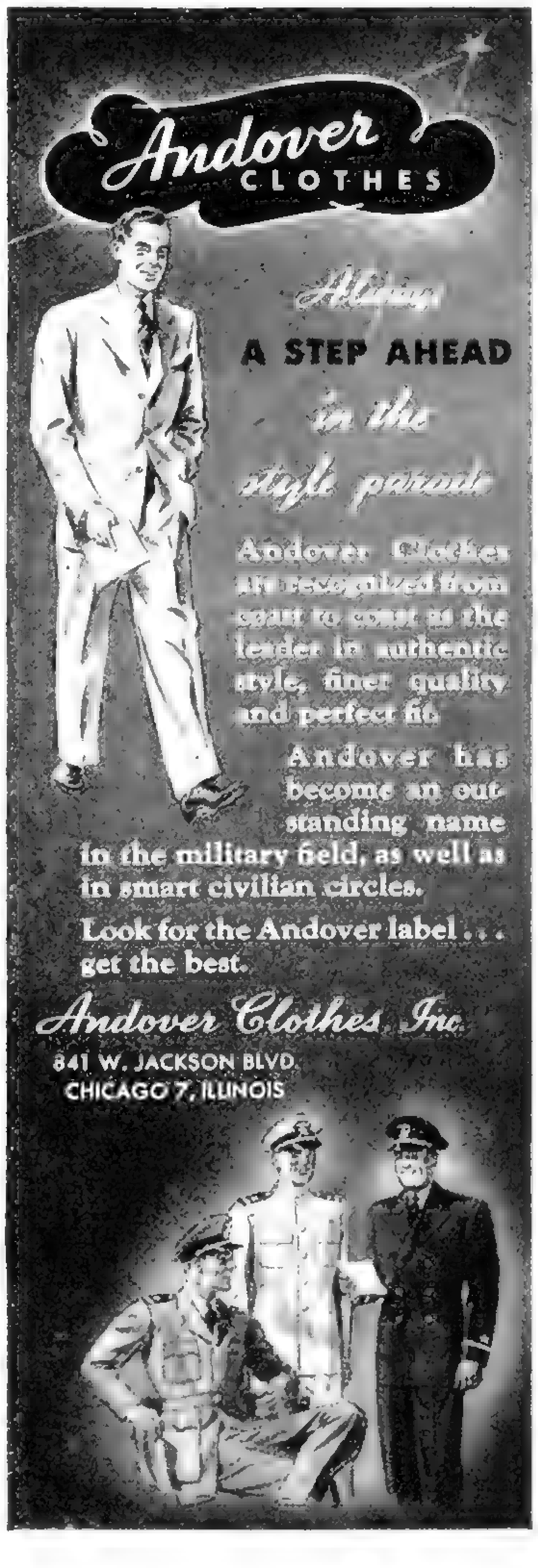
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fly them back to base where the general could be transferred to a new AATC plane for the flight to America.

Wallingford scouted around to find Kerry McAdams, for it seemed that only Jensen had been left guarding the tank, Jensen being a strict teetotaler. It took Wallingford precious minutes to locate Sergeant McAdams deep in the headquarters building, his elbow resting on a makeshift bar, behind which Luigi, the captured Italian, was playing barkeep.

"Sergeant!" Captain Wallingford said.

Kerry, Harrigan and Harris snapped to attention, surprised.

"Yes, Sir, Captain?"

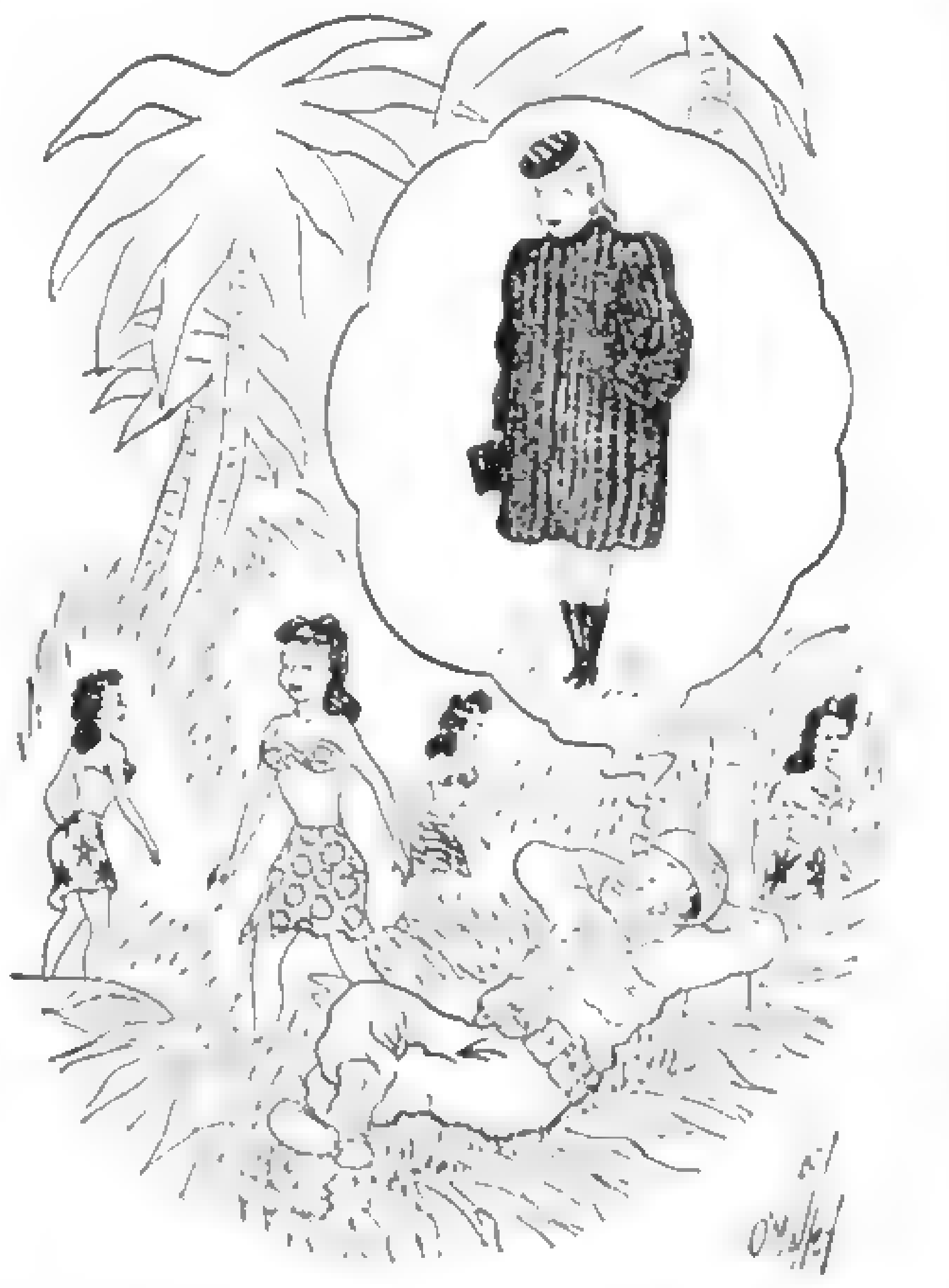
"They've sent a plane for LeClerc. We're flying out. I wanted to thank you for the transportation. LeClerc almost insisted that he be allowed to cite you for the *Croix de Guerre* but I talked him out of it by telling him that I would recommend you for a citation. Between you and me and the Army, you've got none of it coming. You were plain and simple lost and anything that happened was by pure chance."

"Sir," said Kerry. "You could put me in a coal mine on a foggy night without a canary and I could—"

"That will do," Wallingford said. "I'm recommending you for the Silver Star. But for Lord's sake, buy yourself a good compass or I'll spend the rest of this war worrying about you even if I never see you again." He smiled briefly. "Luck to you all." Then he turned quickly and was gone.

Kerry and the other guys turned back to the bar. "How do you like that?" Kerry said. "Another bottle of Chianti, Luigi. Some guys are just plain cynical. No matter what your sense of direction did, some guys just wouldn't believe it. Who did he think found this bar anyhow?"

And Harrigan, who had been on the point of telling him that he had a sense of direction like a goldfish in a round bowl, shut his mouth with a snap. For the point was well taken, and the Chianti was not bad. Not bad at all. #



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GREETINGS 1943

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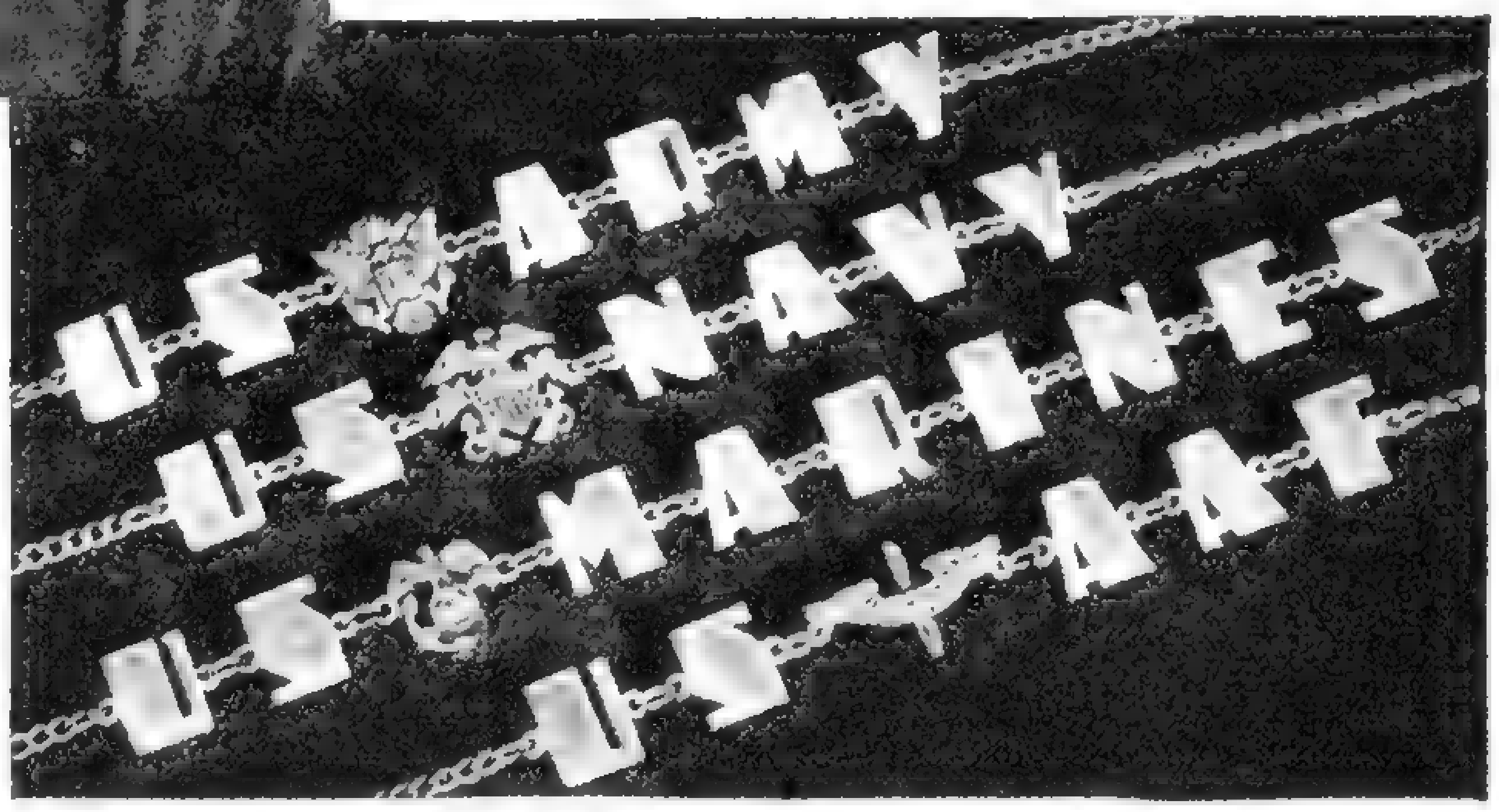

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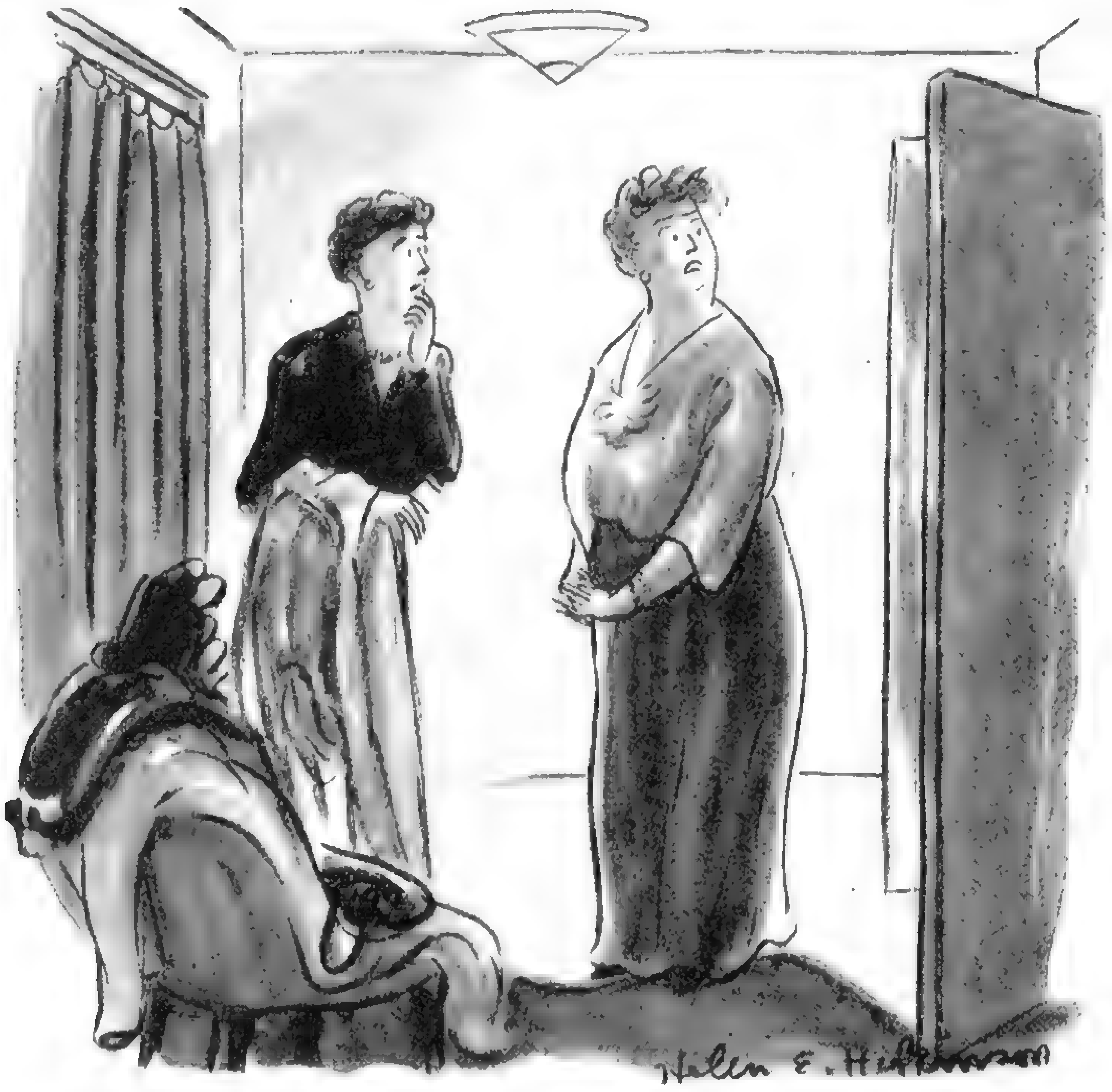

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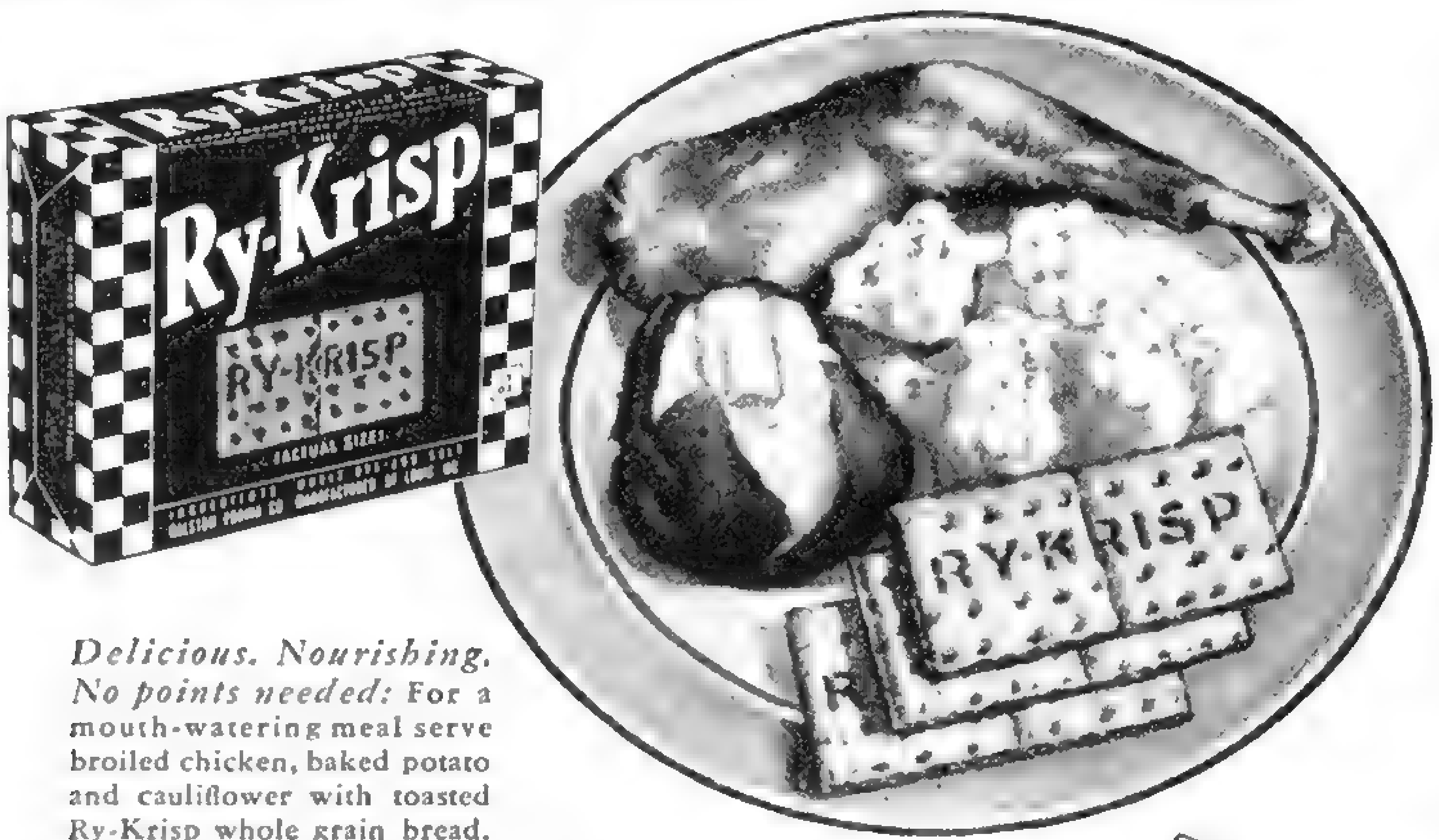

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The Krit from the Sky

Continued from page 137

meat and milk," she said to herself, going to the dead horse. Wedging one of the forelegs up over her shoulder, she pulled out her sharp curved knife, and cut until she was able to draw out the still-warm heart. This she cut up into small pieces, and mixed them with the shreds of dried milk in the saddle-bag. When she offered it to the Krit, he ate slowly, motioning for her to do the same.

For the first time in her life, Bishtai, the Fifth Woman, took food in the presence of an eating man. Moreover, she looked boldly into his face.

Suddenly he looked up. The snow thinned away at one side, and for a moment a mighty snow peak appeared far above them.

"Tengri Khan," said Bishtai.

The Krit looked at the box, and turned it slightly. Before their meal had ended, he had sighted another peak, south of Tengri, and jumped to his feet, putting away the paper. He picked Bishtai up in his arms and kissed her on both her grease-coated cheeks.

And Bishtai gasped. True, no one was there to see this betrothal, so it was not binding.

He mounted her on Arg, and began to walk ahead, through the knee-deep snow. The Krit did not stop like other men, to rest. Late that afternoon he still moved, forcing his body forward. They were passing a clay watch-tower then, and the roofs of a town showed below them. The town was Kara Shahr . . . then Bishtai knew that she would live.

They passed by a level field of snow where a single motor car stood; they entered the street of the shops under the bare poplar trees. Out of a seed shop came a short merchant wearing a European hat, who stood in the way of the Krit.

The Krit, pointing to himself, and to the southeast, said huskily, "Chungking."

From the Krit, the merchant looked at Bishtai, who did not turn her face away modestly. "Listen, inferior person," he said sharply, "I am Chang, the seed merchant. Do not lie to me. Where does this foreigner come from, walking in this fashion?"

Boldly, Bishtai told him. She did not feel, now, that she was an inferior person. Had not the Krit kissed her on both cheeks requesting her for his wife? True, the Krit might have no flocks or herds, but he rode in a machine of the air. Obviously, he had a certain importance.

"Moreover," she added, "he goes to the chief at Chungking."

"First," exclaimed Chang, hissing the words, "this foreigner must come before the face of the Amban."

And, with his shoulders squared, he led the way to the clay palace of the Amban who ruled this isolated town in the desert. Bishtai

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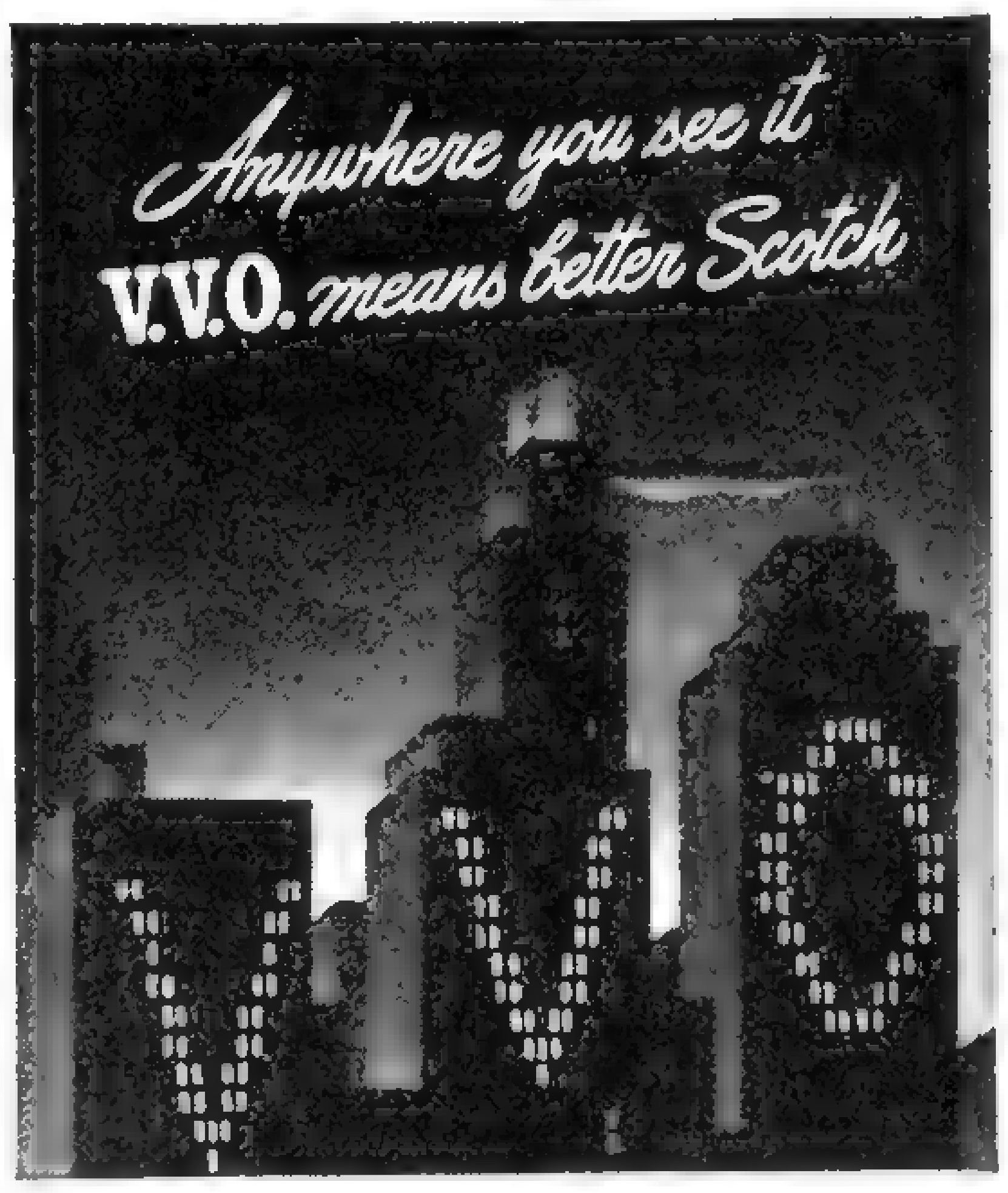

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saw the swaddled camelmen and beggars in the courtyard, and the bearded pikemen and rifle bearers of the Amban's bodyguard in the hall of the yamen. Here the Amban himself slept calmly on a quilt on the stove, waking to stare at the Krit, and to take snuff.

He had a shaven monk's head, and a wide beaming smile. He smiled with anticipation when he asked her how much of a gift this foreigner who walked the caravan track in the winter brought to him. Bishtai did not know. Nor did the Krit offer the customary gift. Showing his sealed letter, he said simply, "Chungking."

Chang went up close to the Amban. "Listen, graybeard," he said. Softly as he spoke, Bishtai caught the words. "This foreigner has nothing to give. He has come to take your wealth and your herds away. Why else is he here?"

Rubbing his beard, the Amban pondered.

"Such devils," added Chang, "are better dead. Give him tea. Send him to a room, with your soldiers, and let them kill him."

The Amban seemed doubtful about this.

"Then I will make you a gift," Chang offered. "Ten taels."

The Amban smiled, pleased. He looked at Bishtai, and spoke to her. "Inferior person, go and tell my women to make tea."

Bishtai understood that the Amban wanted her elsewhere while he discussed the price of the killing. She glanced at the Krit. He was resting at last, sitting on the bench by the stove, thinking himself safe, after the descent of the pass. She could not think how to help him, with the Amban's bodyguard around him.

Obediently she went behind the women's screen. Among the veiled women of the smiling Amban she saw a China girl, warming herself at the charcoal burner close to the screen as if she had been listening. The China girl had her hands in her pocket like a man. Her face was thin; her eyes were haughty like those of a high-class person although she was apparently one of the Amban's household.

"Listen, you." She came close

Continued on page 310

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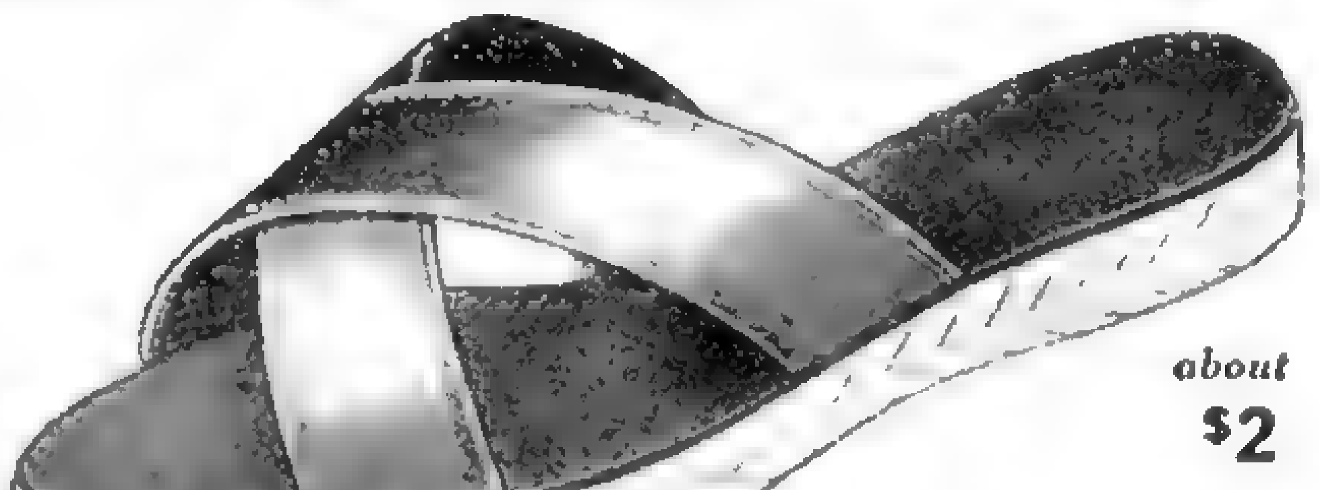

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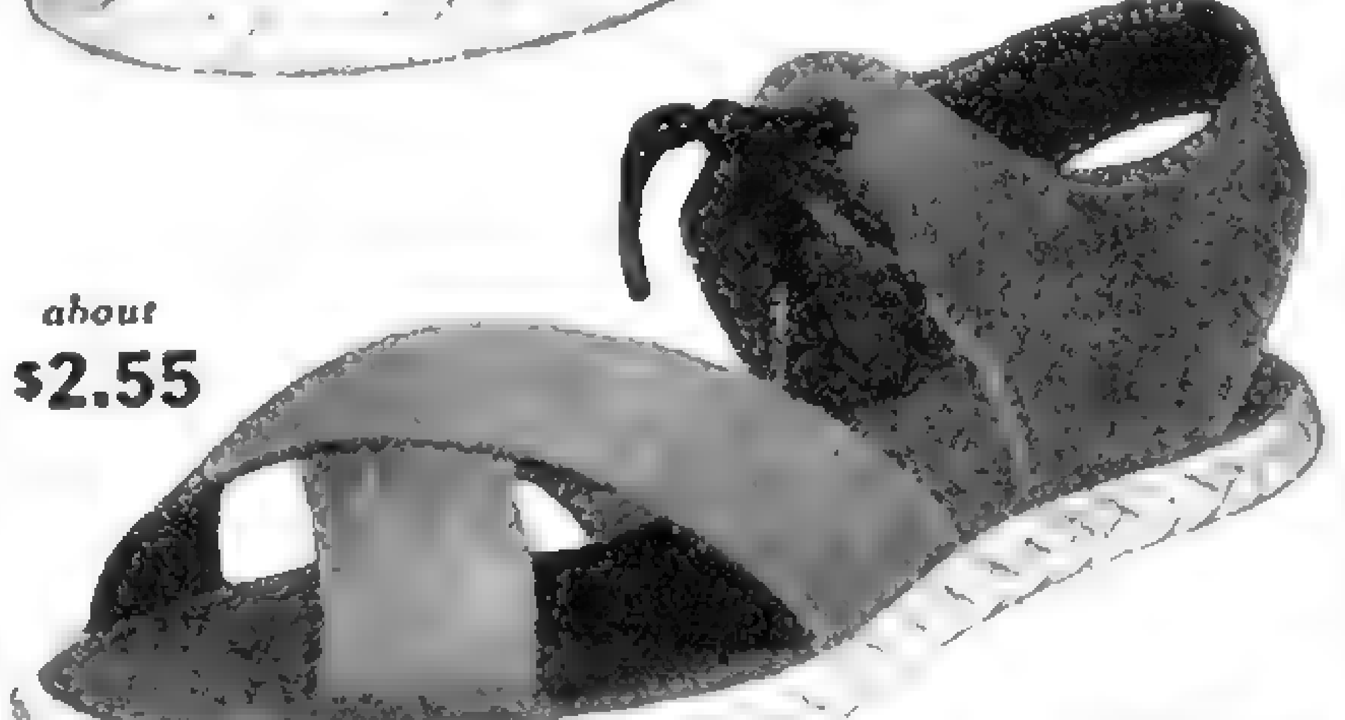

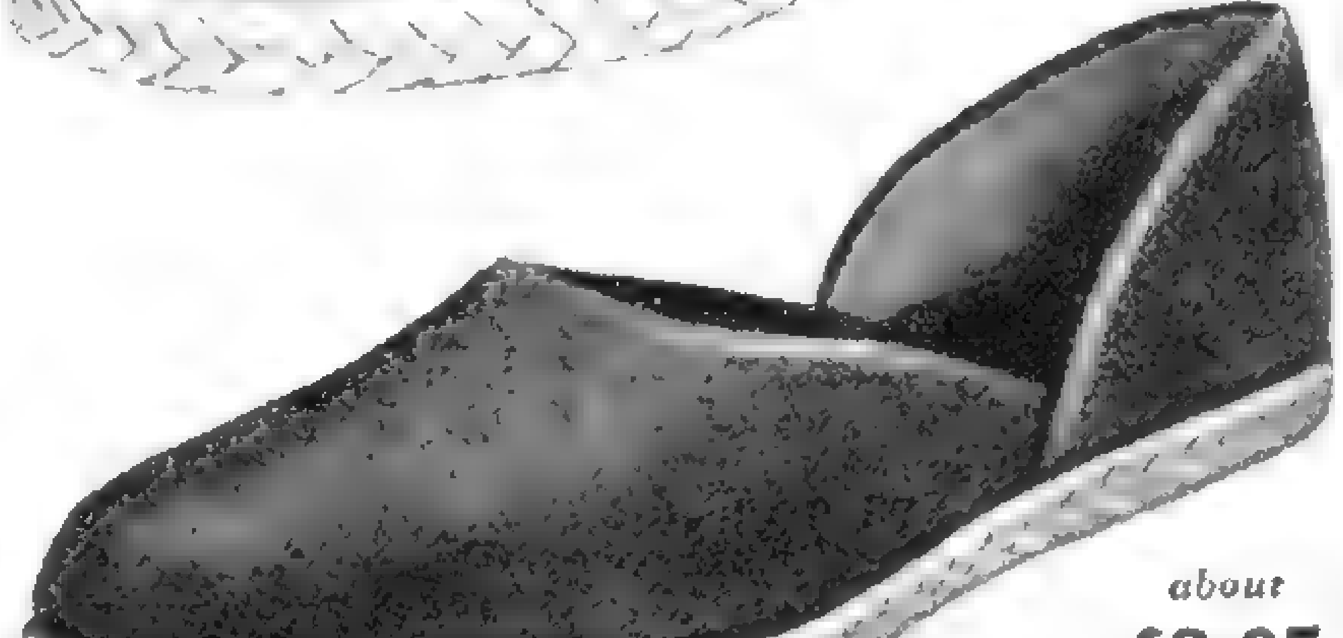

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The Krit from the Sky

Continued from pages 137-309

to Bishtai. "Is that flying man your man, or did you bring him here to betray him?"

"Mine," said Bishtai, and her hand was on her curved knife.

"Then if you wish him to go on to Chungking, you must be quick," said the China girl. "Have you much money?"

"Is this money?" Bishtai showed one of the pieces of green paper that she had from the Krit.

"*Kai.* Have you more of that?" The China girl drew Bishtai away from the other women. "What you have is worth two hundred taels. Chang has money. He is paid by the Japanese, but I think he has not that much. I have not even a Shanghai dollar. So I was helpless."

The Amban clapped his hands for the tea. The China girl took the tray with its bowls and pot from the other women and Bishtai followed close behind her with a piece of green paper folded in her small hand.

Smiling, the two girls stepped out before the men. On his bench, the Krit struggled to keep awake, his head falling forward. The China girl went past him, moving with the light step of a dancing woman, up to Chang, who watched her beneath narrowed lids.

"*Chai,*" she breathed, smiling boldly, stepping between him and the Amban.

Bishtai slipped up to the Amban, trying to be as bold as the China girl. Putting her hand on the great man's knee, she let him see the green paper in her fingers. He blinked, and caught her wrist. The smile vanished from his thick lips.

"There is more," Bishtai whispered, "for you, Lord of the palace."

"How much?" The shaven head bent near her, and she smelled sandal and snuff.

"Two hundred taels."

She became aware of two things. On her wrist the Amban's hand closed like a vise, while his eyes mocked her. And Chang, putting down his tea bowl, was motionless, watching her.

Feeling the greed and suspicion of the two, Bishtai shrank back. Suddenly Chang moved, drawing a long knife out of the belt beneath his coat. Stooping, Chang crept toward the drowsy Krit.

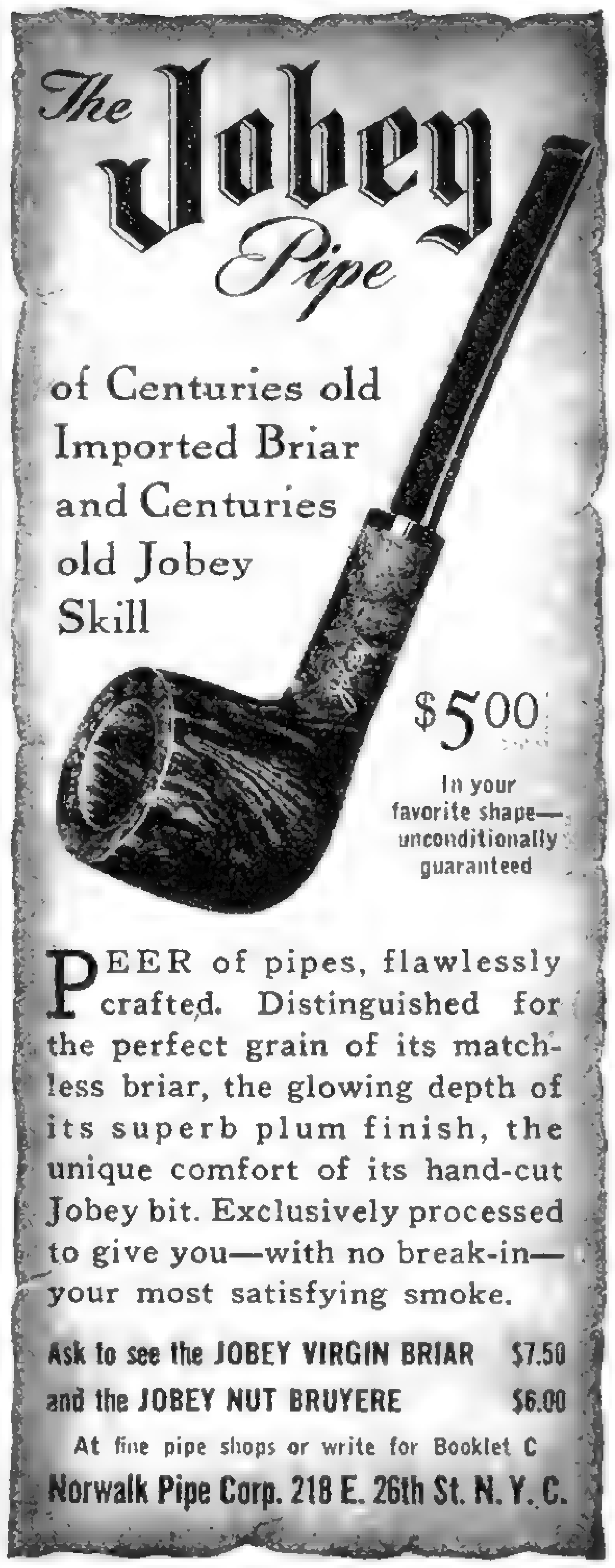
Rigid, holding her, the Amban waited. The armed men down the hall fell silent.

The China girl dropped her tray, all the bowls smashing on the tiled floor.

Instantly the Krit's head jerked up. The merchant Chang jumped at him, holding the knife low. The Krit threw himself back along the bench, reaching into his open jacket.

Flame spurted. Chang was knocked over on his back, with blood running from him.

On his feet with a pistol in his



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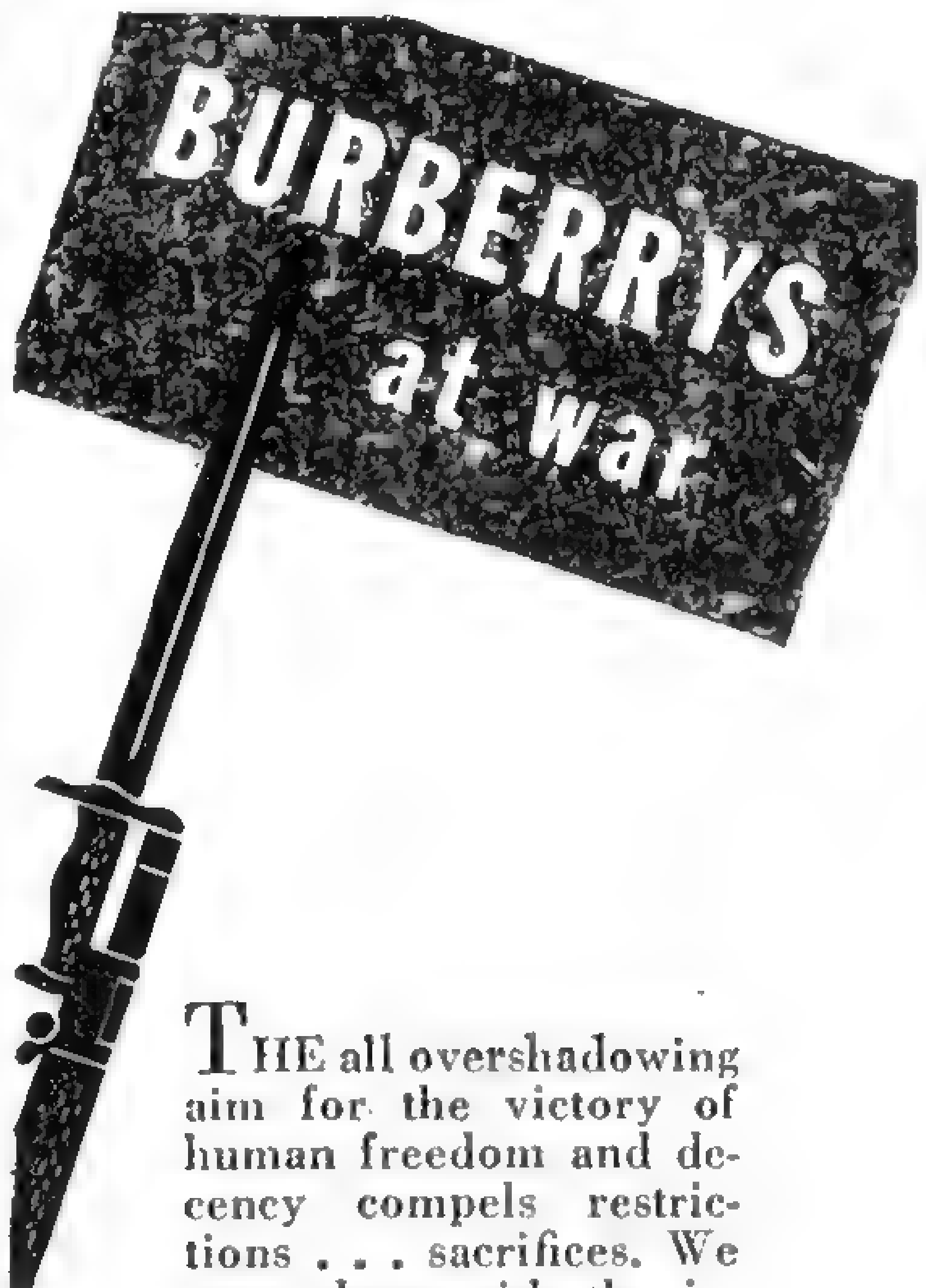

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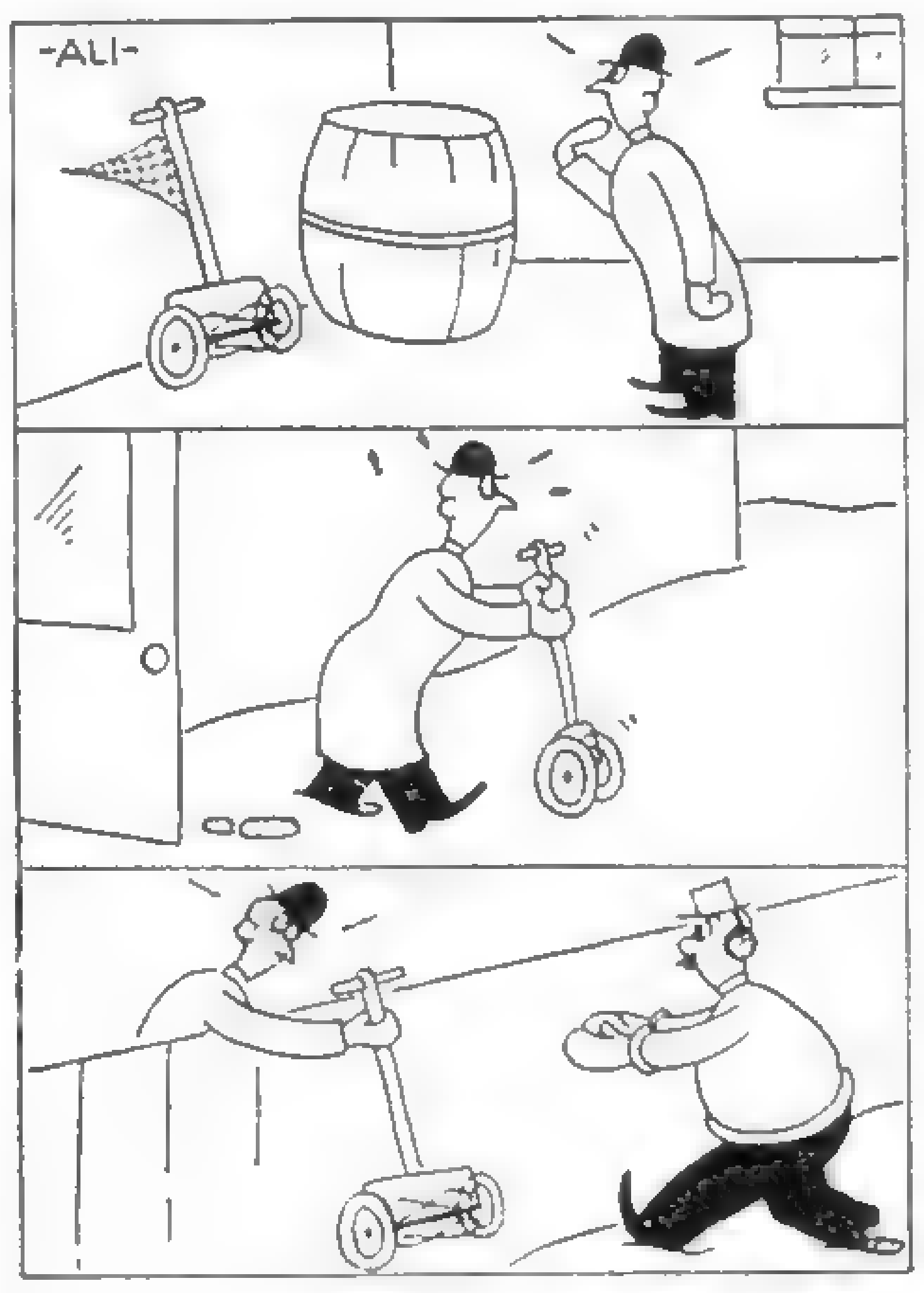
hand, the Krit stared around the hall. Beside Bishtai the Amban let out a long breath. He put his fingers to his mouth as he saw the man Chang lying dead. Then the smile reappeared on his broad face. "Girl," he croaked, "now I will take the two hundred taels."

Shaking, Bishtai pushed the green papers into his hand, and he began to count them, one by one.



"Take him out to the field," the China girl whispered.

Tugging at the Krit's arm, Bishtai pulled him toward the door, saying the two words he knew, "*Na daroga.*" Get going.

The bodyguard kept still, and the Amban counted his money with satisfaction. Outside it was twilight with the trees showing dark against the snow. The China girl hurried them out beyond the shops to the motor car waiting in the field. Bishtai saw the China girl pull at something in the front of the car. The lights flashed on, lighting the surface of the snow. "It is the time," she said, looking up.

The Krit heard it before Bishtai was aware of the reverberation above her. Out of the darkness a machine-hawk flew low, circling.

It was small and stained and patched along its wings. Out of it climbed a young Chinese, wrapped in fox furs, his face black with cold. To him went the Krit, pistol in hand. "Chungking?" he asked, and he let out a long breath when the Chinese nodded.

The man in fox furs went to the China girl and they talked. "You have done well," Bishtai heard him say. "This is of importance."

The China girl looked at him proudly and her small voice was clear. "I remain here," she said. "Can you take this girl? She will not be safe after what happened."

"I can take two persons," he motioned the Krit to put Bishtai into the plane. "Is she his woman?"

"She is a Kirghiz, brave and not stupid. She may be of use. There is a task for all."

The plane roared and rushed up into the air. Bishtai's breath left her. She looked up at the Krit from where she sat between his knees and he was not afraid, so Bishtai was not afraid. ⧻

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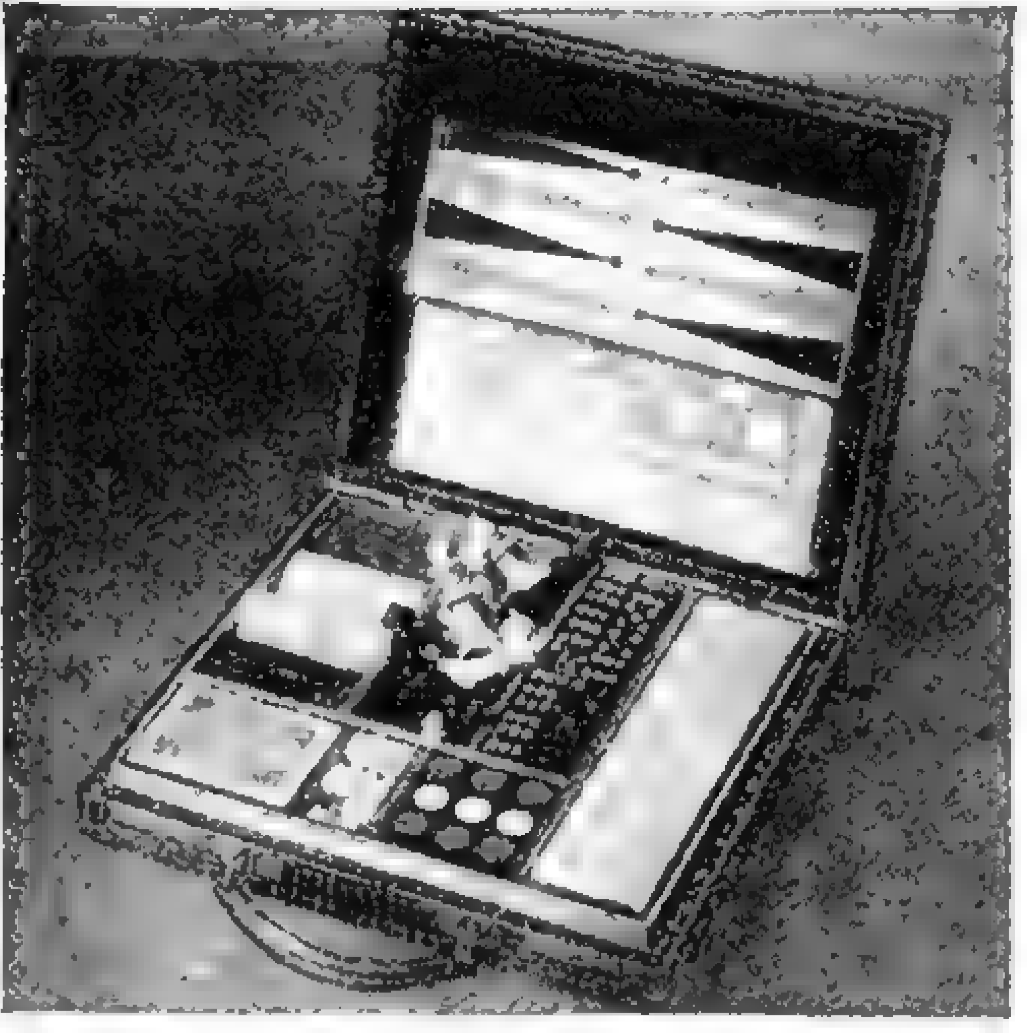
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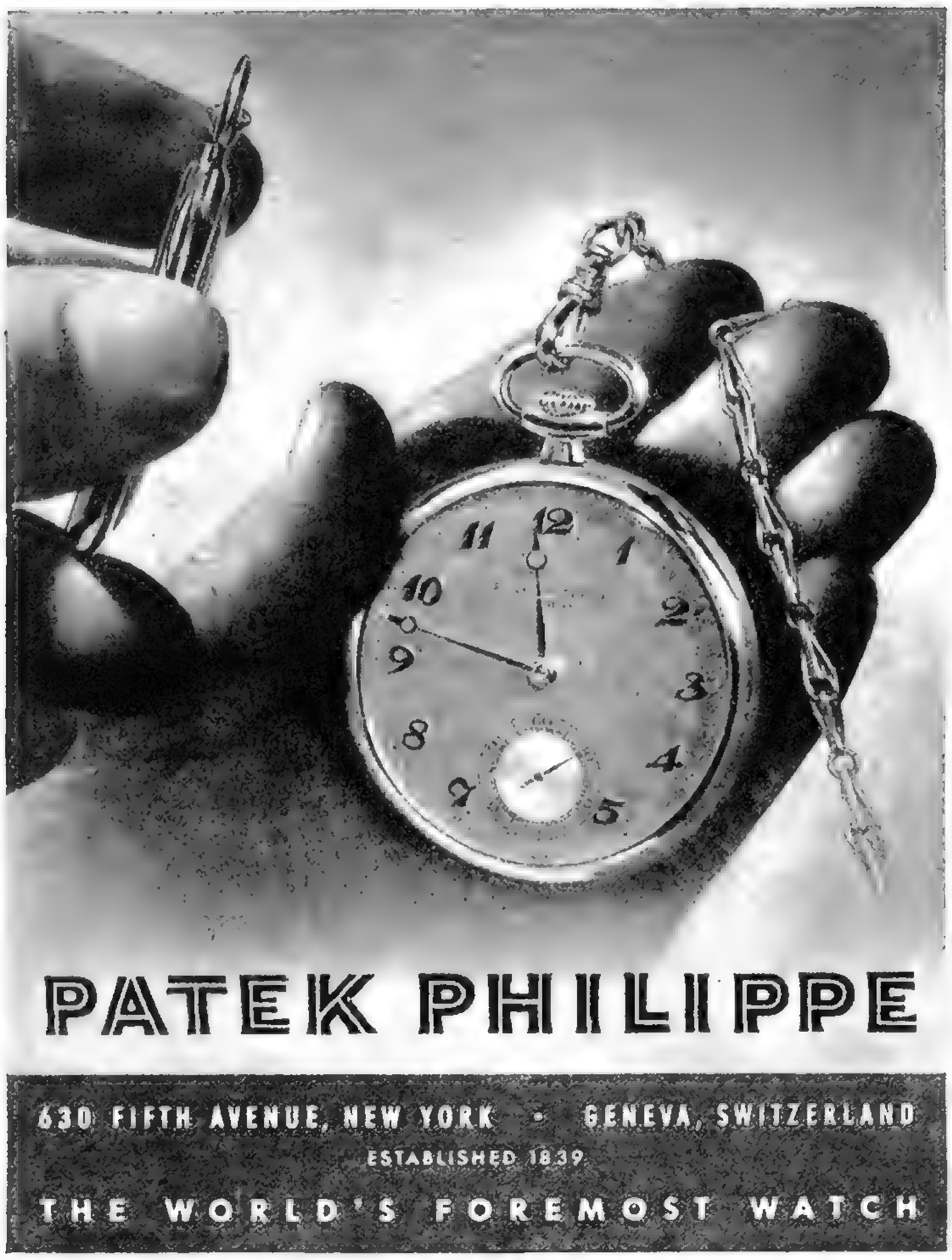
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It'll Be Up to God

Continued from page 158

Tip. So long." He started to go.

"Wait a minute, Slouch. You're goin' to have to take a buck out of the dough, ain't ya, for train fare?"

"Yuh."

"Well, how's it goin' to look, when he finds a buck missin'? He might not give no reward at all. I say ya ought not to give it back at all."

"Yuh, but it ain't mine, Tip."

"Why ain't it yours? You found it, didn't ya? Finders, keepers, like ya said. Supposin' the guy didn't have his name in't? Then it'd be yours, wouldn't it? Like the lawyers say, what ya got is nine-tenths yours."

"What d'ya think I oughta do, Tip?"

"We oughta keep it, like I been sayin' all the time."

" 'Tain't right."

"Sure, it's right. I'll tell ya what, Slouch. I got an idea. We'll leave it up to God. We'll leave it up to God, like old man Parker at the Mission says. We'll go over to the poolroom, and we'll make one roll with the craps for the hunnert and fifty—win or lose. If it's supposed to be ours, we'll win. That'll settle everything. What d'ya say, Slouch?"

"The whole hunnert and fifty, Tip?"

"Yup, all of it. Win or lose. Then, it's out of our mitts. Whatever the Lord says will settle it. We gamble our rights; Mr. Jordan oughta too. If we lose, he loses, too. But if we win, we'll take the train out tomorrow and give Jordan his hunnert and fifty, and we'll still have a hunnert and fifty for us. Then we all win. It'll be up to God."

"Sounds awright, Tip. Sounds awright. That takes it out of my mitts, don't it?"

"Sure it does. Jees, we been tryin' all day to get out there but no one gave us a hitch. That means somepin, Slouch."

"Yuh, that does, don't it? I tried to get there. I figure you're right, Tip. Okay, let's go. We'll roll the hunnert and fifty."

The back room in the pool parlor was not busy. Two men were playing cards at one table. Four others were busy around a dice table. Another, bald-headed and with a green eye-shade on, sat in a corner chewing at a cigar. He nodded a greeting from his chair when Tip and Slouch walked in. They watched at the crap table for awhile. Then Tip said, "Anybody here want to roll one roll for a hunnert and fifty bucks?"

All the contestants stopped and looked at Tip. Then they shook their heads. So Tip went up to the man in the corner.

"Tony, how about you? Wanta put up a hunnert and fifty bucks against one roll?"

Tony looked first at Tip and then at Slouch. "Where'd you get that much dough?"

" 'Tain't none o' your business. We got it square. We hit the nags

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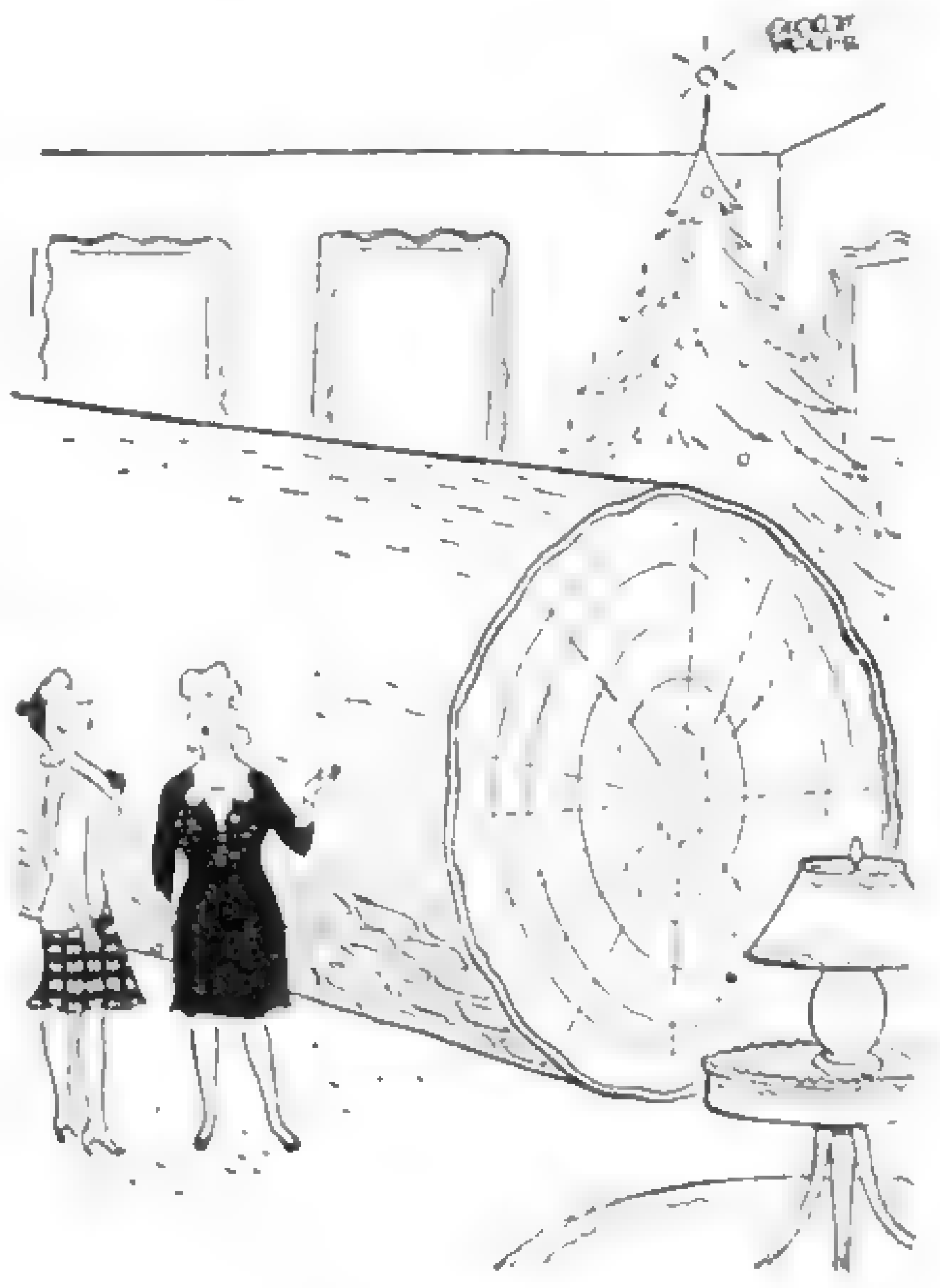
"Naw, we just want one roll for the works. How's about it?"

"I can't accommodate every guy which wants to roll, boys. I gotta get my percentage. I'll roll ya my hundred and a quarter against your hundred and fifty."



"John brought home a larger yule log than usual because of the rationing of fuel oil!"

"That ain't no kind o' deal."

"Them's my terms, boys. I ain't askin' you to roll; you're askin' me."

"How about a hunnert and forty against our hunnert and fifty, Tony, huh?" Tip beseeched.

"I'd be losin' money, boys. I'll compromise with ya—one hundred and thirty," he said.

"Thirty-five," said Slouch.

"Okay, boys, it's a deal—one roll. Let's see your dough." Slouch showed him.

"Who's rolling?" asked Tony.

"Slouch, you're lucky today—you roll," Tip said.

Tony interrupted the small game at the table. Then he produced about a dozen dice from which, after considerable fondling and examining, Tip extracted two. The card players had stopped playing and grouped around the table. Tip touched his lips with the dice and then gave them to Slouch.

"Let's have the dough on the board, boys." Slouch laid his money on top of Tony's.

"Okay, boys, shoot," Tony said.

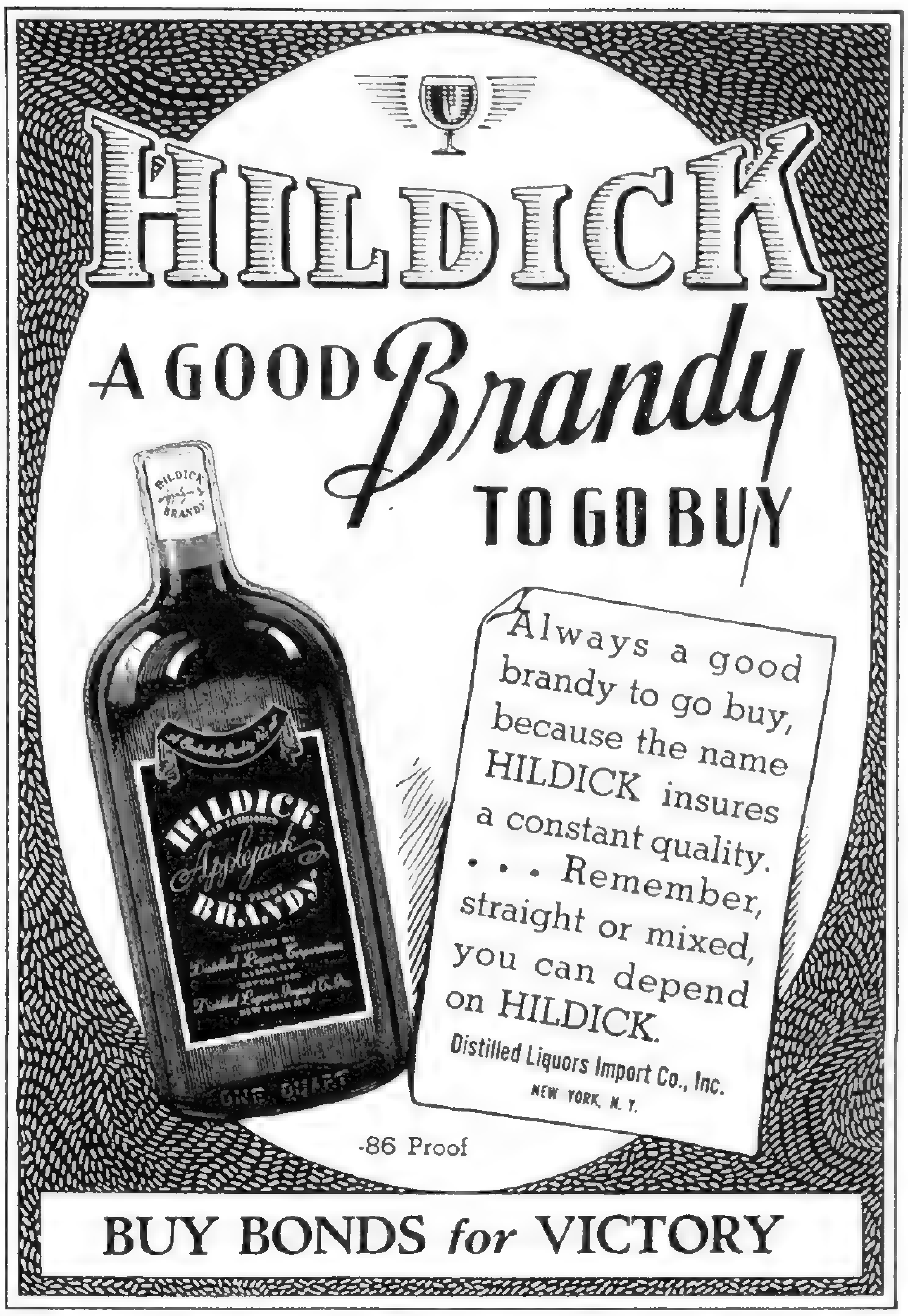
Slouch rolled the dice between the palms of his hands and then crossed himself; and as he threw the dice against the wall on the far side of the table, Tip yelled, "C'mon seven." The point was six.

"Turn on the heat, Slouch. Easy six to make. C'mon, Slouch."

Slouch rolled and Tip yelled again. Five came up. Again Slouch repeated his ritual, and Tip yelled, "C'mon six." Two threes came up.

"Slouch, ya did it! Good boy. The hard way, too. Jees!" Slouch broke into a broad grin. Tony glared and chewed at his cigar. Tip scooped up the money, and

Continued on page 314



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It'll Be Up to God

Continued from pages 158-313

they walked out of the poolroom.

Slouch kept the wallet with the money, and Tip slept in a flophouse that night on a cot beside him. In the morning Slouch said, "I'm goin' out, right now, to Glenville and give this guy his dough. Ya comin'?"

At 128 Planada Drive the maid answered the door. Slouch said, "I want to see Mr. Jordan."

"Who is calling, please?"

"He don't know us. We got somepin' of his."

"Just a minute," the maid said, and went back inside. In a moment, a lady appeared.

"I'm Mrs. Jordan. Can I help you?"

"Is Mr. Jordan in? I got somepin' of his which I found."

"Oh—his wallet?"

"Yes, m'am. Is he in?"

"No, he isn't in, but I'll take it." Slouch looked at Tip, and Tip nodded. He withdrew the wallet from his right coat pocket, and, first feeling in his left to be sure that their own money was out of it, he handed it to Mrs. Jordan. She looked it over hurriedly, counted the money, and took out a twenty-dollar bill.

"Here, this is for you," she said. "That was very honest."

"Thanks, lady. It ain't necessary, ya know," answered Slouch.

"I want you to have it. Take it."

"Awright. Thanks, lady." Slouch took it, and Mrs. Jordan closed the door.

They took the train back, and during the ride, Tip asked, "How much we got now?"

"Let's see—about one hunnert and fifty-two bucks."

"Let's divvy it now," Tip said.

"Naw, let's keep it together, Tip. I'll tell ya what. Let's go over to the hock shop and pick up a wallet to carry it in."

"Awright, only it's my turn to hold the dough."

"Awright, you carry it today, and I'll carry it tomorrow."

They found a used wallet in the pawn shop. They put the money in it and Tip took the wallet and slipped it into his pocket. Then they went to the park and sat on a bench.

Slouch said, "Ya know, Tip, we oughta put our name in the wallet to show who owns it."

"That's a good idea."

And Tip reached in his pocket to get the wallet. It was not there. He frantically searched his other pockets.

"Ya gimme the wallet, didn't ya, Slouch?"

"Yuh, what's a matter? Ain't ya got it?"

"It ain't here, Slouch. Ya sure ya gimme it?"

"Sure, I'm sure," Slouch said angrily. "Ya put it in this pocket, right here. I seen ya put it in there, myself."

"In this pocket? But, Slouch, this pocket ain't no good. Look! It's got a hole in it at the bottom, big enough to put my fist through!"

NOW a smarter

Billfold for Women

EXCITING ROYAL ARABIAN WHITE KID
TOOLED 14K GOLD LEAF TRIM
BEAUTIFUL! UNUSUAL! DIFFERENT!

FOR THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS HER WAY AROUND

● What woman in the world . . . wife . . . sweetheart . . . sister . . . mother . . . can resist this beautiful soft, milk white, genuine Kidskin billfold that's so fascinatingly smart, *and useful!* This new, exclusive Moire-lined and edge stitched billfold is 3¼" by 3¾", Genuine 14 Karat gold Leaf Trim, opens to convenient bill size and has extra compartments for stamps, coins, photo, and card case, etc., but is amazingly thin. Women everywhere can carry in handbag or purse . . . also, they love it for evening wear. It's really so lovely she'll be thrilled and delighted, yet imagine for only $7.50. See, examine, you'll say it's as splendid a leather creation as you've ever seen. But supply is limited, so hurry.

● Many are buying to send to Navy men for their white dress. ● WAVES LOVE IT. *SENT POSTPAID, $7.50, on receipt of remittance — or C.O.D. if you prefer. Comes in beautiful velvet protective case, worthy of its beauty.*

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Christmas 1943

GOLD TREASURETTE—a new St. Christopher pocket piece for members of the armed forces . . . . $22.

LIBRA in gold from our exclusive designs of the signs of the Zodiac . . $100. (others from $60.00).

GOLD IDENTIFICATION BRACELET $80.

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Illustrations about three-fourths actual size.

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THE DETROIT TIMES

Wanted: Zippo Lighter For Marine in Pacific

Is there a Zippo cigaret lighter in Detroit that the owner is willing to part with to a Guadalcanal fighting man?

Lt. James R. Mallon, a marine officer who is now in rest camp at New Caledonia, has sent an SOS to his sister, Peggy, for a lighter of this type. In a letter just received from him, the marine asks Peggy to beg, borrow or steal one for him because it is the only kind that will withstand the winds and give him a light when he needs one.

So far Peggy has been unable to buy one in Detroit and she made an appeal through the Times to locate a Zippo. She works for [redacted] and the [redacted] her home address [redacted]

THIS ITEM APPEARED JULY 22nd

THIS REMARKABLE STORY APPEARED THE VERY NEXT DAY

Plea for Lighter Gets Marine Life Supply

Lt. James Mallon of the marines, who is now in a rest camp in New Caledonia, is going to receive enough Zippo cigaret lighters to last him and his buddies the rest of their lives.

A month ago, James wrote his sister, Peggy, telling her that the only cigaret lighter that really worked in the strong winds and rains out there was a Zippo and he begged her to "beg, borrow or steal" one for him.

Peggy has spent all of that time canvassing the stores of the city in a frantic search for the lighter with no success. Yesterday she appealed to the Times to locate one for her.

LIGHTERS KEEP COMING

Since then generous citizens have been calling Peggy and the Times offering their lighters.

First to respond was James Farrell, [redacted] an ex-marine who served a hitch from 1924 to 1928. His lighter is in need of some small repairs, which he's going to make himself.

"That kid needs this lighter a lot more than I do. We can get matches here," Farrell stated. **"I've given binoculars and hunting knives and everything else they've asked for and I'm proud to give this."**

IT REALLY WORKS

Shortly after, William Whittaker, [redacted] walked into the Times office and handed over his Zippo.

Whittaker said he could get along without it a lot easier than they could on Guadalcanal, although the lighter is everything Lt. Mallon claims it to be.

ONE HAS MALLON'S INITIALS

Nathan Gurvin, a letter carrier, knew he had one that was brand new. When he got the lighter out of the box he found it to have Lt. Mallon's initials, "J.R.M.," on it. Gurvin bought the lighter originally for his sister, but he never presented it to her because of the wrong initialing.

Sidney Smith of [redacted] called to offer his and another was volunteered with the compliments of one of the naval activities in this area.

The *Detroit Times* in serving its readers proves the true generosity of the average American. We are proud that conservative claims for ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTERS are reflected in praise by the users, such as Lt. Mallon and his donors.

ZIPPO'S output has been drafted by our government for armed forces abroad and on high seas, so there are none for sale today. But your dealer can supply ZIPPO Hard Flints and Long-lasting Fluid to keep *your* ZIPPO in perfect order.

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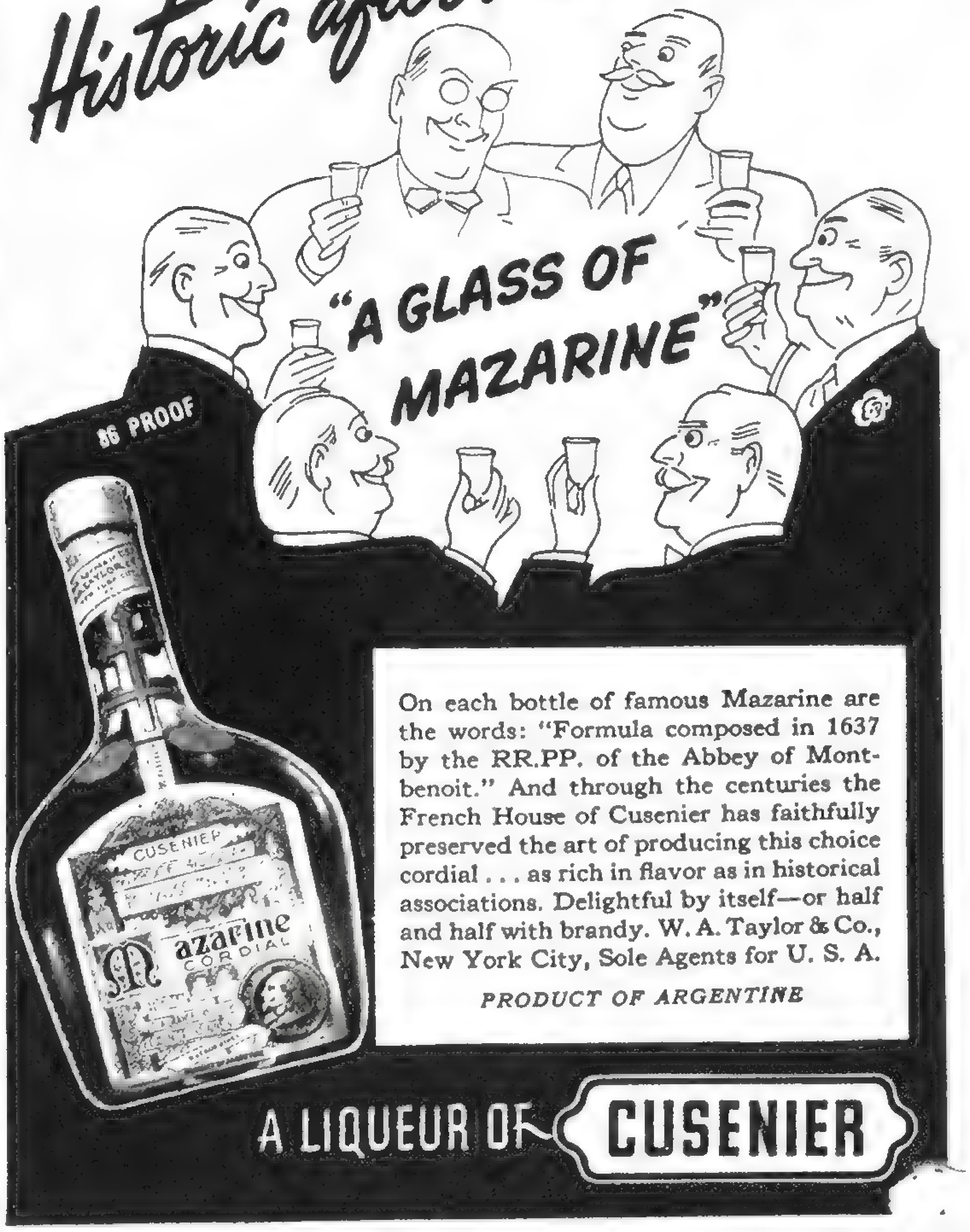
ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

For best results demand **ZIPPO** *accessories from your Dealer.*

IVE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO *Windproof* **LIGHTER**

Historic after-dinner words...



On each bottle of famous Mazarine are the words: "Formula composed in 1637 by the RR.PP. of the Abbey of Montbenoit." And through the centuries the French House of Cusenier has faithfully preserved the art of producing this choice cordial . . . as rich in flavor as in historical associations. Delightful by itself—or half and half with brandy. W. A. Taylor & Co., New York City, Sole Agents for U. S. A.

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THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The watch that was recalled to service*

The vogue for men's strap watches swept the world as an aftermath of World War I. Thousands of our fighting men bought their first Longines strap watches while in service during the last war. The rugged Longines military watch shown above was bought by an American Artillery Officer from the Quartermaster Corps in France in 1918 and received its baptism of fire in the decisive St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles. For 10 years after the war, it shared the rough and ready life on a Montana ranch; and then it was put aside. ¶ Suddenly, the years of peace ran out and war came again. Our Artillery Officer was called for active duty, and the old Longines military watch was recalled to service . . . still in fine condition, ready to go. ¶ Countless incidents such as this have made the reputation of Longines watches for dependability—for keeping good time for a long, long time.

*Based on documents in our files

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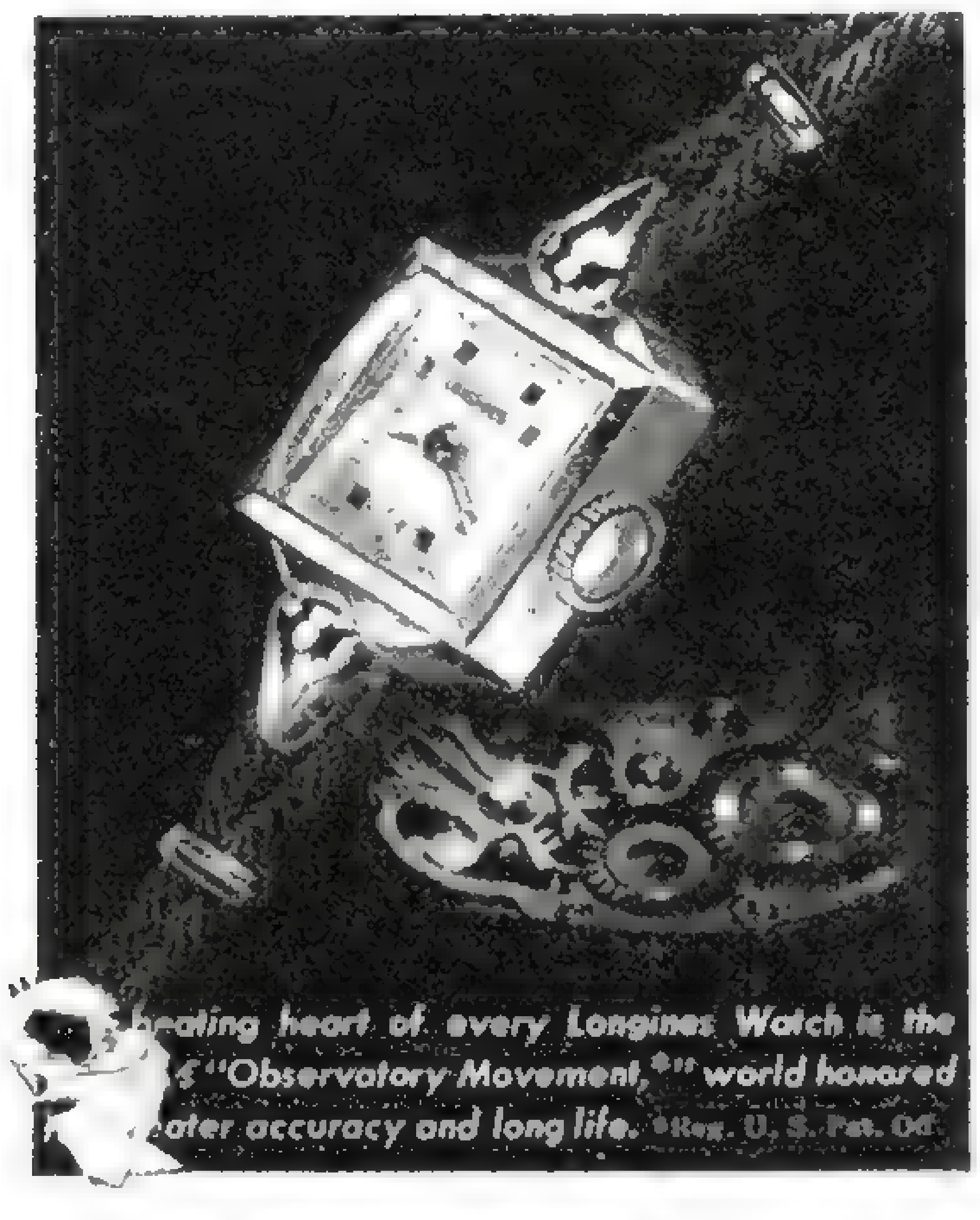
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS


eating heart of every Longines Watch is the
"Observatory Movement,*" world honored
ater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Whether his list to Santa includes skates, a bike, or electric trains, here's one practical gift you won't go wrong on.

It's a well tailored, dressy sport suit made of Test Pilot*, a *Top-Flight** Corduroy by Crompton with covert back and sleeves. *Top-Flight** is the finest quality corduroy made by Crompton for boys' wear, built to take the roughest handling with strength to spare.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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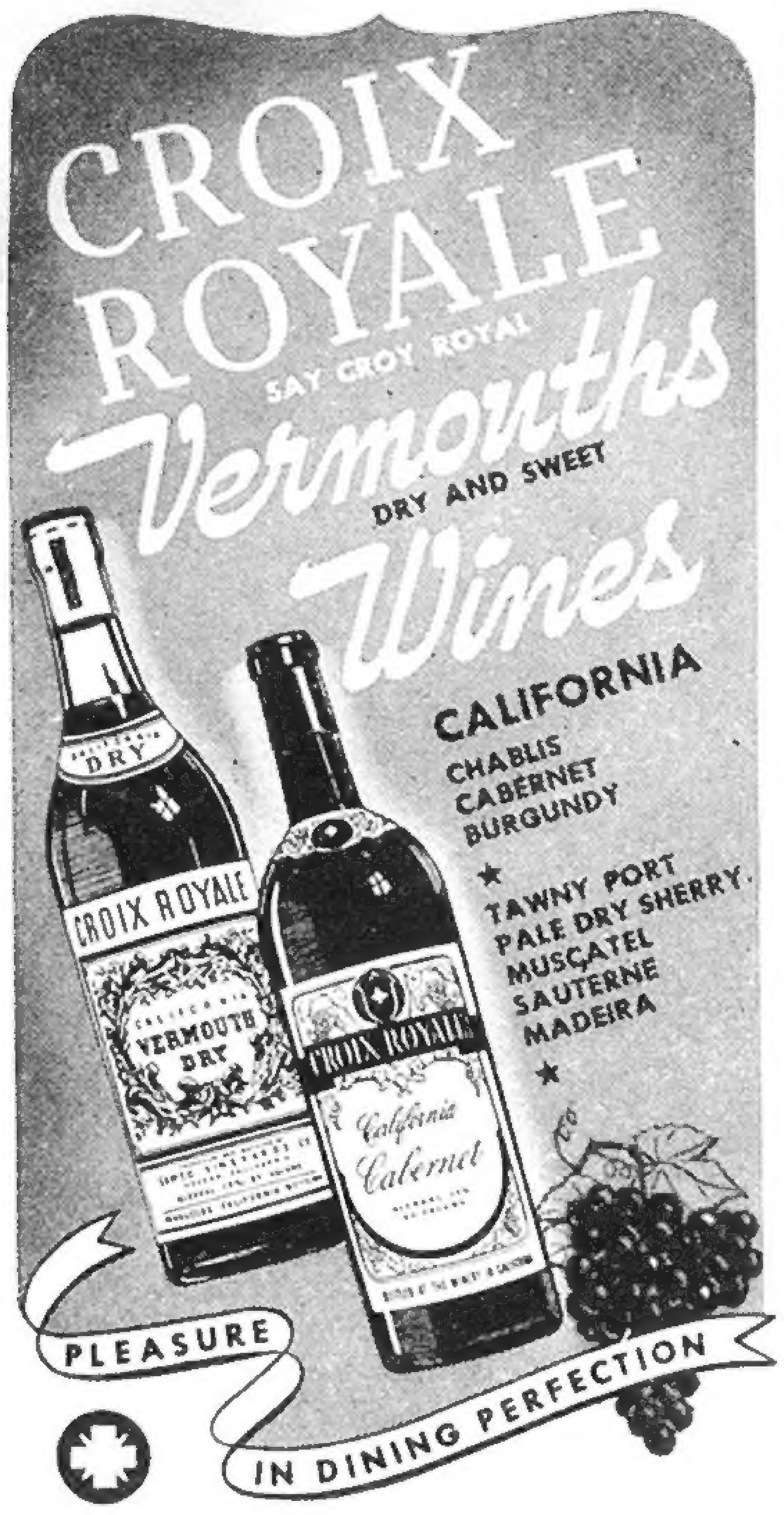
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
This is TEST PILOT* Quality



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But It's Nice Work

Lives there a man with soul so dead he never to a writer has said I have a great idea

by **LEN ZINBERG**

"With dogs they want a pedigree, but with each other they aren't so particular"

I was in my bunk, feeling tired and lousy, when this new guy came over.

"My name is Jenkins, Albert Jenkins, from Texas. I hear you're a writer."

"It's a matter of opinion. Any relation to the fighter, Lew Jenkins?" I asked.

"No. Not that I know of, anyway. Do you write for the pulps or the slicks?" he asked politely.

I knew what was coming. I said, "Mostly for the pulps. You write?"

"Well, no," he said, his voice shy and soft. "I'd like to. I read all the writers' magazines—that's how I know about pulp and slicks."

He laughed. He was a short stout kid and his bottom about covered the bunk. He said, "Do you have any of your work here?"

"No."

There was a quick silence, as if he was waiting for me to speak. "Have you written at all?" I was sorry I asked.

He shook his head. "Except little pieces I throw away. Pardon me for asking this, but do you make much money?"

"Millions. A pulp pays a cent a word and maybe you sell 50 per cent of what you knock out—so figure how much work you do to make thirty a week."

"Yes, but it's nice work," he said softly. "You know, I have an idea for a story. If you'd like to work with me, I mean let me work with you . . ."

I said I wouldn't and saw the hurt look on his fat face. "It never works out right," I added. "Suppose we split thirty or forty bucks, it won't be worth the worry and bad feelings that come out."

"Oh, there wouldn't be any."

"Take my word, it ends up that way. You'll probably think I stole the idea. It ends that way too."

"It wouldn't! You haven't even heard the idea; it might do for a slick." He shifted his position. I wondered how he could be uncomfortable, with all that cushioning. He said, "It's about a dog."

"I know nothing about dogs."

He said quickly, "You don't have to. This dog is bought by a German spy—in the USA—when the dog is a pup. It grows up to be a big strapping dog and loves the spy, even though the spy is strict as hell with him. When the war breaks, the spy has to beat it out of the country and leaves the dog with a neighbor who sends it to the Army Canine Corp—I don't think that's been touched upon much in the magazines. After his training, the dog is given to a Coastguardsman called Bill, who likes to play with him. Bill and the dog patrol the beach."

"When does the spy land on the beach?" I asked, ashamed of myself for being such a patronizing bastard.

He got pink in the face. "You would guess that, being a writer!"

"I sure would."

"But readers wouldn't catch on. A sub lands the spy on the beach. The dog finds him. The dog is happy to see his old master and forgets his training—he doesn't warn Bill. Bill is ambushed by the spy and they have a hell of a battle on this lonely beach. Plenty of action. The dog can't understand the two men he loves fighting, and the dog senses it's a battle to death. He knows he has to save one of them."

"And the dog is anti-Nazi?"

"Not exactly," he said slowly. "We translate anti-Nazi into other terms—into mercy and tenderness. The dog loves the two men but the German has been a harsh master while Bill has always been a pal. The dog jumps in and bites the spy, giving Bill a chance to kill the Nazi.

"Do you think it's worth working on, that it can sell?"

"I doubt it. It might be a pulp short worth ten bucks," I said. "It's not worth fooling with."

He said "oh" and stood up. I said, "See, hard feelings have started already."

He grinned. "I'm not sore. Thanks for listening. Maybe we can talk about writing again."

"Sure, anytime."

He said good-night and walked away.

I lit a butt and thought about the story—it wasn't a bad idea for a slick short short. ##

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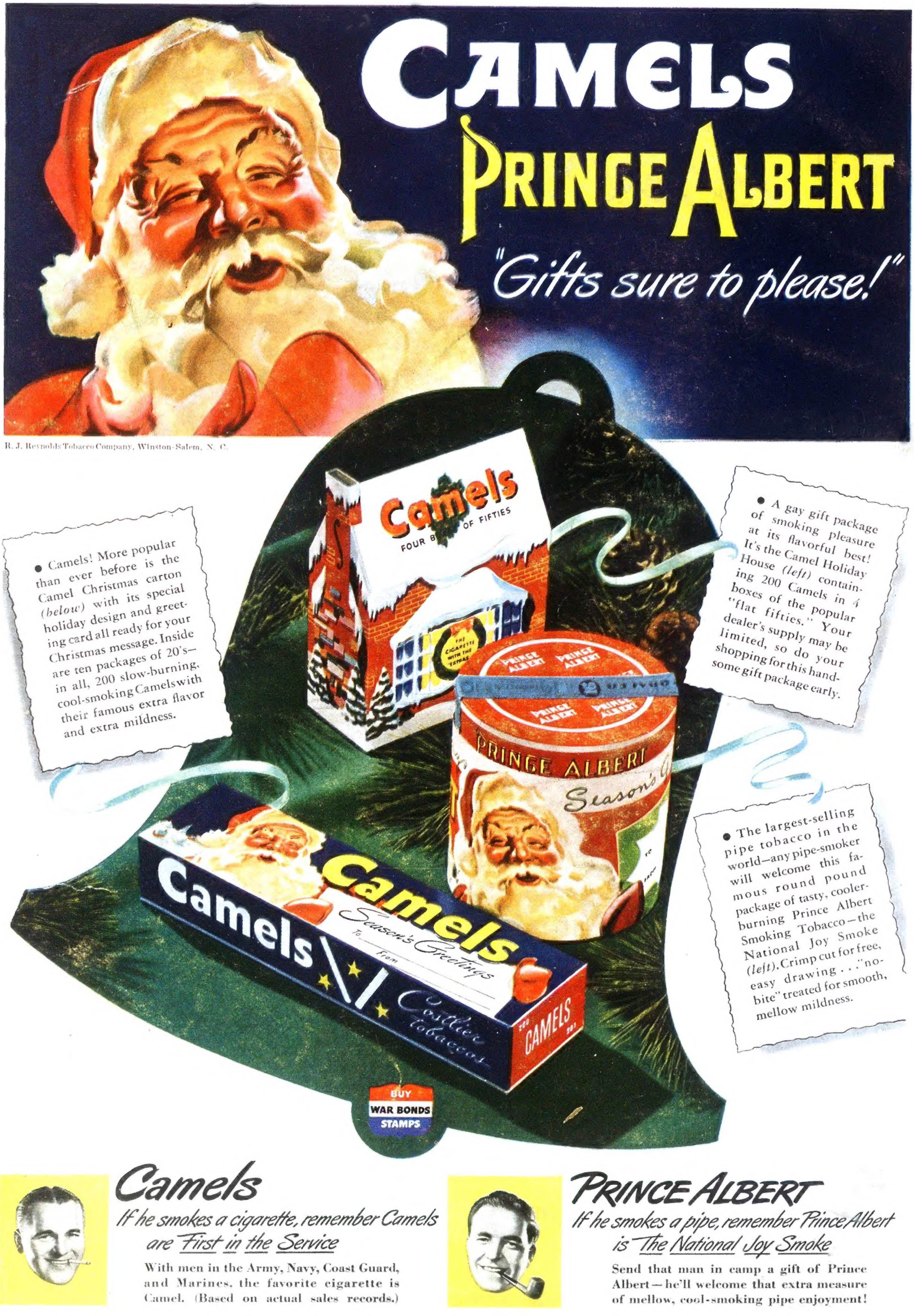
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